McCALL'S

★

DECEMBER

10¢

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE

The Eskimo-American Girl
Types of American Beauty Drawn by
NEYSA McMEIN

Your baby needs more than milk from the eighth month on

KICKING, squirming; yes, and crying—life is just one "daily dozen" after another, for a baby! That's the way he grows.

And how much energy it takes! Authorities say the average active baby works as hard as an adult manual laborer.

Up to the age of 6 or 8 months a baby finds his food essentials in one perfect food—milk. Then as he develops, comes the need for new essentials found in solid food.

According to specialists in baby feeding, the first solid food must meet two great requirements: 1—It must supply vital energy. 2—It must be very simple and easy to digest.

Because Cream of Wheat ideally combines these two requirements, it is used by baby specialists everywhere as a perfect first solid food.

Cream of Wheat is exceptionally high in carbohydrates—which means energy units. And carbohydrates, of all food materials, are easiest and quickest to digest. So in Cream of Wheat energy is supplied in generous amount without danger of imposing on a baby's delicate digestion.

Energy, too, for all the family in this delicious food! For breakfast you can serve it in so many ways to tempt children and grown-ups alike. Try it cooked with dates, prunes, raisins and figs; so rich and creamy with the delicately blended flavor of the fruit! Or serve it Southern Style, with butter and salt—

and children love it with brown sugar or fruit sauce.

How to prepare Cream of Wheat for baby

Pour two tablespoons Cream of Wheat into one cup of rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler one hour at least. Give with whole milk or cream

FREE *to you! book on child feeding*

You will find helpful scientific information in our book on child feeding—a book approved by recognized nutrition authorities. It contains model diets for children from 1 to 10 years. And our new recipe book suggests so many delightful dishes to add fresh interest to the daily menu—dainty desserts; breads, salads, meat and vegetable dishes. Both books are free; let us send them to you. The coupon is for your convenience.

CREAM OF WHEAT
FOR THE BABY IN TWO NEW WAYS

Cream of Wheat Broth

1⅓ cup Cream of Wheat 3 pints broth

Prepare broth as for consommé. When nearly done add Cream of Wheat and cook 20 minutes

Cream of Wheat Custard

1 cup cooked Cream of Wheat 2 eggs
1½ cups milk ½ cup sugar
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Mix Cream of Wheat with milk, beaten egg and sugar; add vanilla. Pour the Cream of Wheat mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream

Cream of Wheat

The Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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Free! these booklets—mail coupon

Information which every mother will find helpful

The Cream of Wheat Company,
Dept. 6-E, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."
☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."
☐ Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5c for postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Banner Year on McCall Street

Holly berries and mistletoe, boughs of hemlock and the fragrant pine, wreaths of glossy laurel and candles burning brightly in the windows of the homes that line McCall Street—all these proclaim that the spirit of Christmas is again abroad in our land. It is in our houses that we look for the symbols of Christmas, reminders of the glory that once enwrapped the Child cradled in rude straw, that transformed the lowly stable behind the inn into the holiest of all human sanctuaries—the HOME.

The lights of Noel—one by one they come out along McCall Street, telling of happy homes and hearth fires burning bright, giving glad evidence of the Christmas spirit alive today in the hearts of men. It is good to see them there, good to remember that for a while the harsh cares of every day are forgotten; the traffic of the market place and the clamor of buying and selling are stilled, while Christmas candles shed a happy highway across the world.

Happiness is the greatest and most blessed of all Life's good gifts. Wealth, success, fame—all these are fair, but without happiness to crown them, they become as trivial as the tinsel ornaments that glitter on the boughs of our evergreens. Yet the difference between happiness and sorrow is just that which lies between a gladsome, enlightened acceptance of Life, and a hostile, gloomy submission to it.

The Happy Country lies open to us all. The lights of Christmas, the glowing tapers of kindliness and faith and hope and joy in our common heritage will make bright the way for us all the year if we will but let them. It is this spirit of Christmas happiness that McCall's hopes will shine upon all the dwellers on McCall Street, now and throughout the coming year.

This wish for you has been our guiding principle in preparing our program for 1925—a program we feel, that no magazine has ever approached before because now, for the first time, the entire year's work of a great magazine has been planned with the noble purpose of making a whole nation definitely happier.

(For further announcement of this program turn the page)

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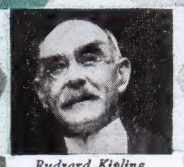
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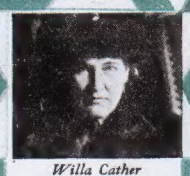
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F. Scott Fitzgerald

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The Duchess of Marlborough

Coningsby Dawson

THE STARS OF McCALL STREET'S BANNER YEAR

JUST to give you a glimpse of what McCall Street's Banner Year program will be, we announce herewith a few of the famous Star-writers who will appear on McCall Street in 1925. These authors have been selected because their genius opens the way to the happy country of Romance and glad imaginings; and because their counsel is the fruit of wise living and because their faith will be a shining candle to light your feet into ways of hope and joy. ◥ For the corner-stone of this great program for 1925 we have garnered a list of novels which you will recognize as without precedent in magazine history. This amazing array of McCall's serials for 1925 is as follows:

The Son of His Father	By Harold Bell Wright
The Keeper of the Bees	By Gene Stratton-Porter
Appassionata	By Fannie Hurst
Bellarion	By Rafael Sabatini
The Master Key	By Ethel M. Dell
The Forty Thieves	By Robert W. Chambers

BUT these masterpieces of American fiction are not the only rare treats that 1925 will bring to McCall Street. We will present the most fascinating group of short stories to be printed in an American publication. ◥ That master short story writer of the world, Rudyard Kipling, is now writing for McCall's a new group of his famous tales. ◥ Our great American masters of the short story also will be represented, including Rupert Hughes, Willa Cather. Louis Joseph Vance, Fanny Heaslip Lea, Arthur Somers Roche, Nalbro Bartley, Coningsby Dawson, Mary Austin, Struthers Burt and other beloved authors pictured on this page. ◥ There will be articles and editorials crystalizing the ideals guiding McCall Street; there will be fashions and homemaking departments; everything that will make McCall's not only the best magazine for its price in America but the best magazine in America regardless of price.

Donn Byrne

Vingie E. Roe

Nalbro Bartley

Vivien Brutherton

Struthers Burt

Fanny Heaslip Lea

Arthur Somers Roche

Honore Willsie Morrow

Louis Joseph Vance

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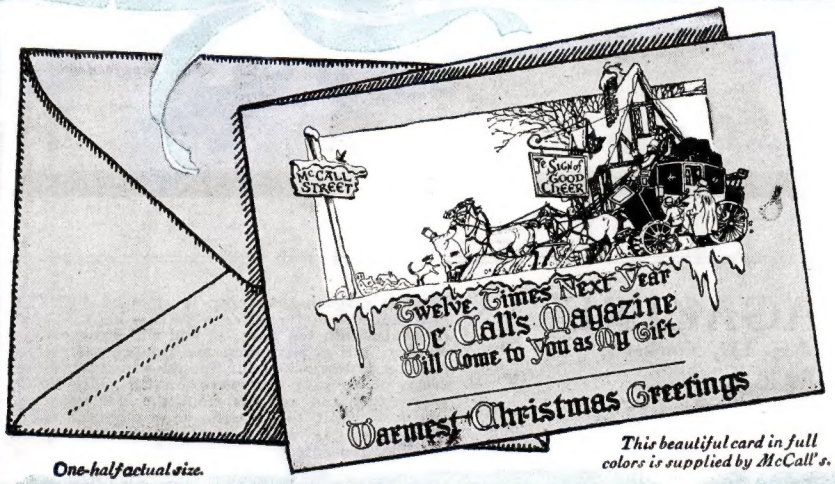

One-half actual size.

This beautiful card in full colors is supplied by McCall's.

THE BEST OF ALL GIFTS

THE best of all gifts is the gift that brings the most delight and the pleasantest memories in proportion to its cost. ◥ McCall's for 1925 makes a gift that every month of the year will bring new delight and renewed memories of the giver. And a gift subscription to McCall's will cost so little! ◥ For McCall's makes its readers a special Christmas offer for gift subscriptions that you will find most attractive and furnishes with every gift subscription an exceedingly beautiful Christmas card that you will be very proud to send to the friends you most particularly want to please.

Turn to Special Gift Subscription Offer on Page 66

Victrola No. 360
Walnut, $235; electric, $275
Other styles $25 to $1500

The finest gift of all!

The gift that keeps on giving—that keeps on giving something new. For no matter what kind of music you may want or when you may want it, a Victrola Instrument and Victor Records give you every kind of music—better.

The most brilliant opera house in the world can offer no such great company of artists as that shown above, but every Victor Record made is made by an artist of distinction in some particular field. From the great music of the world to the most alluring dance or the trickiest bit of jazz—the names that everybody knows, the names that really count—are found on Victor Records. Let the nearest dealer show you. Victrolas are listed from $25 up—and any one of them will play any of the nine thousand Victor Records.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

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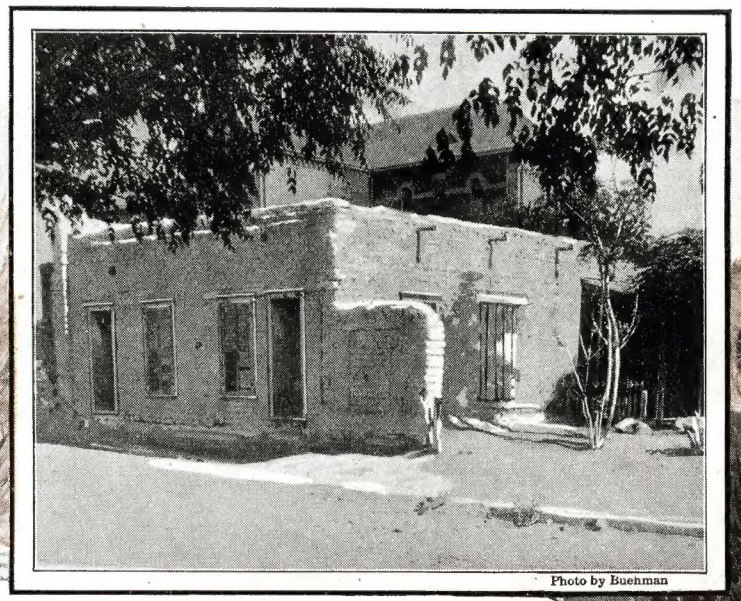

Photo by Buehman

The original charter for the pueblo of Tucson was granted by the King of Spain in 1551. The beautiful modern city of 20,000 inhabitants is said to have more sunshine than any other part of the United States. It was once Arizona's capital. The photograph shows the ruins of the second capitol building.

Tumacacori, the oldest mission in Arizona

"*From* ARIZONA *to the* ADIRONDACKS"

How women from Tucson to Plattsburg came to a common choice in soap

THE wave of public opinion in favor of fine *white* laundry soap has swept clear across America!

Geographical location makes little difference. Even in towns as unlike and widely distant from each other as Tucson, Arizona, and Plattsburg, N. Y., P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling soap. To set down the complete list of such towns and cities would far exceed the limits of this page.

There are, of course, women who sincerely doubt that by changing from the older types of soap, which have given acceptable results, they can get still better results with far less effort.

But as such women have learned, one by one, the advantages of a *white* soap as fine as P and G, they have become enthusiastic converts.

Today, therefore, P and G is the largest selling laundry soap in the country.

The reasons for this triumph of a particular soap are clear: Women have learned that P and G lessens rubbing and boiling, keeps white clothes *white*, preserves colors, sudses well in water of any desired temperature, dissolves dirt quickly and safely, rinses out thoroughly and leaves clothes sweet and clean, without the slightest trace of soapy odor or yellowish tinge.

Whether you do the laundry work yourself or employ a laundress, you should see that P and G is used. Its advantages will soon be revealed by the clock, by back and arm muscles, and by the clothes themselves.

Procter & Gamble

The DeLord House and Historic Museum; British headquarters during the Battle of Plattsburg

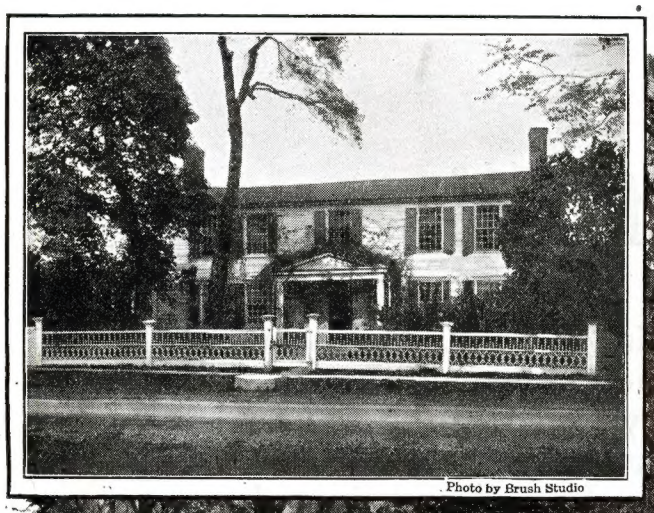

Photo by Brush Studio

Plattsburg, on beautiful Lake Champlain, was named for Zephaniah Platt, who founded the outpost in 1784. Here, in 1916, the Citizens' Training Camp idea was given its first trial. Nearly 30,000 officer candidates were actually trained here.

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McCALL'S

DECEMBER MCMXXIV

It seemed to him that a great radiance flooded the stable—

A Great Rushing of Wings

BY EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURICE L. BOWER

THE girl had gone down into the valley of Death. And she had come back—bringing a new life into the world. Now she lay quietly, scarcely breathing, her lips parted in a tired, contented smile. The village doctor was speaking in a very low voice to the midwife. "—A pity—that fall she had when she learned of Pierre's death. The little one here—he will never walk. The legs are paralyzed."

The closed eyes of the girl mother flashed open, big and dark and filled with tragic pain.

"Monsieur Doctor," she faltered weakly, "—I heard you say—or perhaps I but dreamed—my baby—he will be strong, and healthy?"

The doctor turned his honest, embarrassed face away.

"Oh, to be sure," he mumbled, "he will be strong enough. Listen to the young rascal trying out his lungs."

The girl half rose from the bed. "But you said—you said—"

The midwife pushed her gently back against the pillows. "There, there, little one, do not excite yourself. Monsieur Doctor—what does the old fool know about babies? Puh! I was helping to bring babies into the world when he was spilling soup on his schoolboy blouse."

But the girl lay back with closed eyes, and great tears welled from beneath the blue-white lids and streaked the pallor of her cheeks. Her lips were trembling.

"Do not trouble to spare me, Mother Boucharde," she whispered. "I dreamed that this thing would be. I dreamed that my baby crawled on the floor, dragging his little helpless limbs, and cried out to me, stretching up his tiny hands. It is my punishment. I loved Pierre too much—more than God!"

The midwife patted her cheek, and smoothed the soft black hair from around her face. "Not so, my little one. Your love for Pierre was beautiful—and his for you. Never let yourself think that the good God would punish one of his children for a holy love like that," she said.

"This misfortune which has come upon you—" the honest doctor, used as he was to scenes of sorrow and bitterness, hesitated, blew his nose and turned away, unable to finish the sentence.

The dark eyes opened wide once more. "Then it *is* true?"

The doctor hesitated, then sighed. "Yes, my little one, I am afraid so."

Pierre *Sans Sou* they had called him, that rollicking, improvident young fiddler who had won the heart of the maid, Jeanette. And now he was gone, thrust violently through Death's door, just when the great joy of parenthood was about to bless their union. Death, as well as Life, had made bitterly truthful the laughing nickname by which the villagers had called Pierre. There was nothing left, not a sou.

Jeanette, with her eyes bigger and darker than ever, and a stillness of mind that was like the paralysis that chained her baby's limbs, went back to the village inn, back to the work from which Pierre had taken her. Madame Luçonne had grudgingly given permission for the baby to be kept with Jeanette.

"After all," she said, shrugging her shoulders, "he will not be much in the way, since he has not the use of his limbs." The girl's face grew rigid, and her eyelids fluttered like tortured birds.

"No," she answered, almost in a whisper, "he will not be in the way."

Day by day, month by month, the girl mother lived with her heart upon the rack—day by day to see the child, dragging his shrunken little limbs, trying to reach the butterflies that danced in the sunshine, month by month to watch his baby body grow into rosy loveliness—and helplessness.

Every evening at vespers, every morning at matins, did she pray, unceasingly, yet with an inner sense of futility, for the sin of too much loving to be forgiven her; for the punishment of too much love to be lifted from the innocent life of her child.

In the confessional she poured out her sin—that she had loved too much. But the curé said, very gently, "That was no sin, my daughter. It was a great virtue."

"Then," she did not realize the passionate resentment in her voice, "why is my child punished for a sin which he did not commit—no, which you tell me even *I* did not commit?" The curé sighed, and twisted his fingers a little. It was hard to always tell her that it was God's will, and yet his cloth, his religion, demanded it.

"My daughter," he hesitated, "dark and strange are the ways of the good God. Perhaps it is a test of your devotion and faith, my child. Perhaps He is waiting to work a miracle—"

The girl's eyes widened. "Père Touraine," she gasped, "do you really, then, believe in miracles?"

"Oh, certainly," he answered readily, this time surer of his ground. "The history of Holy Church is filled with them."

"Ah—history," she sighed dejectedly, "history is so far off—it is gone."

The summer passed, and the autumn. The leaves were blown from the shivering trees, the air was filled with the cold tang of approaching winter. The first snow came, and the children played in it joyously, shouting inarticulately and rolling it into balls. Jeanette watched from the windows of the inn, watched with heavy, dark eyes, that were always widely stretched as if with unshed tears.

"*My* child," she whispered to herself, "will never play like that—never, never." Then one snowy day in December, at the time when the children were beginning to talk excitedly of what Saint Nicholas would leave in their wooden shoes, a stranger came to the inn—a curious, silent man, with deep-set, fanatical eyes, and an agitated way of moving his hands when he spoke. He wore the smock and sheep-skin coat of a peasant. Jeanette served him, as she served all patrons of the inn, silently, apathetically, with eyes that never wavered from their steadfast look of misery. But when her baby cried, wrapped in swathings of blankets, the man looked up and saw her face, and put out his hand to detain her as she turned away.

"The little one, Madame, he is yours?"

"Yes, M'sieu," she said without moving.

"Is there anything—forgive me if I intrude myself too much—is there anything wrong with the child? I saw your face just now, when he cried, and I thought—"

She bent her head slightly.

"He was born a cripple, M'sieu. His little limbs are paralyzed."

The man's eyes blazed up suddenly like a torch flame in a dark vault. He caught her wrist, half drew her down to him.

"Listen, little one! Attend me! You will be thankful for having listened to my words. Listen, and believe me. There is a little town near Pierrefitte where miracles are performed in the church, every Eve of Noël, just by touching the crib of the little Jesus that is outside the altar railing." The doors of her heart seemed suddenly to open, to receive a great flood of light and warmth.

"M'sieu," she gasped, clutching at his arm, "you do not mock me? Miracles are really performed in that way?" The man's eyes gleamed in their deep-set sockets.

"My child, you see before you one who was cured, whose limbs dragged and were useless, even as are the limbs of your little one. And I was healed by touching the manger of the little Jesus, as many others have been healed, and as all will be healed who have the faith to take advantage of the precious moment of divine manifestation."

Careless of the frowning glances of Madame Luçonne, Jeanette sank down before the stranger, fumbling with her apron. A momentary weakness had sapped her of strength. She could only stare at the man and whisper, with dry, tense lips, "Tell me more, M'sieu, tell me everything about it. I will not lack the faith, if only I know what must be done."

The man bent above her, and lowered his voice. His strange, restless hands moved continually.

"Do you know the village of Viendoncourt?"

"No, M'sieu, but I can find it."

"Almost eighty kilometers from here it lies. The nearest railroad is Pierrefitte. The village of Viendoncourt lies three miles along the road from there, or a mile or two across the fields."

"Yes, yes, M'sieu, I can find it. But what of the church, the manger, what of the miracles of the Eve of Noël?"

"Come closer, little one, this message is holy. There is a tradition that angels, bearing the little Jesus to his mother for birth, passed close above that spot. And it must be true, it *is* true! For every Noël's Eve, just as the chalice is being raised in the midnight mass, *there comes a great rushing of wings,* and a multitude of unseen singers crying, 'Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson!' *That* is the moment, little one. The air is filled with the rustling of angels' wings, the sweeping of their garments, the ecstasy of their presence. At that moment, he who would be healed has but to touch the crib by the altar rail, and he shall be made whole."

"But—but—" she stammered, "my baby cannot pray."

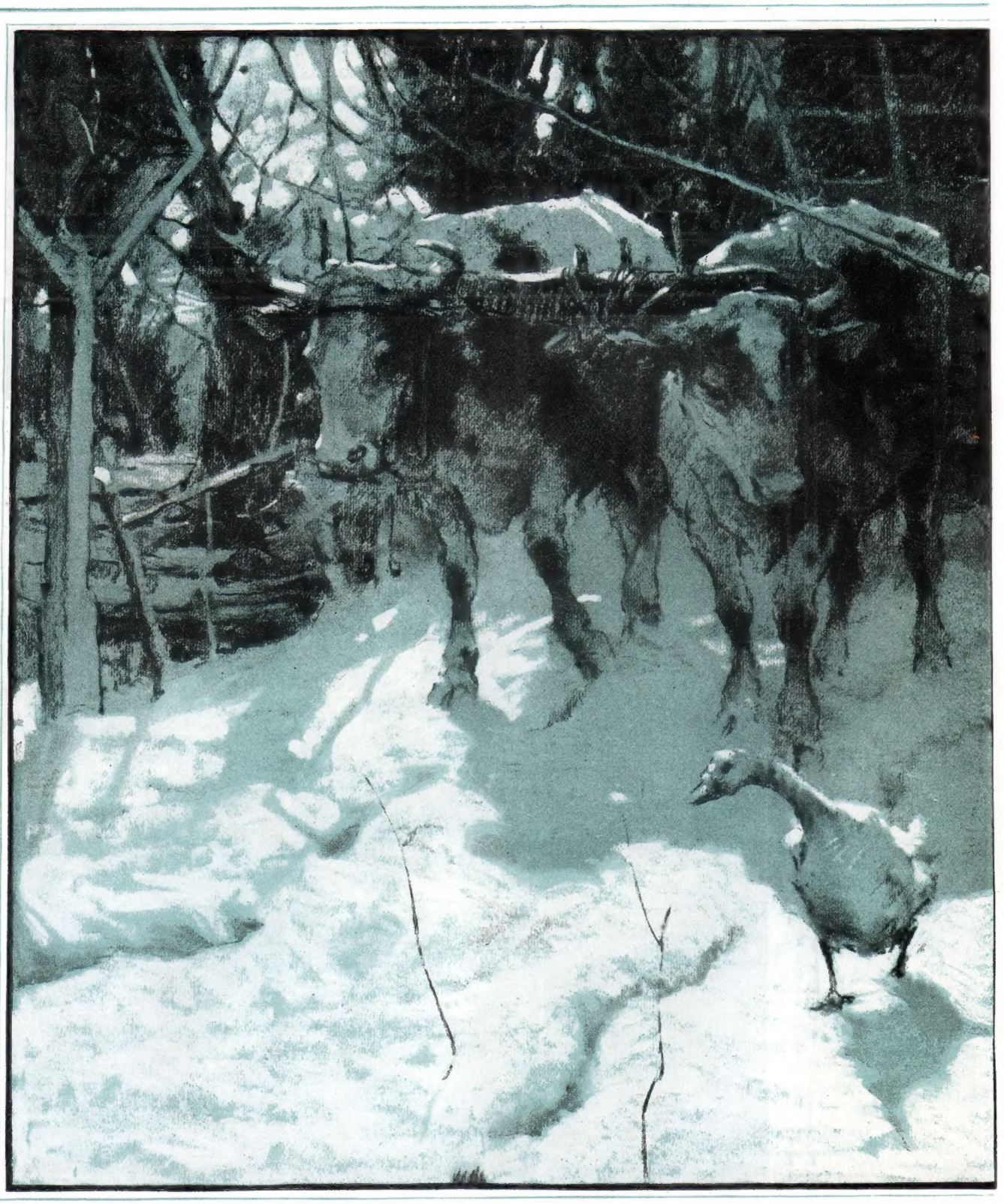
"No, but you, his mother, can. And your voice in petition will reach the angels as they pass over. Behold me, little one! I was cured thus. Look at my limbs. They are strong and sturdy. They were lame, useless, like the baby's there."

He arose abruptly, stared out at the snowy twilight, and fumbled for his cap.

"Yes, like the baby's there," he mumbled, flung down a coin on the table, and passed out into the snow and the darkness.

Jeanette sat staring after him as in a dream. Vaguely she heard her baby crying, and the sharp voice of Madame Luçonne.

"Get up, you lazy bones! The brat is crying and there are



"Viendoncourt?" he puckered his lips in a whistle. "You are going as far as that,

Mam'selle Madame?" He had just realized that the bundle on her back was a baby

dirty dishes upon the table. Do I pay you for idle chatter with strange men? Get up, you good-for-nothing!"

Still as one in a trance, Jeanette pulled herself up to her feet. Then she turned her pale, transfigured face upon her mistress. "Madame," she said jerkily, "that man, just now, he told me a wonderful thing. There are miracles still. There is a little church where I must go, on Noël's Eve, carrying my baby to be healed—" Madame Luçonne laughed shortly.

"Miracles, my girl, are for priests and saints. You are neither. Clear off the dishes, and stop that baby's crying." But Jeanette stood her ground, her eyes burning with a fixed, intense light.

"Madame, he spoke the truth. I feel it here in my heart. And I must reach that place by Noël's Eve." She started suddenly. "Why, that is only five days away. May I have my wages, Madame Luçonne, so that I may leave by to-morrow's train?"

"Your wages," said the other woman deliberately, "are not due for this month until after Noël. If I give them to you now you will be off on this wild-goose chase, and I will be out a servant—for the holidays, too. No, Jeanette, don't be a fool. Your baby is what God intended him to be, a hopeless cripple."

A great cry surged up from the heart and lips of the girl. A hot flush burned in her blanched cheeks. She seemed suddenly to increase in stature and dignity.

"No," she cried, "no! It has been, as Père Touraine said, a test of patience, of waiting, and of faith. The stranger was a messenger of the good God, to tell me that a miracle was about to make my little one whole. I will go, I *will* go, do you hear? If not by train, then I will walk. I shall carry my baby in my arms, and no harm will come to us! The good God and His angels will protect us!" She caught up her baby from the hearth, wrapped him closely with the blankets on which he had been lying. Then, snatching her thin, ragged shawl from behind the door, she flung it about her head and shoulders.

"Stop, you little idiot," cried Madame Luçonne sharply. But the door of the inn opened, and slammed shut, blowing in a flurry of snow; shutting out the girl Jeanette with her burden of helplessness—and faith.

All the long night the girl walked along the snowy road that led north towards Viendoncourt. She had to rest many times, for her arms were stiff with the unaccustomed weight, and her feet became numb with the cold. But the snow had ceased to fall. The moon came out from behind white, billowy clouds, and all the world was a-shimmer with silver light. There was no wind, and the cold had lessened. So the girl, who had stopped under the protecting shadow of a wayside shrine, nursed her baby and smiled with a warm, contented joy as the little lips nuzzled against her breast. Then she went on, the only living thing upon the road of silver and moonlight, and the baby slept, with its downy head snuggled into the warm wrapping of the blanket.

When the first grayness of dawn was upon the sleeping world, the girl realized suddenly that she was very tired. She had no way of knowing how many kilometers she had come, for her knowledge of the world was bounded by the village of Beaucoeur, where she had lived all her life. When she saw a farm house with smoke creeping up into the grayness of the sky, she knocked at the door, and astonished the peasant and his wife, who were just ready to commence the early morning chores.

"Might I ask for a little milk?" she faltered. "I have come a long way—"

The heat of the room swept toward her in an overwhelming wave, making her very drowsy. She swayed as she stood in the doorway, and the two peasants staring at her became unreal and wrapped in a hazy mist.

"A very—long—way—" she repeated, and sank down gently, with her eyes drooping shut. When she awoke, it was with a delicious feeling of warmth and lassitude. There were little homely noises about her, the cluck of chickens, the soft snapping of a fire, the distant crowing of a rooster, the scraping of a chair on the floor. Then, as realization came back to her, she sat up sharply, pushing back the quilt that had been laid over her. There was an ache in her arms that made her wince with pain when she moved them. The peasant woman was regarding her kindly and with frank curiosity.

"Well," she said heartily, "you have slept long and soundly. Tired indeed you were, little one."

"My baby—" said the girl faintly, still dazed with sleep.

"Oh, the little chick is safe enough, lying over there in the sunshine trying to play with his toes. His legs—forgive me—are they not—"

The girl burst into sudden tears.

"Oh, yes, Madame—they are paralyzed. And I could sleep! I could forget the needs of my little one! Tell me, I beg of you, how far have I come from Beaucoeur?"

"Beaucoeur? Oh, perhaps seven or eight kilometers. You walked all the way last night?"

The peasant woman's tone became a little suspicious. "Yes, yes—but oh, that is not far enough. I have so far to go, so very far—and I could sleep!" She went to her baby, whose mouth was puckered into intent concentration. He was trying his best to reach his toes, to bring up the little shrunken limbs so that he could try the taste of the limp white foot. An empty nursing bottle lay beside him.

"Oh, Madame," the girl said with tears still in her eyes, "I thank you for your goodness. I am trying to reach Viendoncourt by Noël's Eve, where a miracle will make my baby well. I thought my faith and courage would be stronger than to let myself sleep as I did."

The peasant woman shook her head dubiously. "Miracles?" she repeated. "I am afraid—Well, well, at any rate, refresh yourself with milk and bread. If you must go so far, you must not neglect the needs of your body."

Jeanette ate and drank ravenously, hastily. The sun, well past the high point of noon, was a constant reproach to her. The peasant woman busied herself with sewing the blankets into a kind of pouch, so that the baby could be carried upon the girl's back. Then she brought out a quantity of unspun wool and put it in the bag.

"This will make the journey more comfortable for you,—and for him," she said practically.

Then she wrapped a piece of black bread in a paper and gave it to the girl.

"May the good God bless you for your kindness!" said Jeanette, gratefully. "As soon as I can spare the prayers from my baby's needs, I will remember you every night."

"Good luck to you—and the miracle!" responded the peasant woman, watching her from the doorway. [*Turn to page 88*]

"There Stood a Figure Beneath the Moon!"

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL

By THOMAS HARDY

Author of "The Dynasts" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

A Christmas Experience of the Mellstock Quire

We went our Christmas rounds once more,
To viol carols as of yore.

Our path was hard by Rushy Pond,
Where Egdon Heath meets land beyond.

There stood a figure against the moon,
Tall, spare, and humming a weirdsome tune.

"You tire of Christian carols", he said:
"Come and lute at a ball instead.

"'Tis to your gain, for it ensures
That many guineas will be yours.

"A slight condition hangs, it's true,
But you will scarce say nay thereto:

"That you go blindfold; that anon
The place may not be gossiped on."

They stood and argued with each other:
"Why sing from one house to another

"These ancient hymns in the freezing night,
And all for nought? 'Tis foolish, quite!"

"—'Tis serving God, and shunning evil:
"Might not else-doing serve the devil?"

"—But grand pay!"..They were lured by his call,
Agreeing to go blindfold all.

They walked, he guiding, some new track,
Doubting to find the pathway back.

In a strange hall they found them when
They were unblinded all again.

Gilded alcoves, great chandeliers,
Voluptuous paintings, gauds in tiers,

In brief, a mansion large and rare,
With rows of dancers waiting there.

They tuned and played; the couples danced;
Lightly-clad women tripped, advanced,

With handsome partners footing fast,
Who swore strange oaths, and whirled them past.

And thus and thus the slow hours wore them:
While shone their guineas heaped before them.

Weary at length, dazed by the dance,
"*While shepherds watched*" they bowed by chance;

And in a moment, at a blink,
There flashed a change; ere they could think

The ball-room vanished and all its crew:
Only the well-known heath they view—

The spot of their crossing overnight,
When wheedled by the stranger's sleight.

There, east, the Christmas dawn hung red,
And dark Rainbarrow with its dead

Bulged like a supine negress' brest
Against Clyffe-Clump's faint far-off crest.

Yea; the rare mansion, gorgeous, bright,
The ladies, gallants, gone were quite.

The heaped-up guineas, too, were gone,
With the ivory table they were on.

"Why was not quick-grasped what was owed!"
Cried they, as homeward, shamed, they strode.

Now comes the marvel and the warning:
When they had dragged to church next morning,

With downcast heads, and scarce a word,
They were astound at what they heard.

Praises from all came forth in showers
For how they'd cheered the midnight hours.

"We've heard you many times", friends said,
But like *that* never have you played!

Rejoice Ye tenants of the Earth,
And Celebrate Your Saviour's Birth,

"Never so thrilled the darkness through,
Or more inspired us so to do!" . . . .

—The man who used to tell this tale
Was the tenor-viol, old Michael Mail;

Yes; Mail the tenor, now but earth!—
I give it for what it may be worth.

"How I found my way through the storm, I can never tell you"

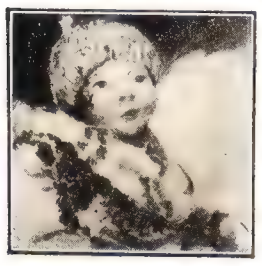
The Candle in the Window

BY MARGARET HILL McCARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD F. WARD

I JUST blew in here from my mail route up the Smoky Hill Valley, the longest, loneliest rural route in all western Kansas. But I don't complain, 'cause I've never had to miss a day on that line since it was first established. Say, it takes a night like this, though, to make a fellow remember better things. Comin' Christmas pretty soon, I've been thinkin' all day about the best one I ever had; and I've had nearly all the Bible allows a man ought to have.

Some winter, this! Awfully good for the wheat, but not so easy on us rural routers. Some folks rather have the snow than their mail, I reckon, on account of the crops next summer. I don't blame them, neither. But 't wa'n't that way durin' the World War, with everybody's hearts bustin' about their boys; some of 'em already overseas, and the rest in trainin' to go any minute. Nothin' looked quite so good to them then—specially the mothers—as us mail carriers joggin' over the hills, and up through the canons of the Smoky, and stoppin' at their corners. If they wasn't right down there themselves, where the nests of mail boxes was, they was sendin' the children down, or watchin' from their windows to see how long we staid. Awful thing that war was! And yet the best Christmas I ever see, or hope to see, was right in the middle of the thing, the Christmas of 1917. The time I went harkin' back to the custom of my own boyhood days of puttin' candles in the windows. And I got the notion of takin' one to every mail box on my route. That time I so near froze to death, you know, I didn't get thawed out proper, till 'long about wheat harvest the next summer.



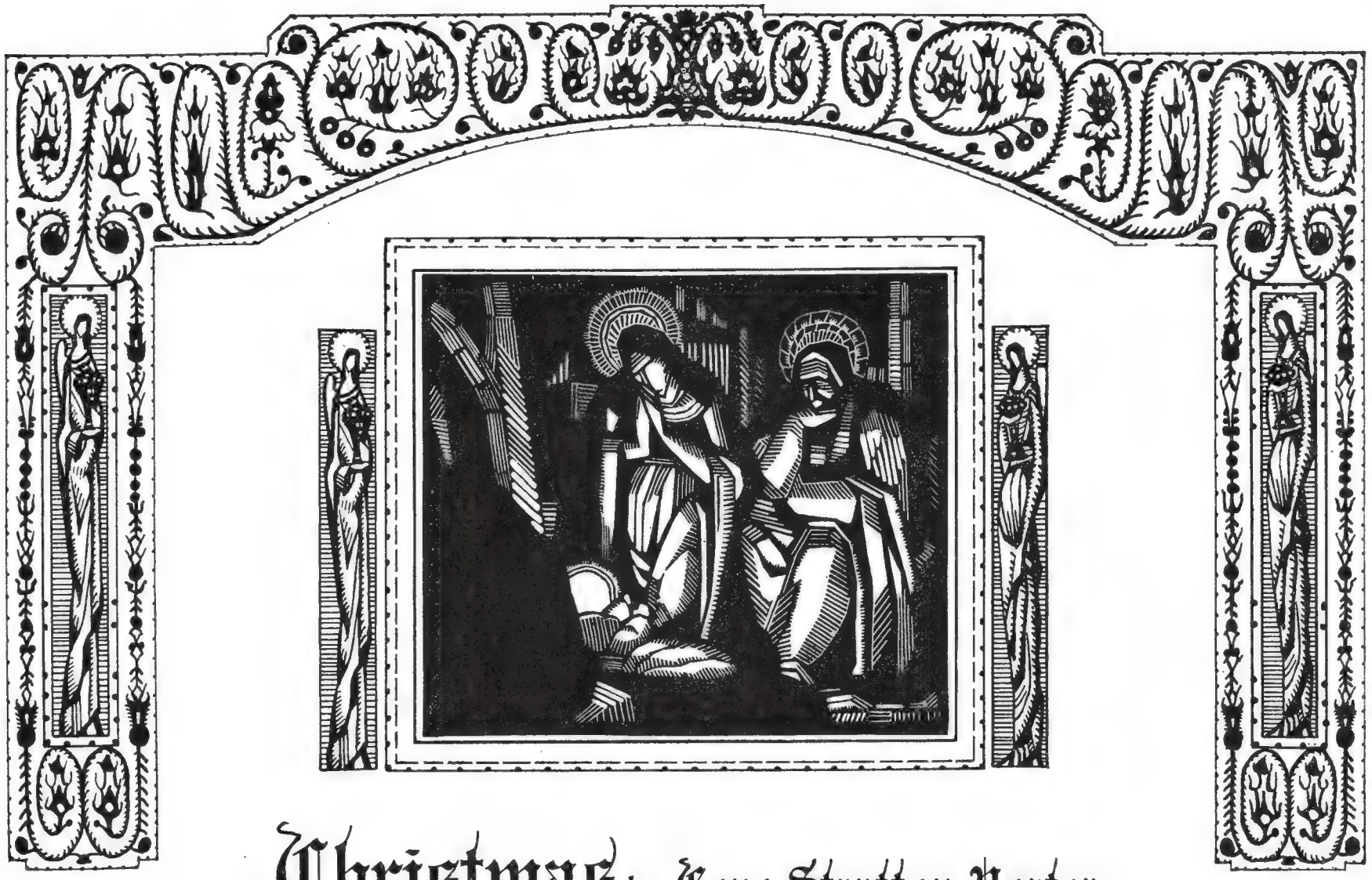
The holidays of 1917 meant a lot to my route. Boys that had lived all their lives up in the hills, or out on these short-grass plains —some of them boys was in France that year; and others was nailed down in trainin' camps that wa'n't none too cosy and homelike that bitter winter. No wonder folks watched for me like they do for the doctor in typhoid fever. They was one family that didn't though, for they never had any mail, nor even a mail box till that fall. Grandma Gabel's back in the hills. You couldn't see the house from the road, and if it hadn't been for little Tully Gabel I'd never found 'em at all I suppose. Odd little tyke as ever lived, Tully was, the cub that give me the best Christmas I ever had, though he was just a sturdy, round-headed, little nubbin like most of the children on my route.

School was always out early afternoons, for some of the children had miles to go, and I used to pick up little Tully and take him home. My route makes a loop at the end and he'd ride clear round with me most always. He was a dreamer, livin' in a make-believe world. It was always "play like" with him, and he shortened it himself to just "p'like." He'd "p'like" my old mail cart was a chariot; and "p'like" the upper Smoky trail was a circus ring; "p'like" he was a prince, and I was the king of fairy land. Took a whale of a lot of "p'likin' " for that last "p'like." But that little fellow was a whale at pretendin'. I don't believe old John Milton ever see more in his "Paradise Lost" than Tully Gabel could conjure out of the sunsets and the big bluffs and lonely trails up that barren valley.

Old Mrs. Gabel come here from Kentucky with him and her boy, Tobe. He was just a foundlin' and no relation of hers. They were awfully poor, never took a paper. I don't think Mrs. Gabel could read much anyhow. But she tended the ranch, and took care of the stock, and kept the house, never buyin' anything hardly, but livin' on what she could produce herself. Tobe may have been about thirty-five in years, but not a day older than little Tully in his mind. The neighbors out that way told me Tobe's older brother was lost in the Kentucky mountains just before Tobe was born. They never did find him, and his father died from exposure huntin' for him. And when Tobe came he just staid a little boy, happy and willin' to do anything he was told. But he never did grow up. They say there was something wrong about fastening a gate, just the other way 'round, that let the child out and he wandered off. And somebody up in the mountains, where they couldn't read sign boards if there was any to read, saw the little fellow and started him home the wrong way, and he perished. Tobe has that mark, too; does everything backwards. Put up a mail box to please little Tully, cause all the other children had 'em, number 33, and marked it backwards, ƐƐ. Tully Gabel was the happiest boy on the Smoky the day that box was put up, clear out of sight of their house, though as I say, they never had any mail that I didn't put in for them. But the youngster never missed a day lookin' into it, and he'd get big-eyed and excited if he found an old circular I'd dropped in, and play like it was a letter for his grandma from Kentucky.

School was heaven to little Tully. Seemed I could see his mind growin' every day. The teacher was a strange girl that nobody knew anything about. Her name was Ruth Ravenstow. She had big dark eyes, and about the prettiest hair I ever see. But her face was as white as chalk, never a bit of color in her cheeks, and she never smiled even when she was talkin' to the children, that just adored her. Just a hard, white face, with no more feelin' in it than a marble woman.

The school house was an old soddy, but warm enough in winter and they was only eleven children in District Thirty-Three —Gabel's mail box was the same number, the only figures Tully knew when it was put up—but that teacher was an angel of light to them eleven kids that year. You can't [*Turn to page 54*]



Christmas by Gene Stratton-Porter

Woodcut Decorations by John J. A. Murphy

FOR the fourth time I am facing the proposition of a Christmas editorial for the great McCall family. In each of the three preceding years I have given the level best that I had to give at each of those succeeding periods. This year there have been so many things to touch the heart, to inflame the mind, to disturb the apprehensions of a thoughtful person that I have been racking my brain to its very depths in order to try to think of some way in which I could reach my people, of some way in which I could touch their hearts to a sufficient depth to stir them to action. For days I have gone about vaguely seeking for a fresh idea, for even one word upon which to build. For many nights I have lain awake by the hour and in the stillness I have labored to the extent of physical exhaustion in an effort to give birth to some plan that would be really constructive, that would be a substantial help, that would touch upon the problems confronting us as a nation. For, after all, it is national problems upon which the home depends. When national policies are right, when national finances are sound, when national government is in the hands of men of integrity, there is always an era of prosperity and good will for the people. It is when governments are rotten and politics are controlled by greed and by graft that the people suffer, that ideals are lowered, that standards are torn down, that religion and morality and culture are dragged in the dirt and lawlessness and vice and ignorance come out and strive boldly to gain control.

This struggle had gone on in my mind until the walls of my library were too confining, so I fled from my workshop and came up into the mountains overlooking the far sea, among the big, elemental things of nature to try to find a message, to make one final effort to give to the people who are my friends and for whom I would willingly give life itself if it would be of any great and real benefit to them, a thought that will strengthen and give them new courage for the coming year.

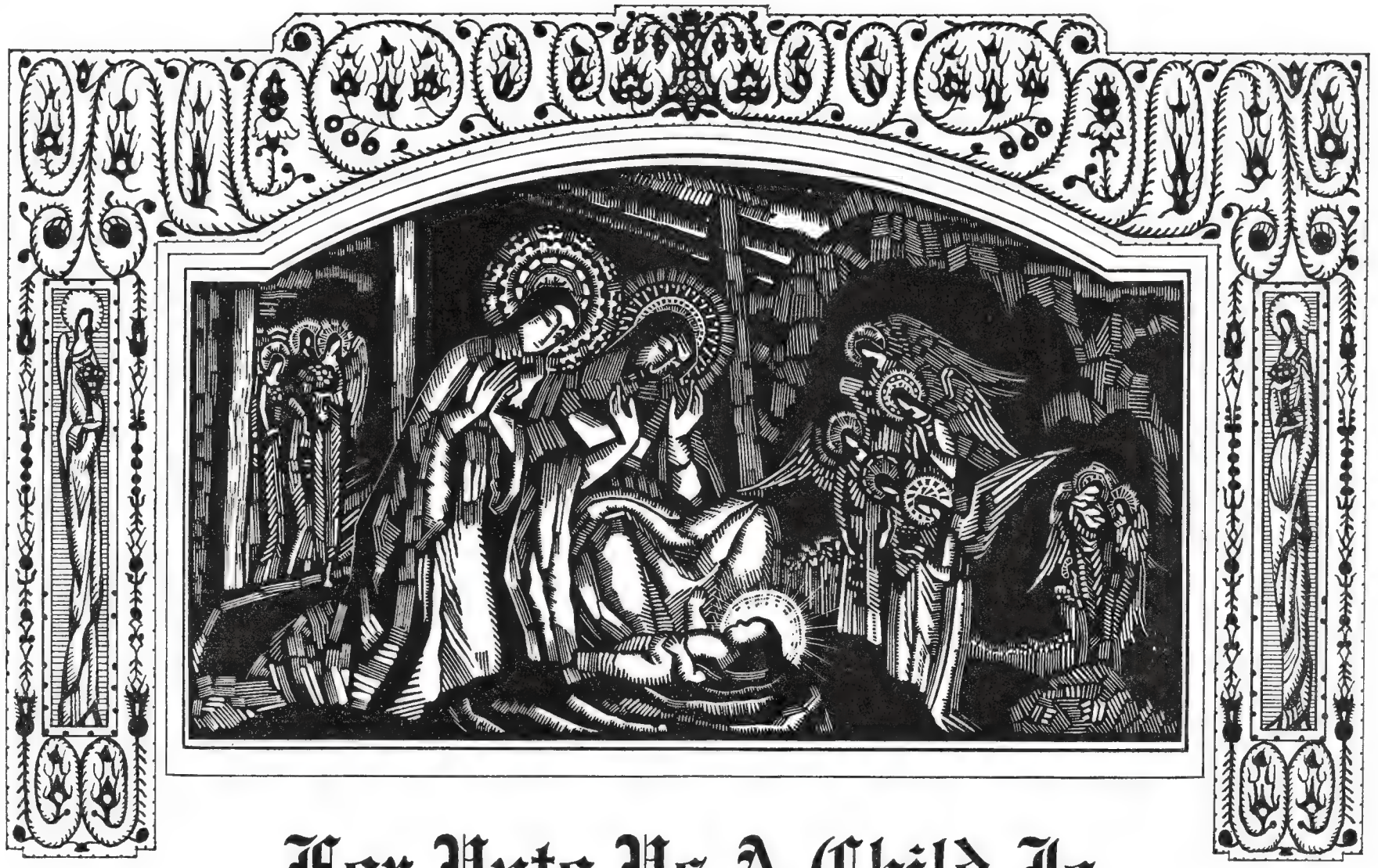
The mountains are very wonderful. One must *climb* to reach the top of them. It takes work, firmness of purpose, up-hill intention, even to climb a mountain. And when one reaches a goodly elevation where the skies draw close and the clouds tangle their trailing banners with the rocky peaks of the summit, where miles of sea face stretch away to other lands and other peoples, when the stillness is something so intense that it is almost electrifying, when the brilliancy of Pentstemon and paint brush set a bloody sign on the face of earth, when the branches of holly trees spread above and wild honeysuckles clamber over the ground, when the refreshment of the lemonade bush stands luring before one and the wine of giant elders is at hand, its blue-black berries hurrying to ripeness among its white flower clusters, and the voices of uncounted birds can be heard at the daily business of living, when the soft little chirp of the crickets' orchestra comes creeping low over the earth and the cool breezes from the ocean drift, salt laden and refreshing, in these surroundings, in this stillness, there came to me what I believe to be the *great idea*, the biggest idea that I ever had to offer to my friends, who, every month, read these messages that I try so faithfully to make helpful and hopeful, of benefit in the daily business of living as well as of literary value.

What I want to suggest this year is the oldest thing in the world, but the most wonderful thing: nothing more and nothing less than just Love. The Bible tells us that God "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" to redeem us from the sins and the errors that we have made in our attempts at living, and so that makes the little child that was born in the manger at Bethlehem with the stars standing still in the Heavens to point the location and the worshipping shepherds and the wise men gathered around, just the gift of Love, the gift that the Almighty God of the Universe made on this first Christmas Day now nearing two thousand years in the past. God gave us His only begotten Son, earth's first Christmas gift, to point out to us a way of life that can be attained only through self sacrificing love.

The plan that God made for the salvation of this world is not a plan that can be consummated with war, or with gold, or with diplomacy among men and governments. It can only be accomplished through love. It was love that Jesus Christ preached each hour of each day of His ministry ——love of God, love of our fellow man, love of our native country, love of clean living, love of generous impulses, the love that puts our God and our neighbors and our family above ourselves always.

I have tried to suggest numerous ways in which Christmas might be kept that would be enjoyable, that would be beneficial, that would help the world to some degree, but the suggestion I make this year is one that is red with blood, one that is bruised in the travail of birth, one that came forth in throes of real agony. I find myself with clenched hands and beating heart hanging on as if I were fighting in a high sea, battling to keep life in my body. But, after all, it is not the body and it is not the life of any one person that makes so very much difference. It is what there is in the soul; what one is able to do that will set a mark upon his or her time. Looking back over the history of the world it seems to me that the only changeless things that I can find are what might really be termed the gifts of love, the big gifts that the great men and women of the world have given when they gave their lives if need be for their fellow men. The very face of Nature changes. There are climatic changes. Civilizations rise and fall. The psychology of people changes with them. But the one thing that stays stable and sure is just Love, that kind of love that was in the heart of God when He gave His only begotten Son to bear upon His shoulders the burdens of the whole world.

I am tired of Christmas celebrations that begin weeks beforehand, that encompass the reckless expenditure of millions in money, that tire a host of shoppers, and those from whom they buy, to death, to collect tons of truck which nobody really wants. Only too often I have known of people unwrapping expensive and really beautiful Christmas gifts and casting them aside because they were absolutely surfeited and weighted down with a burden of things, too many possessions, too much richness, too much sweetening and shortening, too many spices in the pudding of life, resulting in mental and physical indigestion. I am fairly nauseated with the straining after riches and power, with disregard of our fellow men and their sufferings and struggles, with the spending of money which can illy be afforded, when really the only thing that does any particular good, that makes any lasting difference in the hearts of men, is just Love, that love which made God give His Son, that love which made the Son acquiesce in being the gift of the Father even to the extent of allowing His own person to be spat upon and crucified. It is the thing that today all of us appreciate the most of any one elemental gift. What people are pleased to consider love nine times out of ten is pure selfishness. Often our friends talk about loving us and very frequently what they love us for is the things that we can and will do for them. If a day comes when we are no longer able to do for them, when our gifts cease and our benefactions are interrupted, what about the love then? It speedily develops very frequently that what we receive for what we have attempted to give in this world is not love but hate. It has been my experience so far as I have gotten on my journey of life that some of the very dirtiest deals I have ever had in all this world came not from my enemies but [*Turn to page 90*]



For Unto Us A Child Is Born

by the Rt. Rev. William T. Manning

D.D., LL.D., Bishop of New York

Woodcut Decorations by John J. A. Murphy

WITHOUT exception there is no day that so stirs and touches our hearts as Christmas does. Even those of us who think little about religion at other times feel something of its meaning when Christmas comes. It speaks to us of our happiest memories, our most unselfish impulses, our most sacred experiences and associations. All over the world, at this season men, women and children are moved by the spirit of love and brotherhood. On this day the doorway of Heaven seems to stand wide open to us. We catch a new view of the meaning of human life. We see with clearer vision the Heaven that lies about us, into which we all may enter if we will, and it is natural that this should be so, for at Christmas we keep the Birthday of the Son of God.

More than nineteen hundred years ago He came into this world bringing a message such as was never heard before or since. That day of His birth has been called the day that changed the world. His influence has been the mightiest, and the holiest, that this earth has known, and it has grown greater as the centuries have passed. His name today is acknowledged more widely than ever before. More and more clearly men see that the world's one hope is in the Babe of Bethlehem.

Scholars with much learning, but with little faith, may try to tell us that the New Testament records are untrustworthy, that the miraculous events recorded in the Gospel story are not true, that the creed of the Christian Church must now be set aside or rewritten. We know better. Scholarship equally sincere and thorough refutes the theories of these doubting teachers. None of the discoveries of science, or the results of scholarship have made belief in these events more difficult. On the contrary the whole movement of scientific thought is tending in the direction of belief, and Christmas brings its full assurance to our minds and hearts.

Christmas reminds us that the power of Jesus Christ in this world has been one continuous miracle. From the day of His Birth to the present He has continued His Divine work in this world. He is His own sufficient witness. His works prove Him to be the One whom He declares Himself to be. His teachings, if we would follow them, would free us, at once, from all that is base and unworthy in our lives. It is He alone who can put an end to injustice, and hatred, and fear, and war, among men.

Where do we go to find words of new life and hope for the discouraged and the despairing? Where do we go to find consolation for those who mourn? Where do we go to find promise of forgiveness for all who have sinned and fallen short? Where do we go to find the way of light, and life, and peace, for ourselves, and for all men?

We go to Him who was born in Bethlehem.

He proclaimed that all men are brothers, that all who dwell on this earth are God's children. He said "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." He said "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." He said "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." He said "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me." "I go to prepare a place for you . . . . that where I am, there ye may be also."

He who did and said these things is none other than the Son of God. No wonder that on the night of His Birth the angels sang above the downs of Bethlehem the words of that first Christmas carol, words familiar and dear to us all: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Christmas brings home to us the full meaning, the true power and glory of our religion as Christians. The event which it celebrates is the most stupendous in the world's history. As we read in the Gospels the account of those touching incidents which ushered in the Birth at Bethlehem we see in them a heavenly appropriateness. The announcement by the angel to the Blessed Mary, the song of the angels in the midnight sky, the visit of the humble shepherds to the manger and the coming of the wise men from afar—types of the humble and the wise who in every age have found their way into the presence of the Saviour—these are not incidents such as could have been imagined or invented. Their human invention would have been a miracle no less real, and infinitely less reasonable, than their actual occurrence. They are marked by a sweet simplicity, a Divine naturalness, a surpassing beauty which proclaims them the actual truth.

It was natural that these things should occur. For the event which they accompanied was the Incarnation of the Son of God. It was God Himself Who came, in the Person of Jesus Christ, to dwell among men. This is the fact for us to realize at Christmas. This is the very meaning of the Gospel. This is the very heart of our religion. We Christians do not merely accept the teachings of Christ. We believe in and accept Jesus Christ Himself. We believe not in a teaching, or a doctrine, but in a Person, no less a Person than the Redeemer of the World. We believe in Jesus Christ, born of the Virgin; God made man for us; who brings God into all the common affairs of our daily lives; who brings God within the reach of plain men and women, within the reach of all mankind; the Christ of Bethlehem, the Christ of Calvary, the risen, ascended Christ who still dwells among us in His Church on earth; who in His holy Sacraments still ministers to us, still comes to bless and heal us with His living touch. If we realize who Jesus Christ is, if we grasp the true meaning of the Gospel, we shall find no difficulty in believing in His miraculous birth, or in His resurrection from the grave as declared in the Scriptures. We believe not in some cold religious philosophy, not in some "restatement" of the Christian Religion, reduced, rationalized and denatured, but in the Gospel of the New Testament, the Gospel which has the Cross at its centre, the simple Gospel of the eternal Son of God coming from the Father's throne "across the gulf that separates Creator from creation, across the gulf that separates holiness from sin" entering Himself into the very midst of our human life, lifting our human nature up to its true glory in the image and likeness of Him Who made us.

This is the message that Christmas brings to us. And so, for us Christians, Christmas [*Turn to page 50*]

The Lost Compass and the World Today

by Coningsby Dawson

Author of "The Coast of Folly"

Woodcut Decorations by John J. A. Murphy

WE live in an age of miracles which tread so fast upon the heels of one another that we have almost lost our sense of wonder. One hundred years ago if a man could have spoken into a little instrument at his elbow which made his voice heard by thousands of unseen auditors miles away, the phenomenon would have been attributed to unnatural causes. Three hundred years ago if an inventor had accomplished that miracle, he would probably have been burned at the stake as a necromancer. But today all these miracles are commonplace. We see a flying machine mounting the steps of the clouds. It arouses no wonder. We open our gramophone, we turn a handle, Caruso, three years dead, sings to us as though he were alive. At the observatory in Washington they have a telescope so strong that it can catch the rays, sent six hundred years ago and only just arriving at this planet, of the dark horse nebula in Orion. That is to say, those rays which we are receiving today set out on their journey from the dark horse nebula pretty nearly two hundred years before America was discovered!

Wonder, despite our marvelous discoveries, is dead for the time being. We no longer can be astounded. The reason for our lack of astonishment is due to spiritual causes. We saw apocalyptic things happen, which have dulled our capacity for surprise. Yet, there are certain things which always surprise. Courage! To see a Trans-Atlantic liner setting out on its journey always fills me with amaze. It starts from a pin-point harbor on a map to travel three thousand miles to another pin-point harbor, with the absolute certainty that it will arrive. What a miracle! Many of us have travelled on Trans-Atlantic liners. We have come up on a dark night when the wind was blowing and the sky was overcast, no stars in sight. Yet that mighty piece of machinery pushed on as sure of its direction as though it were a locomotive running on tracks.

The growth of the science of navigation is almost the parable of the growth of man's spiritual life. First of all, when man took to ships, he never dared venture out of sight of land; he could only follow the shore-line. Then he began to get a vague intuition that a divine hand had buoyed the heavens with stars for his guidance. But, as all our ancient poets tell us—you find it in the Odyssey and you find it in Virgil—when stars were overcast panic struck the seaman. He had lost his sense of protection. The abyss of death faced him. Then security of direction was discovered with the compass.

When men learned the value of the compass is not known. The Chinese claim they used it two thousand six hundred years before Christ. All that is provable is that the compass began to come into common use in Europe about the end of the Thirteenth Century. You read in your Italian poets of that time of a mysterious lodestone, hidden beneath the unapproachable ice-mountains of the Arctic, which has the mysterious power of attracting iron. Mariners then started to experiment with bars, which they floated in oil and suspended, by the oscillations of which they could tell where the true north lay. The value of this to a sailor steering out into a world two-thirds of which was unknown, was that by taking bearings from the needle's steadfast pointing he could be assured of his ability to return from the horizon's furthest limit to his own fireside.

Do you see the extraordinary historic significance of the discovery of the compass for us people who live in America? Had it not been for the compass the chances are America would never have been discovered. It was the protection afforded by the compass which made Columbus brave to set sail into the unknown.

The compass not only gave the world America, it made man independent of the stars. Before that the stars had been the only divine facts for his guidance. When they failed him, he was lost. But with the compass he became aware of a mysterious protection which accompanied him, as a lamp unto his feet, on the darkest night. All the visible signs of safety might be blotted out, but as long as he had that little needle, which pointed toward the north, he could win his way home and retrace his wanderings.

The compass is the symbol of faith. Only in our generation has the North Pole been discovered. Only one man has ever been to the North Pole to see it. And yet for centuries men, who could only blindly credit its existence, have launched themselves into uncharted seas, placing trust in the attraction of a lodestone unverified, to enable them to sail on even keel safe home from the adventures.

We live in an age when stars have been blotted out. We live in an age when a world which we had thought stable, has been destroyed. We live in an age when even the magnetic fact of God is often doubted. An age in which the compass of faith, which points to eternal righteousness, is in many cases being discarded.

During the last five years, since the ending of the war, I have had perhaps unique opportunities for seeing what a world is like which lives without faith. In 1920 and 1921 Mr. Hoover asked me to go to Central Europe and to travel through the famished districts to make a report of their condition.

Of course while war lasted both sides prayed. It was impossible that both sides should win the victory, which was the only answer they both craved. The enemy powers besought God's approval in the shape of triumph with a fervor equal to our own. The inevitable result was that the loser must sustain a defeat of the spirit, a thousand times more disastrous than mere material losses.

What was the matter with Central Europe when I went there in 1920 and 1921, to make the report to Mr. Hoover? Not that economic machinery had broken down. Not that raw materials were exhausted or hoarded and unevenly distributed. Not that men's bodies had become suddenly incapacitated. The trouble was that their souls were stricken. They had lost faith in themselves, in their leaders, in their national destinies; worst of all in the just governance of the world—in God's loyalty.

I landed, for instance, in Vienna at Christmas, when all the world turns to legend and our hearts become the hearts of little children for a night. We look up at the stars and think of the Three Kings riding to

[*Turn to page 63*]

A Christmas Gift To A Daughter by Louise Taylor Davis

Woodcut Decorations by John J. A. Murphy

DEAR Letter Christmas night.

My dear Daughter:

With this letter there will be a package. Open it carefully. In it is a Christmas I have kept for you. This letter and this gift are sent across the space of thirty-two years by the mother of your third Christmas; the mother who, when nightfall of that Christmas came, and the tree and the wreaths and the toys could not keep your sleepy eyes open any longer, laid you down in your crib, and stood beside you, swept suddenly by so great a tide of love and yearning and hope and fear that it seemed as if her heart must break.

Then, out of that love and yearning, those hopes and fears, this is what she thought: "I shall keep for this sleepy baby the Christmas which she has so loved, but which will so soon be lost in the dark pool of Unremembered Time. And give it back to her when she is of the age that I am now—so that, standing level on the road of life, we may clasp hands, not as mother and daughter, not as guardian and guarded, but as fellow-travellers, counselling together."

A strange and fascinating way to outwit time and space! To give you back a Christmas and sharpen the outlines of remembrance—give you back a mother who is wise with the wisdom of exactly thirty-five years and foolish with their folly! But, wise or foolish, she stands at the age where you stand as you read this, and so you will comprehend her.

That other mother you may have by that time—that mother whom the years will have changed me into, you do not know so well. Think of it! I may be old and feeble; all the dreary little affairs of life may greatly weigh upon me. Perhaps I shall weep because you do not come to see me every day. Or I may be, not feeble and plaintive, merely, but very silent and detached. And all your problems and your cares—the whole business of life at thirty-five—will seem to me but "the spinning of midges in the sun." I may be severe and point at you, sternly, and tell you how to bring up your children!

Oh, little beloved, asleep in your crib tonight!—When the years have gone and you stand where I stand today, you may not love me, and I may not love you! Let us be honest. So strangely do Time and Change deal with us poor humans!

But tonight my love for you is so high and wide—so deep, that I can think of nothing I would not do—no sacrifice I would not make—to fit you for life, and to shield you from harm. So, this letter and this gift are to bear that love to you across the years. Surely, some potency, some virtue, will cling to them, in spite of all that time.

It is after two o'clock. I have been working hard ever since I tucked you into bed, and at last your gift—your Christmas—lies before me on the desk. It is in a neat pile, and as I look at it now, a little doubtfully, it seems a very small pile to mean the whole of a single day—even a very small girl's day! Have I, after all, attempted too much? Can this handful of written sheets, this little clutter of odds and ends, really convey all I would have it to—really mean to you what I hope it may?

Oh, surely it will because of this love of mine! It is the love which will work the enchantment!

The gift is not wrapped yet, for I shall have to wait a few days for the photographs to be printed. But the gay wrappings—the same paper and ribbons which the somersaulting monkey from Aunt Marian wore this morning as he hung on the tree are waiting to enfold this gift. You loved the scarlet paper and the silver ribbon—and it was the very first package you unwrapped.

When the photographs come, I shall tie up your Christmas with the scarlet and silver, then put it into a sober box, and seal it—and *then* I must find a sure way to make it come to you, thirty-two years from now!

How, I wonder? Well, that problem is for another day. When you read this you will already know what way I found.

Unknown Daughter—dearer and dearer as I think of you—open your package! I wish you a Merry Christmas!

Your Mother.

THE GIFT

I. *The Story of Your Christmas.*

What do you think you did on Christmas morning? *You slept until a quarter of eight*: And when you woke up you didn't remember it was Christmas!

I was up before you were awake tending fires to be sure of a warm house for you and Nana and Grandfather. They had come over from New York on Christmas Eve. While I dressed I kept listening for your morning call: "I wa-ant to get u-u-up!" No sound had come from the guest rooms across the hall. When I slipped out of the room I closed the door softly, and left your father sleeping.

It was all so different from the morning I had expected—and dreaded a little! I had thought there would be a clamor before dawn; and had seen myself, bathrobe-clad, escorting you through a chilly house, to see what Santa Claus had brought.

But here was I, at seven-thirty of a Christmas morning, standing alone in a sleeping house! Everything was quiet and warm and orderly; the clear, white, early light came in through the windows. The little clock on the bookcase in the hall uttered its rapid, stammering tick, and downstairs Wullie, our shaggy collie, yawned as he rose from his night's slumber on the hearth-rug.

I went down quietly, and the pungent, sappy smell of spruce filled the warm air. The tree glittered in the morning light. The toys and packages looked more thrilling even than they had the night before. I wanted you to wake up.

I opened the kitchen door and Wullie and Priscilla, your beloved black cat—sedate mother of uncounted families—went out together into the clear, frosty air.

Wullie wagged and leaped about Annie, as she entered the street gate and came down the snowy garden path.

"Merry Christmas! I'm a little late this mornin'," she called as she waved her hand and smiled.

"It doesn't matter, Annie," I said. "Nobody's awake yet."

"Nobody!" she echoed, her broad, rosy face one vast exclamation mark. "Well, what *do* you think of that baby!"

Just then I thought that I heard you. I was not sure, at first, and opened the door at the foot of the back stairs to listen. Then the call came again, the small far-away, voice, husky [*Turn to page 30*]

Hourly they neared their journey's end—

The Splendid Road

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart

OLD Shasta, standing stark and dead on the stage-road to the Trinities, to Yreka, to the sea, a skeleton shaken free of all the life that filled it once, its hollow eyes and crumbling ribs yearning back toward the past,—Old Shasta, once a roaring mining camp and called in those days after the man who first struck pick to its monstrously rich gravel, a prospector named Reading.

Old Shasta Town,—

Sitting at daybreak on the rusted iron sill of an ancient brick ruin whose painted sign, "Bull Baker & Co.," is still faintly visible after almost three-quarters of a century, I look about me and endeavor to construct a vision of the past.

There is little left with which to conjure; two crumbling lines of dull brick faces, their incredibly rusted iron doors with the great, lever-worked bars for fastening, their disintegrating, windowless walls, their roofless interiors where slim locusts grow unmolested, and a ribbon of a road between.

Ah, that road!

It ran to Oregon at the north, southward to Yerba Buena on the bay—or San Francisco as it was newly being called,—and it was the great artery of the golden wilderness. It brought the flowing stream of humanity that was to build the West. It had been sunrise for thousands, sunset for many. It was hope and that savage joy of new places which draws the pioneer. It was youth and age and lawlessness, triumph and despair—but mostly it was hope. It lies before me now, nicely graveled, a highway for the tourists who drive their big cars through the one long street of the dead town, gaping with wonder, shivering at the loneliness. To me it is the Great Road, the Oregon Trail of 1852-3, the highway of romance, the path of history.

Yonder stands the building where Mr. Peter Lassen hung the first Masonic Charter, granted at St. Louis in 1847, to invade the virgin country. Farther down lies the little flat where new-come wagons camped. And there at the south lie the sunken stones, the hearths and steps of cabins, any one of which might have been the spot where Sandra Dehault lived her intrepid life.

There is still a store in Shasta, a post-office where the lone prospectors, who to this day pan the barren gulches, may get their newspapers, their bags of beans, their baker's bread.

And here I have sat on the worn porch boards and talked with Mr. Litche, born here—whose father was here before him,—and through whose kindness I was enabled to delve in the ancient books of Grim & Rumbler, written in ink and a hand like copperplate, dated in 1853—to copy that amazing page of one day's gold receipts. Here I have met Mr. Hefflefinger, sheriff in the long-ago, who walked about with me to this faint foundation form and that, building on their crumbling stones once more flamboyant structures—hotel, gaming-house, dance-hall and saloon.

To these two courteous gentlemen I make grateful acknowledgment.—The Author.

EARLY Autumn, year of 1850, laid its warm touch upon the land. The sun, which had burned so pitilessly during months of monstrous struggle, shone softly through a mild blue haze that filled the world from edge to edge as far as eye could see. As the flaming orb sank lower these delicate hues deepened in tone until all the flanks of the marching peaks at the east hung draped in wine-like crimson, while toward the west itself a dusk of cold blue night crept out across the land.

Yonder somewhere lay the shores of the Pacific, marvelously present, marvelously near. A low, faint line of hills ridged the horizon, seeming to eyes long strained by distances the veritable bulwarks of the sea itself. It was a wide country to be sure, a beautiful wide valley, level as a floor and deep with yellowed grass. It lay as its Creator dropped it down, smiling, rich, untroubled, no scar upon it from the hand of man, no sign of his habitation.

Somewhere in this sweet inviting country lay the new town of Sacramento, a little farther north, a little farther west. Captain John Lightfoot, riding with hands folded on the worn pommel of his saddle, and well in advance of his train, was conscious of all these things. His deep brown eyes under the level brim of his hat were full of happiness and every little while a smile parted the lips in the midst of his thick beard. He was a lean man, gracefully made and very active, of medium height and build, though his body was worn down to an iron-like quality by reason of the rigors of the crossing. Six months he had been on the way, had had his share of the trials and hardships encountered by all wagon trains of the day.

Now Sacramento was right ahead, if all information and his maps were true, and he was very glad. After the parched monotony of the Plains in summer, the unspeakable labor of the rough country which followed them, this dreamy land was paradise. The poor cattle and poorer horses which drew the heavy wagons walked here with grateful ease, their weary heads lifting once more with a faint interest in the earth and its fullness.

So it was that, on this sweet day in early fall, John Lightfoot led his wagon train up along the Valley of the Sacramento, though he did not call it such. As the sun sank lower toward the west he halted his tall brown horse and stood in his stirrups with arm upraised in the familiar signal which

meant "Swing Out—Camp Formation."

Marten Sprague, who drove lead team, spoke once and his double span of matched brindled oxen stopped in their tracks. With the precision of long practice the remainder of the twenty-seven wagons which formed the train swung out on either side alternately, spreading, carrying back, closing up into a perfect oval, each lapping close on its neighbor's tail.

When the last one had drawn in at the rear, like a cork in a bottle, the great oval became instinct with life. Drivers went to their weary stock, drawing bow-keys, lifting harness, for cattle and horses must be looked to first, while every towering-sided "schooner" sprouted women and children. Fires were made, one fire to every four wagons, for they had formed the careful habit of conserving fuel in the treeless plains, and soon the aroma of cooking food arose upon the evening air, the voices of women called merrily across to each other, while the shrill laughter of children laced the whole with silvery music.

At Ann Lightfoot's fire a woman with a baby on her hip came up and stopped. She was a capable motherly person whose name was Branscomb, and she returned the greeting of the Captain's little blue-eyed wife with a troubled nod. "Mis' Lightfoot," she said straightly, "I'm turrible worried about the Gephart fambly, drivin' behind us. In my 'pinion they're powerful bad, both him and her. My son Peter's been drivin' for 'eff all day and tendin' their stock, an' I told my man I'd tell the Captain tonight."

Ann Lightfoot laid down the skillet she had picked up. "You don't say, Mrs. Branscomb!" she ejaculated, "I knew the man was ailing but I didn't think it was so bad as this! Where is Doctor Bidwell?"

Mrs. Branscomb waved an eloquent gaunt hand. "He's in th' back of Jard Hasper's wagon, drunk as he's been for three days. Them Haspers has got corn whiskey with 'em."

Ann Lightfoot's small mouth hardened. "I'll speak about this to Captain Lightfoot directly he comes to fire. And you did right to bring this word, Mrs. Branscomb."

The gaunt woman shifted the child to the other hip. "This is their'n," she said, "pore little scrap! They's two more."

She went toward her own wagon, which was well toward the rear, and Ann Lightfoot made all haste with her supper. It was well under way when the Captain came in across the oval between the wagons. "Captain," said Ann quickly, "those Gepharts are both sick,—and very sick. So Mrs. Branscomb has just told me. Also she told me something else. Doctor Bidwell is—is not just himself. He is in the Haspers' wagon."

The smile went from Captain Lightfoot's face at once. "I see," he said. "I'll go there and see what can be done."

He turned and walked quickly away down the outside edge of the enclosed space, nodding here and there as he passed groups, the men washing up for supper, the women dishing up. As he passed a wagon well down along the line he paused and spoke pleasantly to the lone woman who knelt at her fire, one hand shielding her face from the blaze, the other holding the long handle of an iron skillet. Above the upraised hand two braids of black hair shone red in the light. "Good evening Miss Dehault," he said, "how is all with you?"

The woman thus addressed dropped the shielding hand, set the skillet quickly aside and rose with a swiftness and grace which showed her to be fit in every muscle, like a man. She stood across the fire and returned his greeting in a voice that lilted strangely, a sweet running trill seeming to break her words.

She was taller than Captain Lightfoot and the beauty of her dark face was startling, seen thus suddenly. Her eyes shone in the light like brilliant black jewels set beneath straight black brows, and she was clad in the garments which had done so much to condemn her among the women of the train, namely a man's scarlet shirt and a strong denim skirt so short as to just conceal the tops of the boots that nearly reached her knee. She looked like a flaming sign-post of evil among her drab sisters, considering the straight-laced view-point of the times, but she looked eminently well clad and efficient.

Now she smiled at the captain of the train and made him a faint suggestion of a bow. "Very well, Captain Lightfoot," she said, "very delightfully well."

The man passed on, but every woman within hearing distance had stopped whatever task she was engaged in to listen. It was so when any man passed word with this lone woman who drove her own team, handled it with the best driver among them, and kept her own counsel. The very fact that she wore the best clothes of any woman, barring Ann Lightfoot, had four horses whose like was not in the caravan anywhere, and that her big wagon was new and fine, worked against her like a leaven. "Who is she, anyway?" whispers had demanded six months ago when she had driven in just so to join the train at starting, and had never found an answer.

Her fellow travellers knew nothing of her beyond her name—and that itself was a liability. "Sandra!" said a bitter-faced spinster in the Craig wagon, "Sandra Dehault! If that ain't a name! 'Tain't no name—it's a curse, like Delilah or Jezabel."

"I don't know about that," said Jason Craig, "ain't yore own Lilith? An' who was she?"

But Jason Craig was not the only man who had stirred up trouble for himself among his women-folk during those six months by speaking in admiring praise of Sandra Dehault. Her wiry strength, her courage, her absolute assurance in the face of trial and hardship, had given her a man's place in their respect. No bitter day of doubling teams, of snaking and blocking wagons, had been too long for her, and no man had handled his stock with more care and effect than she. Why should she care for these small humans when the whole new world of the West lay open to her? When she had her good wagon, her horses, lean and worn to be sure like all the rest, but come safe through, her worldly goods close packed in their two hide trunks, her excellent rifle and its box of ammunition, not to mention the belt strapped around her own slim waist beneath the flaming shirt—the belt and its contents?

Meantime Captain Lightfoot stood beside the Gephart wagon, his face deeply concerned, and listened to Mrs. Branscomb's account of the unfortunate illness which had taken hold of both man and wife. Then he turned away, walking briskly toward the Haspers' fire. The three men around it, tall, bearded fellows from the Kentucky mountains, rose at his approach. "Where's Doctor Bidwell?" asked the leader sharply.

"Why, Cap'in, he's in th' wagon. Ain't feelin' well, I reckon. He's took frequent that-a-way."

Without a word the slender man in the worn clothes put foot to brake-block and went up the tall face of the ramshackle "schooner." This wagon had been the cause of one-third the troubles of the trip with its loose fellies, its wobbling wheels, its weak axles. The captain disappeared under its cover and in less time than it takes in the telling the limber form of Doc Bidwell came sprawling down outside, literally dumped out head-neck-and-crop.

The other followed and for the first and last time in their knowledge of him the people of the train saw uncovered the depths of John Lightfoot's nature. He fell upon the drunkard and gave him the mauling of his life, his own face above the dark beard, white with passion. He called for water and doused him pitilessly, shook him with the vicious rage of a terrier attacking a mastiff.

"Killing's too good for you, sir!" he said between clenched teeth, "you signed in this train, without goods and without

"Killing's too good for you!" His face white with passion he shook him with the vicious rage of a terrier attacking a mastiff

price, for the express purpose of caring for its members in sickness—false to your trust, careless and drunken, letting two people drift into the shadow of death without help! Gather your wits and go at once to the Gephart wagon. Look at your work and sober yourself fully before you fix your doses. I warn you, sir, that if you do not make the effort of your life I'll be less lenient next time. William Burson," he called, turning to the circle which had gathered, "do you go with him to see that my orders are carried out."

He thrust the reeling doctor toward the middle-aged man who stepped forward. When they were gone the Captain turned to the three Kentuckians. "I take upon myself the right to search your goods," he said sharply. "Jason Craig, and you John Branscomb, go through these men's belongings, and if you find any liquor bring it to my wagon."

Jard Hasper leaned forward, black with instant rage. "Not by a blame sight!" he cried, "ain't nary man goin' t' search me! Ner ter take my likker! No sir-ree!"

John Lightfoot faced him steadily across the embered fire. "By giving drink to the only physician in this outfit;" he said, "you have jeopardized the lives of two people, therefore you are guilty of criminal carelessness, and I so brand you. You will either give up this liquor, to be kept in my wagon until this train disbands, or you will leave the train at once, taking it with you. Is this a just judgment, men?" he asked of the silent circle.

"Aye!" said every person present, even several women joining in the verdict.

"Then by dang," swore Jard, "we'll git out! And stay out! An' we'll go right now!"

The two men who were searching the wagon lifted the cover and held to view several jugs. "Put it back, men;" said the Captain quietly, "we are going to lose the Hasper wagon and its contents. *Now*," he finished with a snap, "I give you catching and hitching time."

At daybreak Hollis Gephart died, easily, without turning his head upon its pillow, as one who, sleeping, sleeps more profoundly, and three hours later, Jane his wife, ill unto death herself, succumbed to the shock. John Lightfoot had held up his wagons. A feeling of Sabbath pervaded the peaceful camp. Children were hushed in their play and women talked in whispering groups.

Time meant much to these way-worn folk, who must reach their various destinations and make ready for the coming winter, but death has its majesty and must be served. The camp lay up all day, while unskilled but kindly hands did all that could be done for the two who lay so peacefully in their wagon among the precious belongings they would no longer need. For several hours the dread sound of hammers droned in the autumn stillness as William Burson, who was a wheelwright by trade, aided by several young men, made a simple box wide enough to hold those two who could not be separated, even by death. Half the sides from the Gephart wagon went into it, along with pieces from a number of others, and the women lined it softly with priceless quilts from their own stores. And so the night closed down, still and starry, and there was no laughter around the fires. John Lightfoot and his wife spoke in hushed whispers, as did their neighbors, for the awe of death was on them. But presently, as the light from the embers died, the little blue-eyed woman crept closer to the Captain and slipped her hand in his. "John," she whispered, "is not a contrite heart acceptable to the Lord?"

"Surely."

"Then, my dear, who are we—I ask you, who are we to condemn?"

The man looked closely at her pitiful face. "Tell me," he said firmly, "what is it, Ann?"

Ann Lightfoot laid her cheek against her husband's shoulder and put her lips close to his ear. "Doctor Bidwell," she whispered, "is in the clump of willows over beyond the creek, walking up and down and striking his hands together. I was over there looking for some bright leaves for a little wreath, and I saw him. I stood still and watched him, and every little while he wiped away the tears that were running down his cheeks. His soul is in travail, John dear. He is outcast and suffering. He needs some one to speak to him."

For a long time John Lightfoot sat gazing sombrely at the dull bed of coals. Then he kissed Ann with a great tenderness and rose. "Go to bed, little Ann," he said slowly, "I understand."

SUNRISE saw the plain burial of two plain and honest folk. The Reverend Bedial Print read a grand and solemn service, and young Alice Tripnell, who had the voice of a million angels thrice refined and would have been heard around the world had Fate not cast her for a pioneer wife and mother, sang a quaint rendition of the Twenty-Third Psalm. And so, with the cattle waiting to be yoked, the campfires out and all in readiness for the call "Roll Out," the sad rite was concluded.

Every person of the train was present, and it was noticeable that Captain John Lightfoot, who had so unmercifully drubbed him, stood with his arm laid on the bowed shoulders of poor Doc Bidwell who wept openly and would not be comforted. In the hush that followed the song and while the earth was being laid as gently as possible, the oldest Gephart child, a fair girl of seven, tore loose from the firm hand of Mary Sprague and flung her lean little body into the half filled grave, screaming in hysteria.

Not even to the soft weeping words of Ann Lightfoot would the little one listen, kicking and fighting like a wildcat when any hand touched her. It was a tragic and terrible dilemma and more than one mother turned away in a sort of panic of grief. Women and men tried to quiet the screaming child, and finally someone suggested that they take her out bodily, but with the first touch of force the girl nearly swooned with agony and they stood back helplessly.

"This is awful;" said Jason Craig, his face working, "Captain, what in God's name are we goin' to do?"

"Gentlemen," said a voice sweet with sliding minors, "let me try." There was only one woman in the company who used so gracefully that word "gentlemen," and Sandra Dehault moved forward among the men. Kneeling she held out her arms and smiled, a brilliant smile, as if there were no such thing as sorrow in the world.

"Hester," she said clearly "come to me,—quick! Sandra'll let you cry all you want. Come, *cherie*." The frightened, half-mad eyes of the child swept up to her face and the next moment the little one was in her clasping arms scrambling to get up to her breast. As swiftly as might be Sandra Dehault lifted the girl and . . [*Turn to page 34*]

"Even if we wanted to marry, we couldn't afford it"

Reversion—By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD LEAKE

HE was pretty well stuffed with the best to be had in the world—a man still in his prime, familiar with society at home and abroad, highly educated, a good sportsman, with excellent taste and healthy interest in literature, art and science.

His house in town, his country house, his clubs, horses, automobiles, his contributions to charities, public institutions, all were expensive.

And suddenly he sickened of the whole business.

It happened one June morning when his Japanese valet awakened him as usual and set a glass of hot water and another of orange juice beside his bed. Coffee would follow half an hour later. After that he had another perfect day before him to make such combinations of pleasure and study as he chose.

And the very thought of it sickened him.

As he swallowed his hot water and orange juice he became more vividly conscious of this overwhelming distaste for everything.

To get away from men and women—from his house, his friends, his habits—from perfectly appointed clothes, culinary creations, Long Island lawns, dances, books—to see nothing more of these for a while suddenly became essential.

Suddenly he knew what he wanted. Out of sunny vanished years arose the aroma of castile soap-suds, huckaback towels and tin basins.

In that instant his mind evoked all the magic of a vanished world when life was simple and skies cloudless—when from their modest home in Brooklyn, after school was ended for the summer, his parents had taken him for the annual vacation to some rough, healthy spot full of clear, cold streams and maples and evergreens—full of snake fences and rutty roads, rickety beds and poor food.

Did any such spot still exist? Were such country hotels to be found anywhere any longer? Was there any rural region free of macadam and concrete and automobiles and jazz?

Could he find any country hotel or boarding-house where they offered vegetable hash, boiled cider pie, and four kinds of dessert, not including prunes?

Did there still exist an inn where Sunday services were held in the parlour and ice cream and chicken followed at noonday dinner?—an hostlery which was called Mountain Grove, or Maple Hill; or by some one of the old, obvious, blessed names—

All that morning he wrote letters politely repudiating business and social obligations.

This accomplished, he said to his Jap: "Do you know what a "b'iled rag" is? . . . No? Well, I'll inform you. It's a white shirt. Be good enough to pack *one!* And those gray flannel shirts. And two suits of knickers. Yes; I'll need all these because I may be away for years."

The Jap smiled at Smith's humour and deftly packed two suit-cases.

So impatient was Smith to be on his way that he could scarcely endure the hour necessary in which to arrange for running his establishments while absent.

"I want to get away. I want to get away," he kept thinking like a man obsessed.

IT was a lovely June evening with rose colour in the west, when he was dumped out of the last train onto an abandoned station platform. The only vehicle awaiting was a double buckboard crusted with mud, in which slouched an aged native chewing tobacco.

Smith approached carrying his two suit-cases.

"Will you drive me to Willow River?" he inquired.

"Aw' right. Jump in."

The ancient native got out, threw a lean mail sack aboard, produced some rope, tied Smith's two suit-cases securely.

"I guess it'll be about three dollars," he said, ridding himself of his quid and gnawing off a new one.

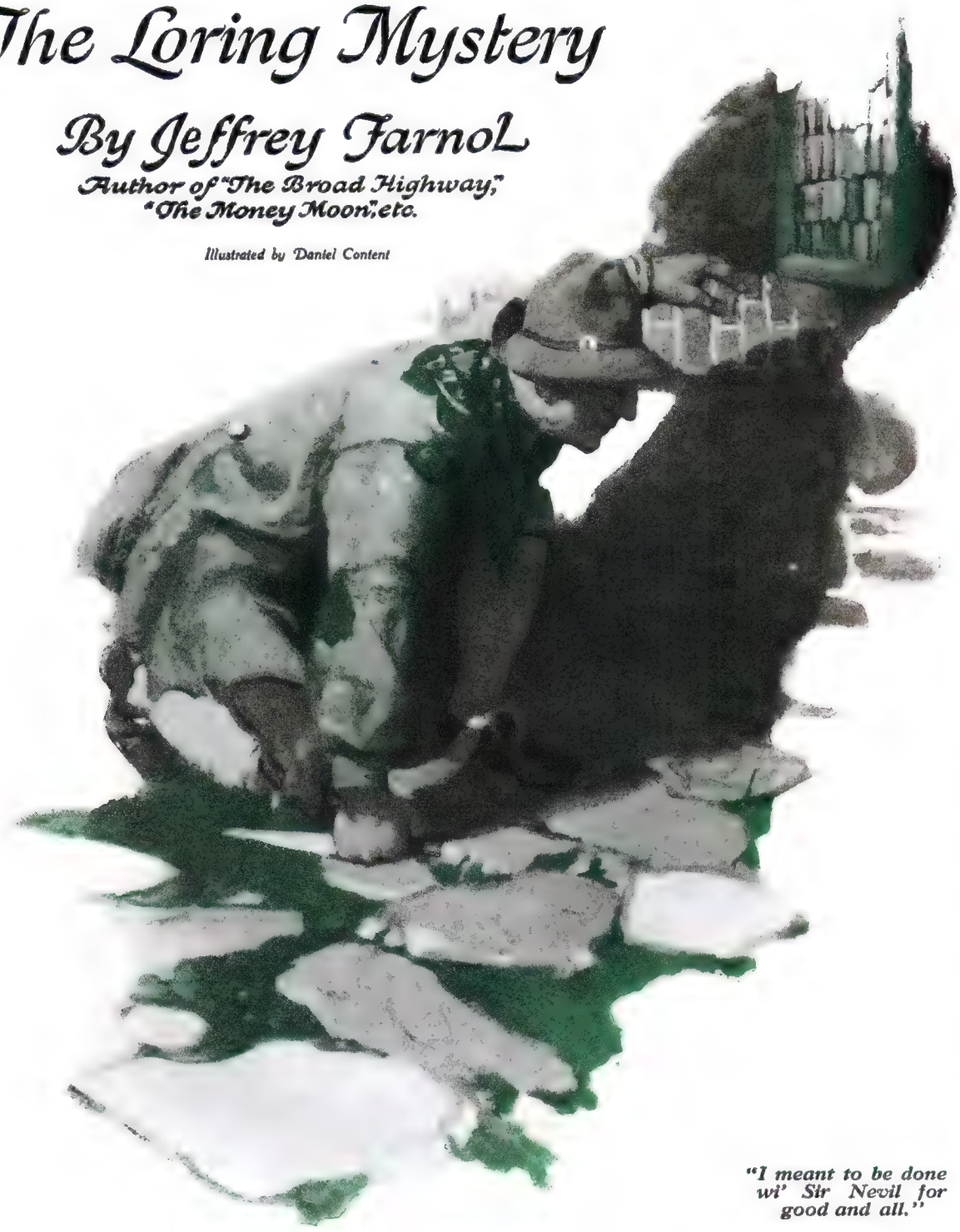
Smith paid in advance; the aged one [*Turn to page 52*]

The Loring Mystery

By Jeffrey Farnol

Author of "The Broad Highway," "The Money Moon," etc.

Illustrated by Daniel Content



"I meant to be done wi' Sir Nevil for good and all."

IN his library at Loring Chase, Sir Nevil Loring, long notorious for his evil ways, was found murdered, stabbed by a silver-hilted dagger which David Loring, nephew of the murdered man and American claimant of the title, recognizes as the property of Anticlea, Sir Nevil's beautiful and headstrong ward. After his discovery of the body David carried away the blood stained dagger to throw it into the well under the flooring of the old weir mill.

ON the day after the discovery of Sir Nevil's body, within the secluded garden of the village inn sat Mr. Shrig and David. From famous wide brimmed hat to square toed top-boots Mr. Shrig was his outer self again, but the erstwhile placid brow of the Bow Street officer was furrowed with care.

"And so, pal David," said Mr. Shrig, sinking his voice—"so you vas at Loring Chase last night?"

"How—how do you know this?" questioned David in amazement. "Who told you?"

"Your boots, pal. And mind your ale!"

"My boots?" repeated David, staring down at them.

"Ah!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "Your right boot 'as only 'alf a sole an' your left has an 'ole in it. Last night you clumb a wall and dropped into soft ground leaving werry good impressions . . . . . Quite simple, d'ye see. Now, 'aving got so fur 'tis only to be expected as you went a bit further?" Here Mr. Shrig's keen gaze focussed itself in the vicinity of David's ankle.

"I did!"

"Into the 'ouse, p'r'aps?" Mr. Shrig's gaze stole to the top button of David's waistcoat.

"Yes, Jasper."

"Then may be you saw . . . summat?"

"I found Sir Nevil . . . . . in his chair . . . . dead . . . ."

"Found him? Dead?"

"Yes, Jasper."

Mr. Shrig's glance flashed to David's face and for a long moment they stared into each other's eyes.

"Good!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "You don't 'ave to take your oath, your vord's good enough for me, pal, though, look'ee I ain't a court o' law, pal, and this 'ere mystery is like to cost a deal o' time an' trouble."

"Are clues so scarce then, Jasper?"

"Con-trairiwise, pal, they're a-layin' around so thick I'm a-running foul o' them—constant!"

"Do—do you mean you suspect—someone?"

"Suspect?" quoth Mr. Shrig wearily, "Lord love ye, pal, sit nearer and I'll read over the list of 'em—" So saying, he drew from his pocket a small yet bulky volume and thumbing over to a certain page, read as follows:

"'Parties suspected in murder of Sir. N., vith reasons for said suspicion: Number Vun, Mrs. Belindy suspected as residing on place of crime. Possible! Number Two, Miss Anti-clea, suspected ditto and also as being of hot passionate temper and oncommon strong as females go . . . . . Werry probable! N. B. To be took partic'lar notice of—"

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed David, "Why should you write her down in—"

"As bein' 'ot-tempered and oncommon strong as females go—"

"That does not make her a murderess—"

"But Natur' and Circumstances might, pal . . . . And I've only wrote her down 'werry probable' . . . . . Number Three, Mr. Maulyvery ditto and being in love vith Number Two, Miss A, aforesaid—"

"How do you know he's in love with her?" demanded David, hotly.

"By obserwation, pal! . . . . . Lemme go on: 'love wi' Number Two and likevise being a quiet, desp'ret cove and dangerous . . . werry probable indeed. N. B. Also to be vatched. Number Four, Benjamin Bowker, a ex-convict, lately returned an' suspected o' windictive designs agin deceased. Also 'is 'at found on scene o' crime. A extry-special 'opeful subject. Number Five, Thomas Yaxley, 'ead gamekeeper to deceased and suspected of other fax, also know to have threatened deceased vith gun and now disappeared—"

"Ha!" exclaimed David, "Has he so, indeed?"

"Ah, wanished 'ide and 'air, pal! . . . . Another extry-special 'opeful an' promisin' subject. N. B. Has werry large, strong, strangler's 'ands. To be adwertised for. Number Six, Sir David Loring, baronet, as 'aving 'ad vords wi' deceased, werry lately, and threatened same vith a pistol—"

"And pray how do you describe me?"

"V'y pal, I've got you wrote down 'Doubtful'! And that's the lot—at present!" sighed Mr. Shrig putting away his pocket-book, "And enough too, by Goles!"

"It seems a fairly large and varied selection!" said David.

"So it is, sir. But it'll narrer down, bit by bit. But until I proves 'em innocent I regards 'em all as the guilty party."

"Even me, Jasper?"

"Dooty," sighed Mr. Shrig, shaking his head, "is dooty, pal. And this nat'rally brings us to the body o' the deceased. . . . It's a werry speakin' corpse, though to be sure the vepping's gone, the knife, dagger or stilletter as vas the instrument o' the fact and ain't been found yet. Still this here body tells a lot—as you may ha' noticed when you found it. How did you find it, pal?"

In answer to this expected question David briefly recounted his horrible experience, careful, of course, to omit all reference to Anticlea or the dagger, and, in consequence uncomfortably conscious of his hearer's scrutiny.

"Then you didn't take occasion to inspect the cadaver close or careful, pal?"

"No indeed! I . . . . . I hurried away as quickly as possible. Have you any theory of how . . . . how it happened, Jasper?"

"Aye, David. 'Tis my belief he was stabbed from behind afore 'e could rise, stabbed werry suddenly as he threw back his 'ead to laugh."

"Such a blow as only a man's hand could strike!" David suggested.

"Werry true, pal—or a desprit 'ooman! Now seeing as you 'urried away you didn't 'appen to notice anything . . . . queerish about the corp'?"

"Queerish?" repeated David.

"Ah!" nodded Mr. Shrig, "For, although deceased's clothes vas novise disordered, his right shoe vas missing! Leastways it wasn't on 'is foot. I found it a top of a werry tall press, t'other side the room. And then there's his right 'and . . . . the thumb and first fingers o' same smeared with ink as if,—'im in the act o' writing—somebody 'ad snatched the pen. Likewise I found a pen laying close agin the vinder . . . . . the quill all twisted and broke and the feather tore! Then again in a recess close to the body is a writing-table littered wi' papers, pens and ink, and vot's more, the silver inkpot had been knocked over so that the ink had made a puddle on the floor . . . . . And pal—somebody 'ad trod into that theer puddle! And David . . . . I knows who!"

Here David moved so violently that his tankard fell, spilling its contents on the grass.

"You . . . . you know who it was?" he stammered.

"Well this mornin', while I vas axing questions o' the family and servants, a agent o' mine was a-seekin' above stairs, and in a certain chamber, pal, hid in a dark cupboard 'e found a pair o' shoes and the sole o' vun o' them stained vith ink werry plain an' beautiful for to see! Vich shoes I 'old at this moment as ewidence in the case."

"A . . . . a man's shoes, of course!" said David.

"Pre-cisely, pal! They belongs to Mr. Maulyvery."

"Can you arrest him on such evidence?"

"I might, pal, only for just vun thing—and a werry small thing too! A thing as I found on the corp' itself, a think vich, seein' you are you, I'll give ye a peep at if ye say the vord."

Diving into one of his voluminous pockets Mr. Shrig at length extricated a bulging wallet amongst whose contents he quested with blunt finger.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Mr. Shrig at last, "Sit closer, pal David, nearer . . . . nearer still—so!" From the wallet he drew a screw of paper which he undid with the utmost care, "Look'ee here, pal,—look!"

Glancing up obediently, David saw between Mr. Shrig's coarse thumb and finger a something long and silky that stirred wanton to the air, glistening where the light caught it . . . . a long, curling hair of red-gold.

"I found it," said Mr. Shrig in placid satisfaction, "I found it, pal, tangled about the three silver buttons of Sir Nevil's right sleeve! . . . . A voman's hair, pal, and of a colour not to be mistook—eh? And . . . caught in the buttons of Sir Nevil's sleeve . . . . !"

"If ever," said David suddenly in strange, hushed tones, "if ever a man deserved death . . . . he did . . ."

"True enough, pal, and mighty fort'nate to be so took off. But then 'e died by murder d'ye see, and, dooty being dooty, I mean to run down the party or parties as done the deed, for them

as murders, 'angs—be they 'igh or low degree, man or—"

David's hand flashed out suddenly and the glowing tendril was gone from Mr. Shrig's fingers, to be borne away upon the fragrant evening air . . . . and in that same moment David was upon his feet.

"You!" he cried, "You cold-blooded, soulless animal!"

"Strike me perishing blind an' dumb!" ejaculated Mr. Shrig and made to rise also but, meeting David's look, sank back again: "So you . . . love 'er, do ye, pal? Yes, by Goles, ye do! . . . Then the Lord help ye, David . . . the Lord and all the angels—"

But staying for no more, David turned on his heel and was about to enter the inn door when a voice stopped him.

"Admirable, young sir! Very happily expressed! Exceedingly right and proper!"

Glancing hastily about, David espied a bonnet protruding through the open lattice of a lower window; a bonnet from whose depths gleamed a pair of bright, strangely youthful eyes. Meeting David's wondering glance these eyes opened very wide and two very small mittened hands clasped each other:

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "Either I dream or you are a ghost, young man. The same height . . . . the same line of nose and chin . . . . the same turn o' the head . . . . Amazing! Sir, I must talk with you." The bonnet vanished from the window to reappear at the door crowning an extremely small yet determined-looking lady elegantly bedight, from nodding feather to tiny sandalled foot.

"And now, sir," said the lady, seating herself upon the big settle by the inn door and removing her bonnet, "now sir, you may talk to me."

An ancient, autocratic lady this, very small and very upright with cheeks suspiciously pink and curls suspiciously dark and luxuriant, but her eyes were wonderfully young and handsome.

"Lady," said David, somewhat taken aback and with his Southern drawl consequently a little more pronounced than usual, "you honour me!"

"Sir," she answered, "you interest me! I am merely an inquisitive old woman. But I was young once, years and years ago, and you remind me strangely of those halcyon days. Pray what is your name?"

"David, ma'am."

"And your surname?" Something in her tense attitude, the keenness of her glance, rendered him vaguely uneasy. Hesitating for an answer he turned to look out of the window and found there inspiration:

"Hedges, lady."

"So I see!" she nodded. "I asked for your surname."

"Hedges, lady."

"Indeed?" said she looking at him.

"Indeed, ma'am!" he answered, looking at her. "Pray what did you mean by your talk of a ghost?"

"I meant, sir, the ghost of vanished days, long-forgotten dreams, the ghost of the—'might have been' . . . . . and I find that it answers to the name of 'Hedges'! But oh David Hedges," sighed she, a little wistfully, "when I look at you I might be ringletted seventeen instead of bewigged seventy. You remind me of . . . . heigho! To be sure, upon closer inspection, you are not handsome enough! But all the same I will drink with you . . . your eyes, your nose and chin . . . . yes, you may order me some ale."

"Ale, madam?" gasped David.

"In a tankard, sir!" she nodded. "And pray, Mr. Hedges, don't gape!"

Obediently he summoned Tom, the flustered landlord who, overawed by the rank of his unexpected customer, cried out "Your Grace!" bobbed his bullet head, knuckled his eyebrow and presently setting before them two foaming tankards bobbed himself off again as fast as possible.

"You are not English, Mr. Hedges?"

"Indeed yes, ma'am."

"But your speech?"

"I was bred in Virginia, lady."

"And what brings you to England?"

"To . . . . better myself."

"And have you resided long—here in the village?"

"No, lady."

"And yet you know Anticlea?"

"I have spoken with her . . . three or four times, madam."

"Mm!" said the Duchess, for it was truly Her Grace of Camberhurst. "This may mean anything! You are not in love with her, I trust?"

"Most certainly not, madam!" answered David, flushing.

"Ha! Very emphatic! Or she with you, sir?"

"Heaven forbid, ma'am."

"Amen!" quoth the Duchess. "And yet you are ready to fight in her defense? Very right! Extremely gallant and proper! Mr. Hedges, your health!" And lifting the heavy tankard in both small, mittened hands, she pledged him; whereupon up rose David to bow his acknowledgments.

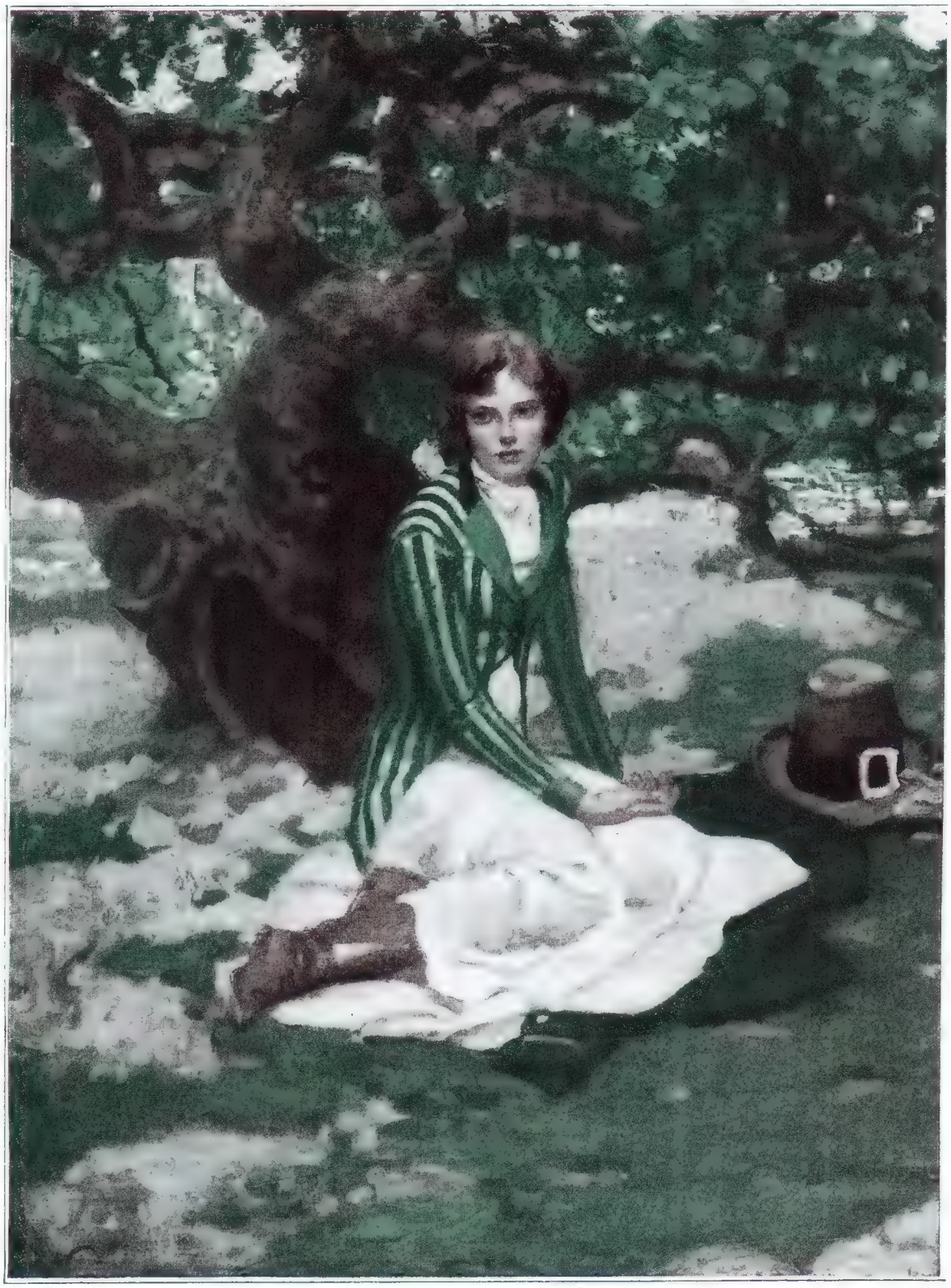
"Pray what were you in Virginia, sir? Your trade—?"

"A . . . . . a farmer, ma'am."

"Mm!" said the Duchess musingly. "Did you learn your courtly manners behind your plough, sir?"

"Indeed, ma'am, since you ask, I was not always ploughing."

"Oh—drink your beer!" quoth the Duchess, "And now," said she, putting on her bonnet, "if you have quite finished, I will beg your arm along the road back to Loring Chase."



"For truly, Anticlea, I have been yearning to kiss you ever since—" A deep

Side by side they stepped out into a fragrant evening and with her hand hooked within David's arm the small but indomitable Duchess pursued her inquiries, thus:

Duchess: Talking of Virginia, sir, I had friends living there, very old and dear friends. Humphrey Loring and his wife Angela . . . . You may have heard of them?

David: Why, to speak truth, ma'am—

Duchess: Is sometimes difficult, I know, sir. But do your best!

David: Virginia is a large State, ma'am, and I was generally at home—

Duchess: Ploughing, of course. Heigho! (She yawned obtrusively.)

They had reached a pair of tall wrought-iron gates that opened upon a noble avenue beyond which, mounted upon its wide terrace, rose the house of Loring.

"A great, gloomy place!" said the Duchess, shaking her head at it. "And yet 'twas very different once upon a time, years and years ago . . . . There is a picture hangs in the Long Gallery, I will show it to you one day, perhaps. Good night, Mr. Hedges."

EVENING changed to a night warm and very still, a night of all-pervading quietude lit by a radiant moon; and lured by the calm serenity, David walked, he cared not whither. His thoughts went back to his dead father. that solitary exile who had taught him to love and revere the mother who had died so long ago and the England he had never seen.

It was hereabouts his father had played as a child, perhaps within the very wood that loomed before him now, so very sombre and mysterious—

David started, then stood very still and tense for out from this wood had crept a shape—the figure of a man—Ben Bowker, the ex-convict.

"Wot . . . . is it you, chum!" he exclaimed softly as David drew near. "Lord love me, I thought as they'd got me at last!"

"Who?" questioned David. "Who should get you, and for what?"

"Them Bow Street coves . . . for a job as I never done."

"You mean . . . the murder?"

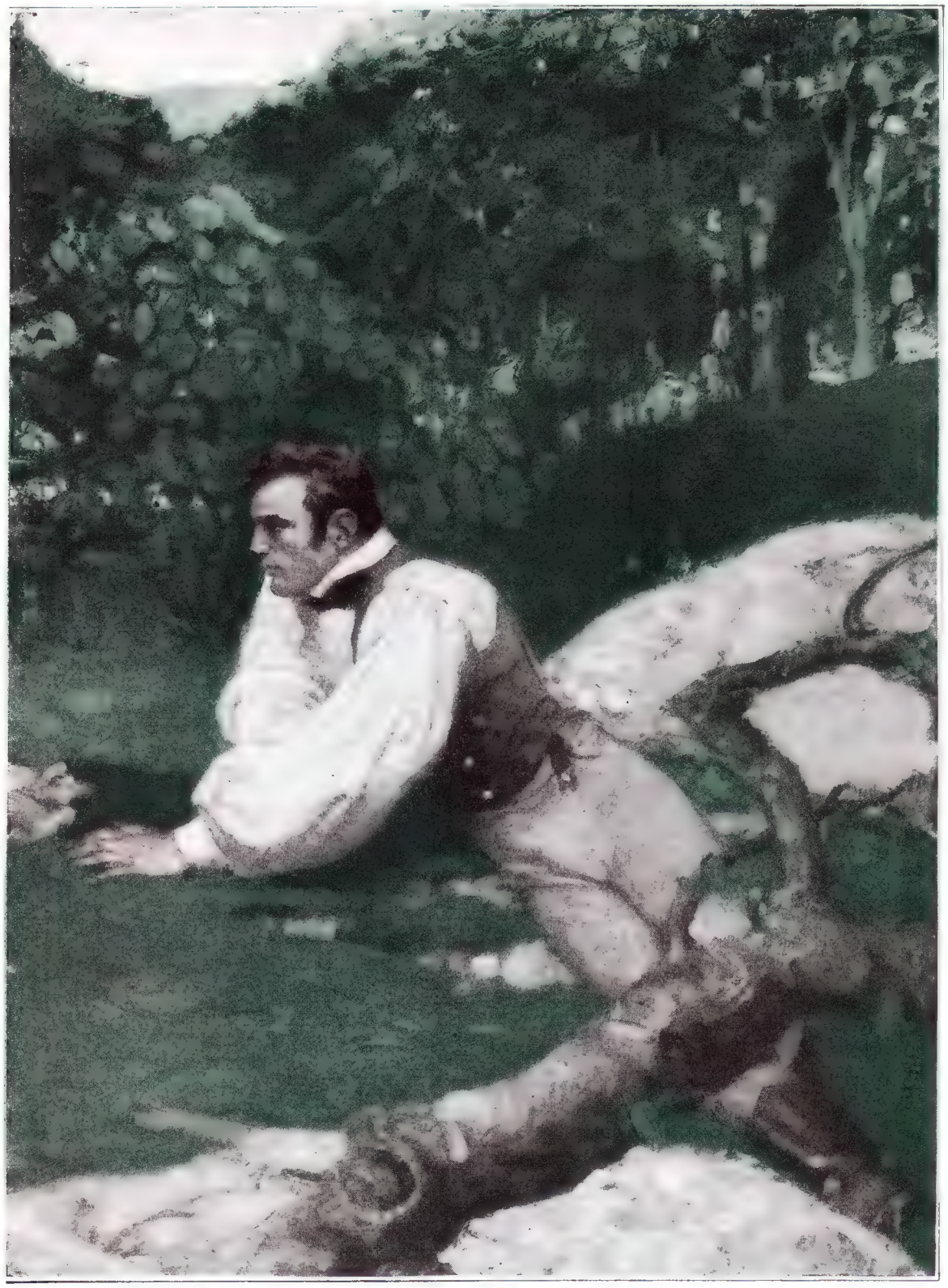
"Aye. I'm innocent as a baby in arms, chum."

"You left your hat there."

"Aye, I knows I did, bad luck to it! But so would you . . . . so would any man as 'eerd wot I 'eerd!"

"What did you hear? Tell me!"

"Well, it would be along o' twelve o'clock I rackon—I meant to finish an' be done wi' Sir Nevil for good an' all. I come to the 'ouse to find it all dark except one winder on the terrace; the curtains wasn't quite drawed, and peeping



blush colored her exquisitely, her eyes fell, "Then David, why don't you?"

between 'em I see . . . . 'im!"

"Alive?"

"Ay, that 'e was, and smiling—"

"Did you see . . . anyone with him?"

"Not me, I didn't wait, chum. I crep' away round to a winder I remembered . . . . I knows the place inside and out . . . . and 'twasn't long afore I 'ad that winder open. So in I went, and took out the knife I'd brought for 'im."

"What sort of knife?"

"This 'ere, chum," and Bowker showed a short, strong, broad-bladed knife such as butchers might use.

"You didn't chance to find a knife . . . in the wood, then?"

"Not me, chum! Wot like o' knife?"

"No matter! Go on!"

"Well, there was me creepin' across the room quite cool an' steady. I'd took off my 'at to stifle 'im with if he'd happened to scream . . . . and I'd just stepped into the passage when I 'eard 'im begin to laugh . . . . ah, and well I knowed it, chum, soft-like and mockin' it was and I gripped my knife tighter. But . . . O, chum . . . . all at once this laugh ended . . . . sudden-like . . . . ended in a wet, chokin' cough . . . a sound as I never want to 'ear again, a sound as turned me cold . . . . . me, chum—me as 'ad come to end 'im! There I stood ice-cold and tremblin' like a scared child, for I knowed wot that 'ere sound meant!"

"Yes! . . . And then?"

"I dropped my 'at, chum!"

"Did you hear . . . . anything . . . . more?"

"Ay, I did. I 'eerd the creak of a stair and a rustle like a woman's gown might make agin the panelling—"

"And was this . . . . all?"

"No. Arter a bit, all bein' quiet, I crep' to the room, the door was open and there 'e sat, chum . . . . . dead an' bloody . . . . and squintin' up at the ceiling—laughing still! And then I 'eerd a step comin' down the stair—soft-like—"

"A man's step?"

"Yes, a man's step, chum. So I turned tail . . . . . out through the winder and away, clean forgettin' my 'at, curse it!"

For a while David sat staring down at his right hand which was opening and closing spasmodically, until at last Bowker ventured to touch him:

"You believe me, chum, don't ye?" he questioned wistfully, "You believe as I've told you everything gospel true?"

Then looking into the speaker's haggard face, David bowed his head and spoke in a voice that was like a groan:

"I do, friend Bowker, indeed I do."

"I s'pose you ain't got anything eatable about ye, chum? I've been laying low in the woods all day, and a man must eat. You ain't got such a thing as a crust, chum?"

"I can bring you food," said David, "and will do so gladly if you will wait—"

"No, no, chum, thankin' you kindly, the risk's too great, you might be seen an' follered . . . . But you might wish me luck, chum . . . . . I ain't 'ad much, so fur' . . . ."

So David grasped Ben Bowker's hand and shook it heartily:

"Good luck t'you, Ben!" said he, "a merciful Providence has kept you from crime to some good purpose. So here's wishing you joy of it, Ben, with all good luck and happiness at last . . . . And if you ever find your Nancy you go to her innocent of your enemy's blood, with clean hands—"

"My little Nan!" Ben Bowker sighed hopelessly. "Things might ha' gone kinder wi' me if she 'ad lived . . . But she's dead, chum, or she'd ha' come back afore this to 'er old mother as is a-waiting for 'er all day an' every day and prayin' for 'er every night over yonder in Lewes."

"In Lewes?" repeated David. "Does her mother live in Lewes?"

"Ay, keeps a little shop she do, in the High Street."

"Yes," said David, "a little huckster's shop . . . . just over the bridge . . . . name of Martin—"

"True enough, chum, but 'ow should you know the name?"

"It was told me on London Bridge scarce two months ago, by a solitary woman whose face bore marks of sorrow but nothing evil—"

Rising upon his knees, Bowker reached out and caught David by the arms:

"Chum," said he, hoarsely, "God love ye, chum . . . . d'ye mean my little Nan . . . . my Nancy . . . . alive?"

"As true as God, Ben!"

Now at this, being yet upon his knees, the ex-convict bowed his head as one in prayer:

"Then I believe," said he, "I do believe there is a God, arter all! . . . So, God bless ye, chum! I'm away for London this very night to find my little Nan because my 'ands are clean, chum! Ay, and find 'er I will, if it takes me all my days!"

A RUSTLE like a woman's gown might make against the panelling."

Long after the ex-convict had hobbled out of sight, David stood yet staring upon the empty air, a man dismayed, tortured by doubt grown stronger, more insistent, and harassed by an ever-growing fear. Then, careless alike of direction or fatigue, he wandered on until at last he found himself on the outskirts of Loring village, its clustered cottages dark and silent, its rustic folk asleep hours ago.

Moved by sudden impulse, David crossed the wide road and entered the churchyard.

Before him, sharply defined against the moon, rose the age-worn tower of Loring Church in the shadow of whose hoary walls lay so many Lorings: Nevils and Humphreys and Davids.

A wheezing cough at no great distance cut these reflections and, glancing about, David was amazed and somewhat startled to espy a smock-frocked old man, perched upon a flat tombstone, beckoning with bony finger:

"Come 'ere, sir—come 'ere!" croaked this apparition. "If ye bain't afeart o' the ghostesses, come 'ere an' I'll tell 'ee summat."

Wondering, David approached and saw this for a very ancient man whose face, prodigiously wrinkled, pendulous of nose and wide of mouth, leered up at him through a bush of white hair and whisker.

"And pray," enquired David in his friendly manner, "what might you be doing here at such a time o' night?"

"I've 'ad a quar'l wi' me darter," said the Patriarch, "an' when sich be so I generally-arlways comes out 'ere an' sets among these 'ere tombses for to plague 'er . . . . she dassent come arter me 'ere of a night 'count o' the ghostesses."

"You don't fear ghosts, then?"

"Bless 'ee, no sir! Ghostes, graves an' dead men's bones is meat an' drink to oi as ye might say, me 'aving been brought up wi' 'em from me cradle . . . . Ye see my feyther were a sextant."

"Indeed?"

"Ah! Smelt o' graves 'e did—'specially in the wet weather . . . . . You'm a stranger, eh, young man?"

"Yes."

"Why, then 'ave you 'eerd of our murder? Us doan't get murders in these parts so frequent as Lewes nor yet Lon'on, but when us do . . . . . Lewes an' Lon'on's nowheeres! Somebody's been an' took an' murdered our Squire . . . . . 'es they 'ave, murdered Squire Loring as arl the world was afeard of, an' oi bean't nowise a-breakin' my old 'eart over 'im neether. Oi knows 'oo done it, oi do."

"Indeed?"

"Ah! An' oi seen . . . . the knife!"

David leant nearer:

"What sort of knife?" he questioned sharply.

"A mighty sharp 'un! Ah . . . . . sharp as a needle! And wi' a silver 'andle onto it . . . . She showed it to me."

"She? A woman?"

"Ah! Miss 'Clea!" [*Turn to page 67*]

The smart Englishman who seemed to know everybody was sort of a fairy prince

The Gods He Served

By Melville Davisson Post

Illustrated by C. D. Mitchell

THESE events happened in the night. The night commemorating the nativity of Jesus of Nazareth. They nearly paralleled one another in the element of time and they moved to a common purpose. I don't lecture on the purpose! The trend of these paralleling events seemed inevitable. That is, they seemed inevitable to me. I put them now before you for your own decision.

THERE was a certain distinction about the man standing at the window. A distinction of birth rather than achievement; a tall thin man at middle life with the easy poise of one accustomed to leisurely events. A woman behind him sat reading.

The world before the window fell away to a southern town and a great loom of mountains. The house sat on a hill above this town; an old red brick house in the Georgian style of the early English settlers in Virginia. It was night.

A sort of blue shadow, as though thrown by the mountain range to the west, lay on the town, extending itself from the foot of the range, across the flat land invisible as though it were a width of water. The white spire of the old Church of England stood out of this shadow; a scaffolding recently put up in order to re-roof the spire, gave this shadow the outline of a cross; a vague cross, immense, gigantic above a world indefinite as in the morning of Genesis; as though the earth were again, by some appalling involution, without form and void; this symbol of the Creator standing above it. In a world flowing back to primordial darkness this thing alone remained!

Something of these impressions was on the man standing at the window. Christmas would be dull without his daughter; the house was usually a riot of laughter on this night, filled with youth. Why did his sister Julia require her at this time in New England? He had never been precisely pleased with the sporadic adoption of his daughter by his sister Julia; nor in sympathy with his sister's ambition. When an ordinary woman found herself at middle life widowed, childless and rich, why did she at once gird herself so resolutely for a social invasion?

Poor Julia! His sister was the only wealthy one of them all, but it was thus that he always considered her. She would never, really, get into the set she haunted. She would be always on the edges with the drones who hung there. Of course money would rent a house in any colony no matter how exclusive; and she would get to every charity thing. But to be a factor in social affairs; not Julia!

It did mean variety for Ellen. He was continually silenced with that; excursions into a higher social life than the South offered. Different he would have said—in what manner higher? But who could argue with women; and of all women his sister Julia! He could see her hand loaded with rings waving him away to the back yard of the world . . . Besides it was a social life that Ellen did not understand. Its restrictions would be strange to her and its conventions. Her cordial, careless, easy manner would be misunderstood. Here in the South where every acquaintance was like a member of a class—all a sort of huge family—social usage was on the plane of an utter confidence entirely impossible in any other part of America . . . He did not like it.

But what could he do?

His wife in these matters was inertia itself. Ellen had always been a wonder of God to Harriet. "Ellen wishes to go," ended all contention.

He turned from the window to the woman reading by the fire. He had a profound affection for his wife; that deep affection which men have for simple, unpretentious women who love them and whom they can utterly trust. The manner of treating such women as though they were grown up children is not to be misunderstood. It has a root in the heart. "What do you read, my dear?" he said.

She did not look up and her face seemed intent as though she were in some difficult introspection. "I'm reading the Bible." Then she closed the book, her finger marking the page, and looked up at him. There was a sort of gentle defiance in her face. "I know you will laugh at me, Robert, but I don't care. I've had a feeling all day that Ellen was in some sort of danger. . . and when I feel that way about her I always read the Bible and hope she will be all right."

The man did laugh; but affectionately as to a child. "Nonsense, my dear, Ellen's all right; how could you have a premonition?"

"Well, I do have," she replied. "I had it that time Ellen was in the motor accident and I had it when she was threatened with pneumonia in New York . . . and I did just what I am doing now; I read the Bible and hoped she'd be all right."

The man saw that there was something here upon which a simple faith depended. "A form of prayer, do you mean; is that it?"

The woman made a disturbed gesture, as one in perplexity.

"Now don't ask me what I mean, Robert, dear, I don't know what I mean. I suppose it is a form of prayer. The reading seems in some manner to clear a way for me."

The gentle defiance in her face became a more dominant quality. "You don't understand women; we go on faith and on feeling, and we know we're right; but we can't give reasons for it."

"What part of the Bible do you read, when you feel that way?"

She smiled. "Oh any part; wherever the book happens to open."

"Where did it open just now?"

"At the 38th chapter of Proverbs: 'Whoso causeth the Righteous to go astray in an evil way, he shall fall himself into his own pit.'"

The man rose. "Well," he said, "that's about the most inexplicable place it could have opened. We're none of us digging pits for another, and I'm sure Ellen isn't."

"She'll be all right now," the woman said. And over against the house, in the vague dark, as though it were the shadow of the mountain, the great cross, formed by the scaffolding on the white spire of the church, stood out in the sky . . . that symbol of the Demiurge above a world emerging out of Chaos.

THE mountains in the north of Massachusetts were in snow. Not the soft blanket of snow that falls, covers the earth for a day or two and disappears as in the Virginias, but a snow frozen and packed down as though nature were determined to solidify it into a stratum. It extended itself through the forests and below to the farm lands, blue, white and hard—the earth encased in a hull. The great road leading south looked as though it had been sharply cut out with a knife as one might remove a narrow strip from this white rind.

The night was clear, hard and bright. There was no moon, but there was light enough from the vast field of stars for the big truck to run with dimmed head lights. All day it had been moving south.

The truck, to the eye, was loaded with the furnishings of some northern winter camp; its true cargo skillfully packed beneath the variety of exposed articles. Two men traveled with this truck, the driver, a big husky youth, and a little man almost entirely hidden by an immense bear-skin coat. The usual contraband argosy convoyed by a gun-man.

It was a bold run made in the open, and had come through with the not unusual luck that attends a desperate venture. If it reached a certain New England colony on this night there was a fortune in it. But it had not come through without adventures; one of them was at this moment in the door.

Two mounted men were approaching on the road, a bit of level, in a dip of the hills. The gun-man spoke to the driver; he uttered no articulate word. It was a sort of guttural murmur. But the driver understood. He jammed his elbow sharply against the gun-man.

"No!" he said, *"NO!"*

The gun-man relaxed and sagged down in the great coat. He was the most dangerous human creature in the world, drugged with hyacine; an immense colt automatic concealed in each sleeve of the bear-skin coat.

As the constabulary approached, the driver pulled up and hailed them. "Dad and I are bringing in our camp. If you think we are booze runners telephone into North Rockton and have the police search us. But for God's sake don't make me get down here to unpack our stuff. I'm nearly frozen and Dad's all in." He knew the destination of the patrol. At this point they rode to a village a mile or two behind them.

The two members of the mounted police did not reply; they approached, stopped a moment in the road and looked the truck over. There was no evidence, to the eye, against the driver's explanation; a big athletic youth, a little man huddled in a great coat as though overcome with chill, and a load of camp furnishings.

They rode on. But they took no chance; they would do precisely what the young man said, telephone into North Rockton and have the truck searched. That truck had to go into this village or come back.

They were mistaken. Five minutes later, the driver stopped, got an ax from under his seat and cut a telephone pole; it crashed down into a wooded ravine breaking the wires sharply. Then he went on.

As he entered the one long street through North Rockton he picked up a man in the uniform of the mounted police. The man stood on the running board beside the driver and they went through the village.

Once again in the open the truck dropped its supercargo. That skillfully disguised ally put a query as he stepped down.

"Christmas stuff?"

The driver replied; the gun-man had sagged into a heap.

"Yes."

"Headed for Eastover?"

"Yes."

The supercargo swore softly. "That foreign Johnny must have the whole bunch of swells on the bottle; this load and another for Friday week!"

Then he walked away. The truck went on. But now on the long upward grade of the mountain, that descended into Eastover, the driver began to have trouble with his truck; the difficulty increased as he neared the summit.

Below lay Eastover among the hills, spotted with little lakes—the most fashionable colony in America, laid off in parked lands, with great country houses appearing here and there among the trees. In the brilliant star light the driver could make out the very stables of the immense country house that were the destination of the truck. In the relaxation that came now with the visible end of his adventure, he spoke to the man beside him. "That's a big star out yonder."

The gun-man did not reply; for an hour he had been moving uneasily in his seat.

"And that big cut in the woods, with the snow on it, looks like a cross." The driver thrust his elbow into his companion. "Do you know what night it is?"

The creature in the big bear-skin coat was finally aroused. "You got to stop," he said, "I got to have a shot."

The driver replied to his own query. "It's Christmas eve!"

"Christmas!" The gun-man echoed the word, as though it had no meaning; as one repeats a word in the language unknown to him. "Pull her up."

He lurched against the truck driver as though, thereby, to give emphasis to his command. The driver put on the brakes and stopped.

The long grade descending for miles, into the colony was below him, he was in no hurry now, and besides his orders were to regard this necessity of his companion. The gun-man put down his weapons on the seat; took a leather case out of his pocket in which neatly packed, for immediate use, were six hypodermic syringes loaded with hyacine. He selected one, bared his arm and thrust in the needle. Then he replaced the case in his pocket, took up the weapons, concealed them as before in the sleeves of his big bear-skin coat, and settled down in the seat. "Get on," he said, and relapsed into inertia.

The driver put in his clutch, but the differential of the truck was broken; there was a jerk and the clutch released. However, on the descending grade the jerk was enough to start the car. He ran the long descent

[*Turn to page 62*]

He made an opportunity to speak to her on the golf course

Spanish Sunlight

By Anthony Pryde

Illustrated by James H. Crank

Ewing turned, realizing that he had to reckon with his enemy, "You and your insolence—"

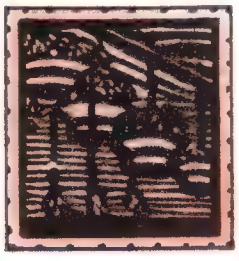
CLARE HAUTRIVE, an Englishman visiting Majorca, has won the love of Emilia Faneaux, a beautiful girl, half English, half Spanish, sister to Hautrive's chauffeur Roden. Emilia, before she will promise to marry Clare, tests his love by dancing at the local Casino. Clare receives a note signed by her asking him not to go there. Clare is suspicious of one Jack Ewing and Roden promises to go in Clare's place to protect Emilia.

COMING out of the Escorial that evening soon after six o'clock for a breath of air, Roden ran into Jack Ewing, elegant and cool in white flannels and a Leander tie, and lighting a cigarette in the shadow of a plane tree. "Hullo, Roden, is that you? Lucky to meet you!" Mildly surprised and pleased, Ewing drew Roden's hand through his arm and fell into step beside him. "You're on your way to the Casino, I suppose, to meet Emma? But you aren't due till nine o'clock, are you? I want to say something to you. Make it easy for me, there's a good chap."

Ewing lightly pressed the arm he held, but Roden took no notice one way or the other. "I was off my head the other day. You were quite right to shut me up—I deserved it. But I want to get back to the old footing now. Don't chuck me over for a hasty word!"

"Oh, that's all right," Roden said with a shade more of animation in his manner. "I forget what you said, and anyway I don't suppose you meant it."

"Thanks. Here we are opposite my rooms. Come in and have a drink." Roden hesitated. "Oh, come on in! It's your last chance, for I'm moving out to-morrow. Going into a furnished villa on the Sóller road. I've asked Van Loo and one or two other fellows to drop in after dinner to celebrate my last hours of bachelor freedom."



"Why, you aren't going to be married, are you?"

Ewing winked at him. "Bound to give the girls a chance. I haven't seen you lately to tell you, but the fact is, I've got a job, a steady paying job, in Vidal's motor works. Mind you, there's nothing settled yet. Girl hasn't said yes. But I don't mind telling you I've got pretty good hopes of her."

Jack waved Roden into a chair and unlocked his cupboard.

"You'll have a whisky and soda? No, I know you never do between meals. But just to celebrate the occasion?" Roden took it because it was too much trouble to refuse. But after a sip or two a pleasant glow began to steal over him.

"Never touch cards now, do you?" Ewing was saying. He had taken up a pack and was shuffling and reshuffling with lightning deftness. "Campbell was showing me a new game that's coming up this summer in San Sebastian. Rather like auction but faster, and you play it two-handed or four or any even number. Deal eight each to start."

A little fan-shaped spray of cards lay on the table before Ewing and a second before Roden. His fingers, those thin, brown, agile fingers, had completed the operation of their own accord. And, though the directions on which Ewing embarked were tolerably intricate, for Roden, gambler born as well as bred, they were mathematically clear. But suddenly, with a perceptible start, Roden woke up. That night at the Casino he had sworn never to play again, and he had kept his vow, easily at first, later on at times under very heavy strain. Nothing ailed Roden's will. He was in no danger now. Fresh from Clare's influence, he had no fear. He knew his own failings, none better, but he knew his own strength too. Deliberately he had sworn his vow, and deliberately he now released himself from it because it had done its work.

"Let's have a bit on," he said, and Ewing, who had intended to lead up to this proposal at a later stage, was quite taken aback and almost blundered into an expression of surprise. He could not understand Roden. After so many unsuccessful attacks he had not expected to succeed to-night. He was prepared, if necessary, to supplement the effect of the Mountain Dew; in his breast pocket he carried a pinch of powder warranted to put the strongest head to sleep in ten minutes. But now perhaps it would not be wanted!

When, an hour later, two or three more of his friends dropped in, and more packs were produced and more tables, and fresh cigars and drink, Roden, in the gambler's cold concentration, scarcely lifted his head. After three months of abstinence the fascination of play was very strong. Ewing, himself firm in good or evil, felt sorry for the boy. But, unfortunately for Mr. Ewing, Roden had a highly trained automatic memory and a delicately responsive will, and was never in any danger of forgetting an engagement. At ten minutes past eight he felt that admonitory prick which says "There is something you ought to go and do." He came to the surface without an effort, glanced at his watch, and threw down the hand that Van Loo had just dealt him. "Jack, I must be off! So sorry, but I warned you I should have to go early. Here, Felipe, you're standing out, take my cards. Van, I owe you twenty-five pesetas, you can get it out of Jack, he owes me thirty-three." To these moderate scores had the inveterate gambler confined himself, placidly declining to play for more than five pesetas a hundred.

He got up, scarcely steady on his feet; he had sat so long in the same attitude that his limbs were cramped. Ewing also rose, inwardly cursing his luck. He would have preferred not to use the grey powder. Perhaps, however, it was the safest way after all; without it one could not have felt secure. "Well, have a drink before you go," he said, strolling over to the buffet. It was child's play for him to slip into Roden's glass, unobserved, the contents of his twist of paper. He had done it on the stage and it had been done to him. By this simple means was Texas Harry laid out by the Black Rover in Episode XIV and left for dead, a cocoon of ropes, in a stall of his blazing stockyard.

"No, thanks, no more."

"Oh, you must: you still look a bit under the weather, old man—you want a pick-me-up to pull you round. Come on, this stuff's too good to be wasted!" Roden with a shrug of the shoulders accepted it in obedience to the canon which lays down that good liquor once poured out must be drunk. The dose had been calculated to a grain. Ewing meant to get Roden out of his room before it took effect. The odds were that Roden would collapse in the street. Ewing however did not know that Roden had had nothing to eat since breakfast, but some fruit and a cup of coffee. Empty and exhausted by the day's emotions, it fell on him like a thunderclap—he had not gained the door before he began to turn giddy; he staggered slightly and put his hand to his head. Ewing, who had been watching him with a placid good-humoured smile, pushed back his chair again and half rose. "Hullo, young fellow, anything wrong?"

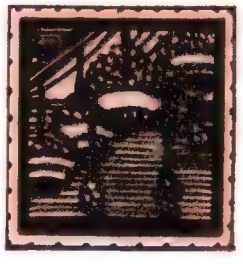
"I feel so queer," said Roden. He was swaying on his feet and the room had begun to spin. Ewing jumped up and put an arm round his shoulders. But quick as he was, Van Loo was quicker. All the evening he had been watching Roden off and on, in a puzzled way; there was not much that escaped the grey eyes of New York, and Van Loo knew quite well that Roden had sworn off cards for good and all in the spring. "Now what is the matter?" he said, taking Roden's arm.

"I don't know. I feel awfully queer," said Roden. He made a determined effort to stand firm on his feet, but another great wave went over him and he leaned on Van Loo's shoulder. "Oh . . I ought to go . . Emma . . get me some water . . I must . . ."

Van Loo seized a carafe and dashed the contents in his face. It was terrible to watch Roden fighting for consciousness. "Oh Van . . the Casino . . Emma . . ."

"Your sister? Won't you say what's worrying you and leave it to me?"

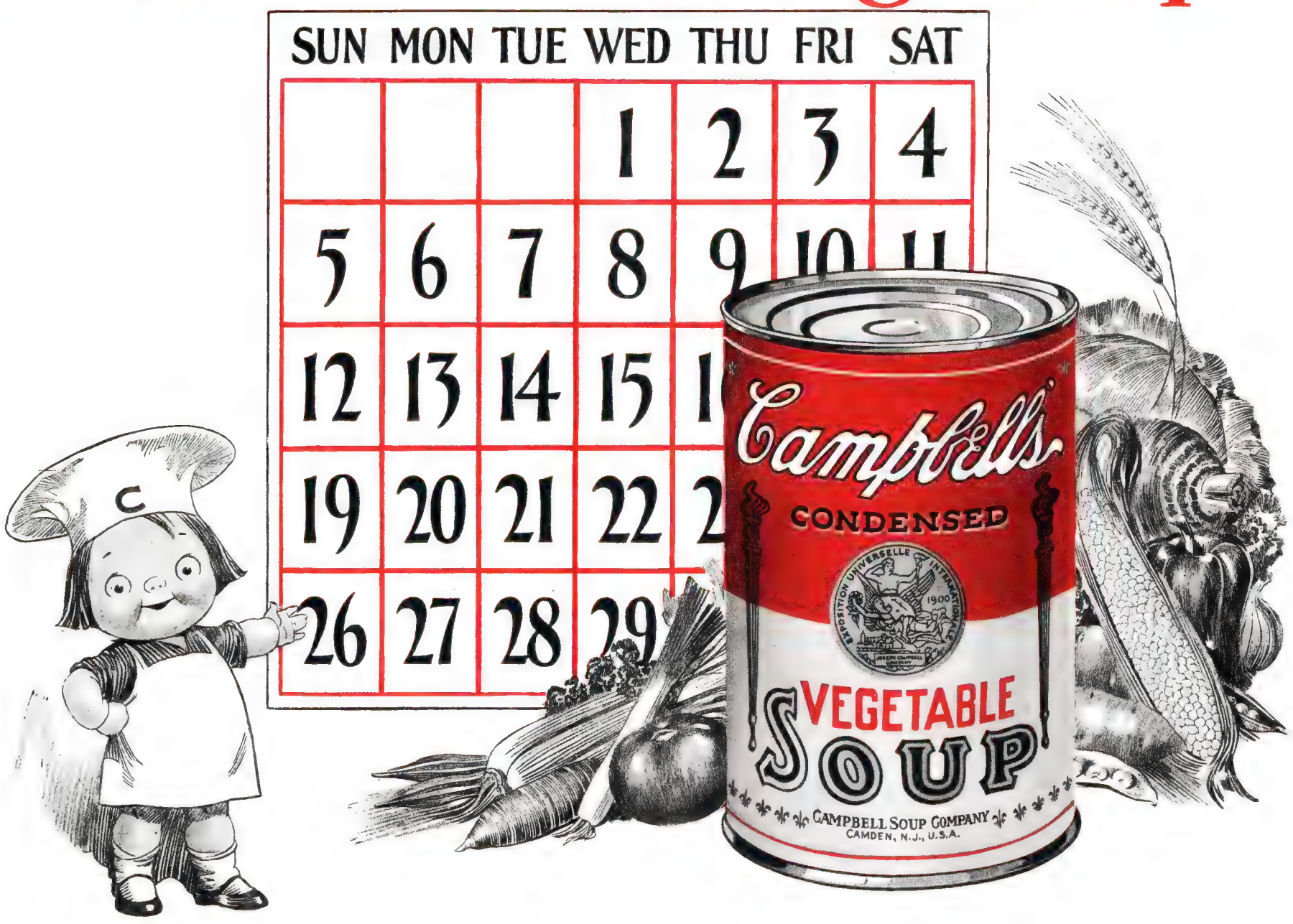
"By jove! I never saw Roden squiffy before," said Ewing with a loud laugh. "I oughtn't to have given him that second drink."



Van Loo turned his grey eyes on him. "That was certainly some drink. Guess I never saw any fellow put away quicker than that except a fellow once in a saloon in the Bowery, and *he* was doped."

"Guess you ought to know whether there's any dope in this whisky," Ewing neatly mimicked the other. "You had some out of the same bottle. Hang it, Van, I don't shanghai [*Turn to page 26*]

Never let a day go by without eating soup!



"Soup today," the children cry
And chortle in their glee
Each day they dine on Campbell's fine—
How healthy they must be!

After you have eaten a plate of hot, delicious, appetizing soup, see how much better all the other food tastes!

Soup invites and encourages your appetite. It cheers and brightens your whole meal. It is splendid food and it strengthens digestion.

Consider how much nourishment—real, hearty food—there is in Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

Fifteen of the finest vegetables—several of them either whole or in tempting toothsome cubes; invigorating broth of choice beef; substantial cereals; fresh herbs with their delightful flavors; deft seasoning.

People even make this soup practically their whole meal when they want enough food but not a number of different dishes!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Luncheon Dinner Supper

my guests! He'll sleep it off in an hour or so."

THREE-QUARTERS of an hour after Emilia had left in old Pedro's car for the Casino, a second car drew up near Son Febrer and Clare got out of it. There was no light in any of the rooms except a dim gleam in what he knew to be St Mildred's. Roden had lent him a key, and Clare softly let himself in.

Light dawned in St Mildred's eyes. "Oh, I say, Mr. Hautrive, how awfully kind of you! Emma's run out for a minute. I'm so glad to see you."

Clare sat down in a chair. "You're really better now—out of pain?"

"Oh yes: it was never anything to make a song about," returned St Mildred philosophically. "I got out of it jolly well. It'd have been a beastly nuisance if I'd been killed."

"The head of the family? So it would. Well, if the head of the family is up to listening, I want to talk to him for ten minutes. You know I am going to marry Emilia?"

"I know you asked her to marry you," St Mildred murmured. "Of course it'd be a great thing for Emma—"

"That being settled, I want to take a great liberty with my future brother-in-law. Can you stand a rather painful shock? Emilia is at this moment dancing at the Casino on the quay."

St Mildred uttered a deep oath, very rare on his lips. "That's the sort of thing that happens when I'm laid up. Lord have mercy! Couldn't you or Roden stop her?"

"Roden could not. I did not because till six o'clock last night, when my brother came in and told me her portrait was on the posters, I had no more notion what form her madness was going to take than you had. I was on my way to put an end to it this morning, when I had a letter from her which tied my hands."

"Let me look at her letter."

Emilia's note was crushed into Clare's pocket. He smoothed it out and gave it to St Mildred, who turned it about with a puzzled face. "What's this thing?" St Mildred held the pink note gingerly between finger and thumb. "Emma never wrote that."

"What!" Clare was on his feet in a moment.

"Somebody's been copying her writing. It's like, but it isn't hers. And imagine her using that silly paper—why, it's got scent on it."

"Somebody seems to have been playing a practical joke," said Clare. He knew in an instant what stupidly cunning brain had devised it, scented paper, sprig of flowers, italics and all. That "All shall be explained" smacked strong of the film caption. "Luckily I have my car—a faster car than Pedro's."

St Mildred tried to get up but fell back on his pillows streaming with perspiration. "Oh! I'm no good." His face was wrung with agonizing fear. "I suppose I've got to trust you. *Can* I trust you?"

"To reckon with Ewing?" Very pale, Clare turned in the doorway. "Yes, for that you may trust me."

WHEN Don Pedro drew up at the stage door of the Casino a clock in the Calle del Arenal was striking a quarter past nine, and Emilia jumped out in a hurry. But where was Roden? When she found he was not there she could scarcely believe her eyes. By the time she stepped on the stage, however, she had forgotten Roden in the prospect of seeing Clare again. Half hidden behind a curtain, Robert's broad shoulders and blue eyes were visible in a box that he had shared last night with his brother, but he sat alone. Except Robert she saw no one she knew, not even Jack Ewing or Marshall Van Loo.

Her first song over, the young violin offered his hand and she clambered lightly down from platform to floor, still in her stage dress. She went up to the first table she came to and made herself agreeable to the gentlemen who sat at it. At a second, a thin young man with a nasal Catalan twang kissed her hand and presented her with a bouquet of red geraniums. A third was occupied by a party of sailors from Cadiz. Emilia was a high-spirited woman and feared no man, but she trembled when a swarthy Gaditano in sash and earrings tried to pull her down on his knee.

In a dark corner behind the bar Ewing stood and watched her, and from an angle of the vestibule Van Loo watched Ewing.

"Emma! there you are! I've been hunting for you all over the shop!"

"Oh, Jack, how good of you!" cried Emilia from her heart. Terrified of being pursued by Don Ángel before she secured the protection of her coat; she seized Jack's arm and clung to it with a warmth which startled him.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo! what's all this about?"

"Nothing—a sailor was rude to me. But it's over now and *thank goodness* I'm going home!"

"I wish I could have turned up sooner. Let's get a move on now. Who are you looking for—Roden? I've just left him."

"Why, where is he?"

"Drunk in my rooms. I'm awfully sorry, Emma."

"Roden—drunk? Jack, it's impossible! He ought to be at the Escorial the first thing to-morrow morning. Couldn't I go and fetch him and drive him round? Oh, I must go to him! You will take me, Jack?"

"Hang it! You can come if you like."

Emilia had an odd fancy that Ewing was laughing at her, but it was gone in a moment and she gave it no second thought. "Jump along then," said Ewing, holding open the door of Pedro's dilapidated car. Emilia paused with one foot on the step, a lamp overhead spinning prismatic brilliancies in and out of her dark hair, while one slim hand held her coat close over the gleam of her fair neck.

"Pedro, I want you to drive round and fetch my brother, the young Don Roden." The polite old face, dimly red in lamplight, was bent towards her in vague unenlightened inquiry. "He is—"

"Now you hop in or you'll catch cold. I'll attend to Pedro."

Tired and stiff from dancing, Emilia was not sorry to sit down and for some time they rolled along in silence. It was not till the narrow streets of the sea quarter gave way to the broad open spaces and blank walls of the upper town that Emilia sat up. "But, Jack, where is he taking us? Stop the car! This is the station—we've passed the Continental—"

"I'm not at the Continental now. Didn't you know? Oh, I thought Roden'd have mentioned it, or Van Loo. I've moved into a little place of my own."

Soon the town was left behind, and across the Huerta or orchard-plain of Majorca, where almond trees in spring spread out their tapestry of pale bloom, an endless road glimmered away into mysterious shadowy uplands. "Monplaisir at last," said Ewing, getting out and giving his hand to Emilia. "Your faithful retainer'll have to wait for you here."

"You understand, Pedro, you are to wait for me?" The old man smiled, raised his shapeless felt hat and bowed to the Senorita. Then Ewing unlocked the iron gate for her and she passed through it into the grounds of Monplaisir.

Suddenly, at a bend of the way, Ewing stopped with a vexed start and felt in his pocket. "Confound it, I've left my pocketbook in the car! Ta-ta for a minute—I'm sure old Pedro's as safe as the mail, but there was a lot of money in it, more than I care to risk."

"I'll walk on," said Emilia placidly. She did so, while Ewing's steps died away.

"So sorry to keep you waiting," Ewing had come up behind her and his hand was on her sleeve, "but it's quite a longish path. Here we are anyhow and jolly glad I am."

He switched on the light and waved her into the hall. "All clear. We've evidently got the place to ourselves." He pushed past Emilia into a room on the right of the hall. "Come on, do."

Again Emilia felt that faint, uncomfortable, anonymous qualm. "But if you left Roden here," she said, standing still a very little way from the door, "what's become of him? Where *is* Roden?"

"In my old rooms at the Continental."

"In Palma?"

"Yes, my girl."

Light dawned on Emilia, and wrath with it, but not a shadow of fear. "Do you mean to say it was all a trick?"

"Yes, a trick to get you here, a dodge that I've been hatching on and off for the last six months. No, my girl, Roden isn't on the premises; he never was drunk; he's on my sofa sleeping off a little dose I gave him by the way of quietus."

Emilia turned scarlet. "Stand aside from the door; let me go!"

"Let you go? Not likely."

"St Mildred will kill you!"

"I don't set up to be a model of all the virtues, my good Emma, but you'll do me the justice to own I never was a coward."

He leaned his broad shoulders against the door and folded his arms. "I wouldn't shorten this for any consideration on earth, it's far too amusing. Not one soul will hear you if you scream your head off. There are no servants in the house, those shutters are double, and we're a good way off the road—even if anyone ever came along it at this time of night, which they don't. As for Pedro, he's gone home. When I went back to fetch my imaginary pocketbook, I told him you'd changed your mind and that he wasn't to wait for you."

He moved forward and she backed away, slipping behind an oval table, and for a moment he stood smiling at her across it and leaning both hands flat on its polished surface. Suddenly he gave the table a kick that sent it rushing across the floor. Seizing her in his arms, he crushed her against his side. He kissed her lips, and when she turned her face away he kissed her shoulders. He was not even rough, but slow, and as gentle as Emilia's convulsive struggles permitted, gentle, but as pitiless as death.

CLARE when he left Deyá had his course mapped out and every faculty strained towards one end—speed; but he was in the land of mañana. Eighteen miles from Deyá to Palma—fifteen of country road and three of cobbled streets. The Calle del Arenal at last! but it was by now twenty minutes past ten. Leaving his engine throbbing, he ran up the Casino steps. In the bar lounged Don Ángel chattering with a customer. Clare raised his hat: "Excuse me—one word, Señor? Is this the first part of the programme?"

"No, Señor——the second."

"Ah!" He had known it must be so. "Miss Faneaux has gone home then? Thank you. How long since?"

A shrug and a grimace expressed Don Ángel's total ignorance and profound regret.

Clare brushed past him into the annex, and there—thank heaven!—was Robert sitting at a little table with Van Loo.

"Bobby? Well done to be here still! Has Emilia gone?—Was Roden with her?"

"No," said Robert unwillingly—"He never turned up. He was drunk. Ewing came for her. They were going to fetch the boy and take him round to the Escorial."

Clare was already moving towards the door. "Ewing has drugged Roden and sent me a forged letter to keep me out of the way. They went in Pedro's car, did they? And Ewing is at the Continental? You haven't the car number? No, of course not. Nor I; it was so dark, and . . I must find someone who can describe it. I can track them through the town." He knew that cars were still too infrequent in the island city to pass unobserved.

"Mr. Hautrive: you are anxious about that lady?" asked Van Loo.

Clare swung round, recalling without effort the tall, gentle-mannered American of his first night at the Casino, to whom Robert, in common with the entire Anglo-Saxon colony in Palma, had taken a liking. "I am very anxious. I represent her brother—" he broke off, meeting Van Loo's guileless eyes: "I am engaged to her, and I fear Ewing has played a trick on her. Can you help me?"

"I can tell you where they went."

"But this is guesswork!" Robert exclaimed, as Van Loo ended his rapid narrative.

"No guess at all," said Van Loo. "Ewing bought the place ten days ago and has been full of it all evening."

Clare was in his car again. But as he took the wheel Robert seized his arm. "Clary, Clary! let me come with you."

"No, Bobby: if she is at Monplaisir this is my affair and no other man's. How do I know what may have to be done? . . You haven't a revolver on you by any chance?"

"Yes, I mostly go armed in these quarters." Van Loo's tone was apologetic. "If this little [*Turn to page 66*]

Woodcut by John J. A. Murphy

Nativity

HOW lightly poised, like morning on a hill,
The babe seems, hesitant at birth, and there
Between the hand of God which made him fair
And life, a valley just below wrapped still
In mists, he pauses with uncertain will,
As if some lovely scene of beauty rare
Restrained him, so he does not really care
To know that with his advent hearts will thrill.

At last he comes! What miracle to see
God share His great creative love which made
The world for man, and woman, then, to be
The chosen vessel into which was laid
Power to complete His mirrored Trinity:
Behold three lives in one, and one in three!

JOHN MEEHAN

Extra help on wash day!
The combination of splendid soap and naptha in Fels-Naptha gives you an extra cleansing value you cannot get in any other form.

Why do women believe in the extra goodness of FELS NAPTHA?

Extra goodness that gives them deep, sweet cleanliness in their clothes. *Extra* goodness that makes washday easier on their clothes—easier on themselves.

Women just know they get *extra* washing help from Fels-Naptha. They have proved it and are proving it today just as their mothers did before them.

There's a reason for this *extra* goodness—this *extra* washing help that Fels-Naptha gives you.

Fels-Naptha is more than just "soap." It is splendid soap and *naptha*. Two great cleaners working together—helping each other. Naptha loosens the dirt. Soapy water flushes it out. So easily—so safely—so thoroughly done!

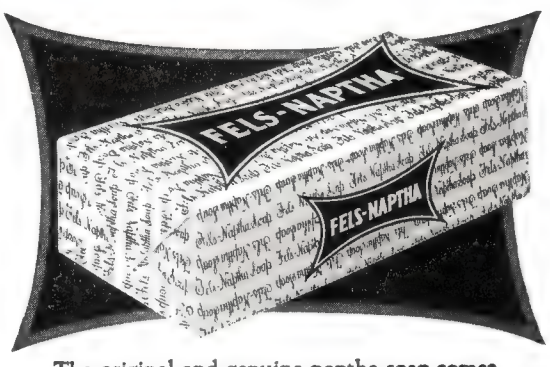
That's why nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha in so many homes—for the family wash—for those little daily washings of stockings, handkerchiefs, dainty underwear and baby's things.

A great many women are learning every day that they get more washing help for their money in the golden bar of Fels-Naptha than they can get in any other way.

Can you afford to be without this extra helpfulness?

PROVE for yourself the *extra* goodness of Fels-Naptha. Get a bar from your grocer's—or send 2¢ in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell



The original and genuine naptha soap comes in the familiar red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

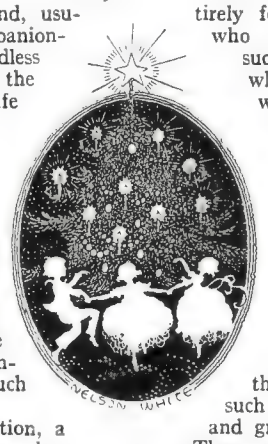
© 1924, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

A Little Child in the House

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

BACK of the desire for adopting a child is usually the motive of self-interest. One will find, usually, that the child is wanted for companionship, to break the dull monotony of a childless home. And it is usually the wife who seeks the child. Some husbands are as eager as the wife but such husbands are scarce.

A few years ago a married couple called at my office for advice regarding the adoption of a child. The man was small, thin, blond and very nervous—nervous to the point of twirling his hat continuously and shifting from one foot to the other. The wife was a heavy brunette, tall, large-boned and a decidedly masculine type. She did the talking—the man was busy with his hat. Finally I inquired what sort of child they wanted. The man for the first time spoke and in a thin, high-pitched, lisping voice replied, "We want it as much like uth as possible."



In another case, there was a boy for adoption, a fine healthy boy, but with legs that were too short. The wife of a prosperous self-made small business man called to see the boy who had been refused by several people. All defects are pointed out to prospective parents and this woman's attention was called to the disproportion between the legs and the trunk. "Why," she exclaimed, "them's Pa's legs!" and straightway fell in love with the boy. Pa came to make an inspection the following day and Ma was right.

The adoption of children has been practised from exceedingly remote times. The Chinese philosopher Mencius summed up the prevailing attitude of his time on the subject as follows: "There are three things that are unfilial and to have no posterity is the greatest of them." The practice has existed in both the civilized nations and in barbarian tribes for hundreds of years, proof of its general success.

In this country, there are various agencies established entirely for the purpose of supplying children to those who want them. The majority of those seeking such additions to their home are married couples who are childless. Occasionally elderly couples whose children have grown up and left the home adopt a baby or a young child. Many children have been adopted by unmarried women. And in one instance I know of an unmarried man adopting a boy ten years of age.

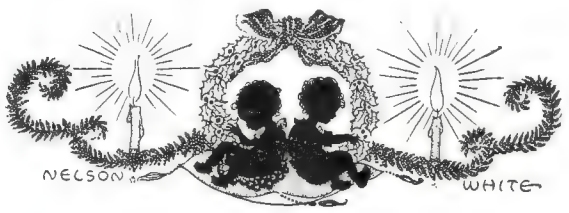
All types of people are applicants. Among the wealthy, among those in moderate circumstances and also among those who belong to the laboring classes are persons eager to be foster-parents. Usually one adopted child suffices but there are instances in which many more are taken into the home; in one family as many as nine have been legally adopted. If there are twins to be placed those who direct such agencies insist that they go to the same home and grow up together.

The societies for the purpose of adoption are very careful in the selection of parents and correspondingly careful that the child placed is one hundred per cent to the good. The prospective parents must prove that they are responsible and must supply evidence which shows that they are competent to act as parents. Blood tests and other laboratory examinations are always made of the infant to show that there is no hidden disease. The child is carefully examined by a competent physician to be sure that all the organs are normal. As much as is possible of the parentage is learned and then the applicants must take the chances for the future.

Illegitimate children supply the greatest number of those for adoption. This is nothing against the child. He is no more liable to disease than a child born in wedlock. In fact he is apt to be the offspring of young and vigorous

CHRISTMAS is the festival of the child. The pomp and ceremony of the churches, at this holy season, center in adoration of the Child who came, with the message of his father's divine love, to bring peace to men's hearts. In the home, Christmas giving and love lose half their tenderness unless there is a little child on whom they may be lavished.

To many a childless home, joy has come in the guise of the adopted child. But if the child is adopted merely for the gladness it may bring to the barren hearts of foster-parents, the gladness will be fleeting. It is the child who should be considered. Joy will abide where sacrifice is. It is not born of self-interest nor of self-seeking.



parents. There is very little if any greater risk relating to the child's future health. There is very little if any greater risk concerning the child's mental and moral future.

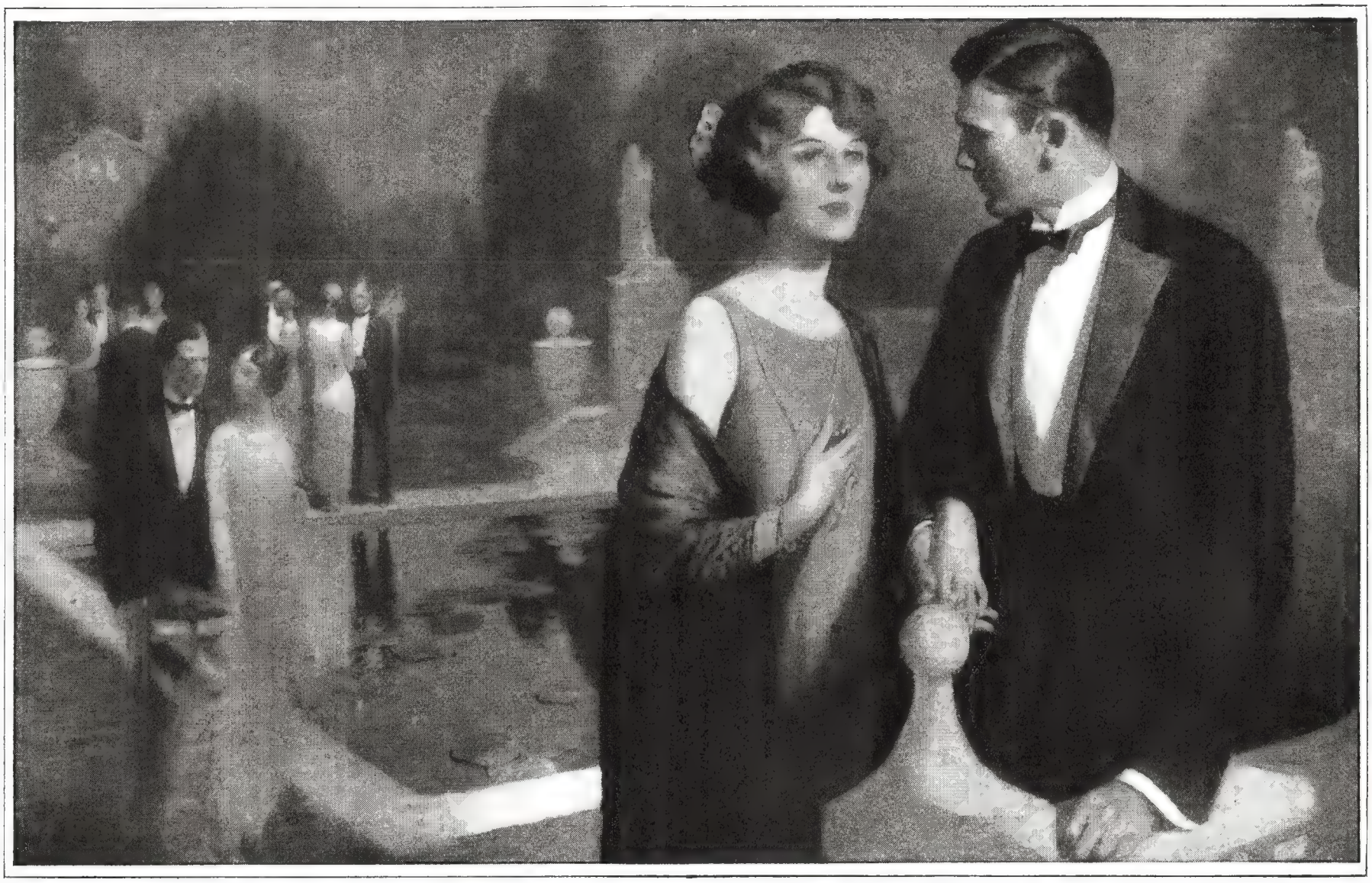
Judging from the large number of adopted illegitimates that I have watched for several years, it would seem that the mental and moral development is as good as in those more fortunately born. Given two healthy infants, it will be found that the development of the character of the individual child will be along the lines of environment regardless of the type of parents. In their physical development as regards robustness, stature and general bodily equipment, they will indicate the type of parentage from which they sprang.

The child daily reacts to his contacts and registers accordingly. It is most unusual for an adopted child to turn out badly for the reason that environment counts for much in character-building. The adopted child has the advantage in that his foster-parents were selected for him and he was wanted. All those who are born in wedlock have to be satisfied with the parents which nature supplies and parents are not always carefully culled. The matter of birth is a great lottery and not all can be winners; many a child draws a blank.

ALL who have had children are familiar with the changes that occur in the home when the child arrives. New interests are at once in evidence, everyone in the family has additional duties to perform, and sacrifices have to be made. The child possesses the home and the inmates, the smallest infant becomes a dictator and the efforts and energies of the household are necessary to administer to its wants. Dull homes become bright and attractive. The presence of the child means healthy disorder and care and sometimes trouble; and trouble is often a benefit to those troubled, particularly if it is a means of removing the fancied ailments and unhealthy introspection usual in those of advancing years. In "David Harum" it is remarked that fleas are good for a dog because they keep him from brooding on being a dog.

There are two factors in inheritance that prospective parents should look into and for which no tests are possible. I refer to epilepsy and alcoholism. The family history of those born in wedlock is readily obtainable. In the illegitimate the parents are usually too young for alcoholism to be a factor.

Certain legal processes are necessary for the adoption of a child; if the child is a foundling the prospective parents must appear before a surrogate and go through the legal formalities. If either parent is living and has abandoned the child, it is best to have a guardian appointed and then the prospective parents adopt from the guardian; this method prevents future search for the infant in case the relatives change their minds. We have known instances in which a great deal of annoyance has been occasioned when it has been learned that the foster-parents had grown very fond of their charge and were wealthy people. It is best that the adopted child be removed from all possible sources of contact with those responsible for its birth.



Your skin need not fade and grow old as some inanimate substance would do. Each day it renews itself—each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. Keep this new skin, as it forms, in healthy condition, and you will have through life "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Is the beauty of a woman's skin as frail and fleeting as it seems to be?

ONE thinks of a beautiful skin as something fragile, delicate, easily damaged, quick to fade.

Yet no covering ever made by man has the same wonderful endurance as the human skin.

The skin is a living tissue—this is what gives it its great resistive power. As fast as it wears out it is able to renew itself. Each day old skin dies and new takes its place.

Keep this new skin, as it forms, in healthy condition by giving it the best care you can. Don't grudge the few minutes' time it takes to use the right method of cleansing. You will be a thousand times repaid in seeing how your complexion will gain in freshness and beauty.

The importance of proper cleansing

Nothing is more important to the health of the skin than proper cleansing.

The most dangerous outside enemy the skin has to resist is infection from dust and dirt carried in the air.

The right method of cleansing will not only keep your skin in a healthy condition by protecting it from these infections but will also overcome common skin troubles that arise from them.

To free your skin from blemishes

Blemishes are one of the commonest skin troubles arising from an outside source.

To free your skin from blemishes, use the following treatment every night, and see how helpful it will prove:—

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse thoroughly, first with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face every night a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

Special Woodbury treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin the right treatment for your skin tonight! A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. For convenience' sake—buy Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

For ten cents—a guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1512 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1512 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today!

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WEAR/ WEAR/ WEAR/

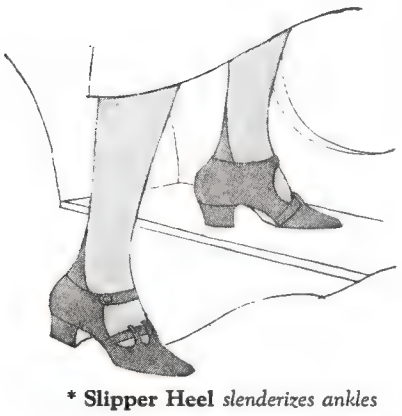
That's what Kayser hosiery does

Every desirable color

Every new feature

* **Marvel-Stripe** *stops laddering*

And then, also, those with sandal feet and low spliced heel



* **Slipper Heel** *slenderizes ankles*

Every wanted style

$1.50 per pair and up

Kayser

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FULL-FASHIONED THREAD SILK HOSIERY

HOSIERY ❦ UNDERWEAR ❦ GLOVES

A Christmas Gift to a Daughter

[*Continued from page 14*]

with sleep, sounded peremptory and a little cross. "I wa-a-ant to get *u-u-up!*"

I bounded up the stairs. In the delicious fresh coldness of the room, you sat up in bed, and looked at me solemnly.

"I am going out to play in the yard, today," you told me at once; and then I realized that, over night, Christmas had gone out of your head.

You visited from room to room, while your grandparents and your father dressed. Grandfather's peals of laughter reached me in the kitchen, where I was putting what Annie called "the fancy touches" on the grapefruit. Your father's whistle suddenly summoned me. And there you all were, standing at attention in the upstairs hall.

"Procession's ready to move, 'Mom'!" said your father. I ran up and took your hand. We led the way.

Before we were all the way down you saw the tree, and stopped and clung to the banisters, staring silently.

"Oh, look, sweetheart!" said your father. "See that! What is it?"

Men are so boyish and impatient! They can hardly ever wait, as mothers do, for the little, lovely, budding thoughts to come to natural flower.

You drew a deep breath. "Why, dat's a Christmas tree!" you said. "Dat's *my* Christmas tree."

After that, you were quite sure of yourself. With your eyes fixed in wonder you sat down, very slowly on your wee chair underneath the tree. Then all your grown-ups exhibited each toy and explained it.

There were so many toys; not great, impressive, handsome gifts, but little, tenderly chosen bits of quaintness and fun to delight you. And books!

You and Grandfather sat side by side at the table, and unpacked the stockings with many jokes and shrieks of joy. While we sat looking on and consuming grapefruit, baked apples, waffles, cream and sugar, poached eggs, coffee, oatmeal, maple sirup—all confused with whistles, tops, celluloid animals, dolls, tiny music-boxes, wee automobiles and railroad trains. But Annie kept her head, and we were all fed at last. It was ten o'clock when we went back into the living room.

"Anybody want to go to church?" I suggested.

"Well, I'll go to chorch with you, Mudder," you assured me, earnestly, and hid your face in my skirt. At that all your grown-ups—except your mother—laughed.

We hurried upstairs and washed your face and hands, and got you into your fawn-colored coat with the beaver collar, and your little round fawn-colored hat, with the tuft of beaver on the very tiptop, and your brown rubbers—much loved by you—and your leggings and your mittens. Then I hurried on my own coat and hat, without once looking in the glass—I swear it—and we ran downstairs and out into the street, just as the first bell rang out from our church, a little walk away.

Don't you have one faint memory of that little church: the ropes of laurel and wreaths of holly hung against the soft gray plaster walls; the dark wood panelling; the poinsettias and holly that glowed like fire on the simple altar, between the two tall candles?

The choir sang "Come, All Ye Faithful"—marching all in white—while the soft colored lights streamed through the windows and touched the happy faces. I had to stop your feet from kicking time against the pew in front. And afterward, when they sang: "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night," you leaned toward me with news of importance.

"My wonograph sings that," you whispered.

This, my dear, was the third time you had been to church. The other times you had sat still during the prayers, but on this morning, when the first prayer was begun, you knelt down and arranged yourself on the little kneeling-bench. You glanced sidewise at our neighbors, and clasped your hands and drooped your head as they did. So tiny—those clasped hands! So far below the top of the pew, that little bowed head!

And when the lovely service was all over, and you had watched the little choir boys march out, shouting "Christians, Awake! Salute The Happy Morn," you still kept your churchly decorum, and let a number of fluttering, elderly ladies tell you how nice it was to see you in church, and what a big girl you were getting to be. Then we went home.

Your father was on the porch, fussing with his beloved camera.

"Where've you been all this time?" he wanted to know. "I've been waiting to get some pictures of Betsy."

(So that, my dear, was the start of a real "picture-taking" orgy, whose results are to be a part of your Christmas gift.)

On Christmas Day a nap was not to be thought of, so Nana undertook the task of soothing you with your new books, and I ran upstairs to make beds. It was nearly one o'clock, and Aunt Marian and your cousins, Billy and Anne, were coming to dinner with us at half past two. When the work upstairs was done I went down the back stairs to the kitchen, to make sure that things were moving smoothly. On my way into the living room, I stopped at the sound of your voice, telling things to yourself.

Nana had gone to take a little rest and to dress for dinner. Except for Grandfather, sleeping sweetly in the fireside chair, you were alone in the room. Sh, this room, where I am sitting now! It is so beautiful—so dear to me. Whatever you may know and feel of beauty on your thirty-fifth Christmas will have begun and grown and thriven on the things this room offered to your child-eyes.

Nothing in all this dear room is grand and rich; the dark, jewel-colors of the rugs are even a little shabby, but everything is beautiful. Sometimes, when I am alone here in the evening, and a little fire burns on the hearth, and the colored bindings of the books, and the brass and pewter and copper treasures show softly in the lamplight, I thank God very humbly that he has let me have beauty.

(You will love beauty, my dear. That one thing I know is to be yours whatever else is unknowable of the heritage which the coming together of your father and mother has wrought in you.)

Now, I must go back to the story of you, talking to yourself; kneeling there on the rug under your Christmas tree—your toys thick about you. On a little round table you were arranging a barnyard scene—a group of what seemed an endless number of tiny chickens and red-legged ducks and geese. They had been packed entrancingly, on a bed of green paper, in a big, square box. As your fat, clumsy fingers fumbled among them, you whispered, over and over, like a droning song:

"Oh, I'm *lucky!* I'm *lucky!* I've got nice toys! I'm lucky!"

I stood out of sight, rejoicing that your father was not there to roar with laughter, and toss you, and tickle you, and tell the household your "latest." Grandfather, by the fireplace, snored once, a muffled sound. You began to talk again.

"Those three men will bring me giffs, too. Apper-while dey will come trotting on dey camels, and dey will bring me giffs. Gold an'—an'—an'—"

The doorbell rang. Grandfather awoke; Nana tripped downstairs, and the family cyclone, Billy, filled the room. The guests had come.

The day went so quickly—was so confused—after that! All through dinner there were plates to watch, directions to be whispered to Katie. And when, at last, juvenile ice cream and adult plum-pudding had come—and you had dropped some on the rug and that had been mopped up and the rest had been eaten—we went back to the tree. Light was "torned on," by your direction, in the big lamp with the yellow shade, and the fire was stirred to flame again. When all the coats and hats had been put on, and good-byes said, lost mittens found, forgotten packages run back for, and everyone, at last, tucked away in the big, closed car, it drew away from the curb. [*Turn to page 36*]

Give them Health

WE are told that three wise men followed the Star and journeyed to Bethlehem that first Christmas night, carrying gorgeous gifts—Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

And so the beautiful custom of Christmas gift-giving began. But as time went on many people made drudgery of this lovely practice. Making up Christmas lists became almost as perfunctory as making laundry lists. Tom, Dick and Harry received the usual neckties, handkerchiefs and socks. Betty was put on Mary's list and Mary on Betty's because both hesitated to break a social custom.

Would it not be a sensible thing this Christmas to give more as our hearts may prompt?

* * * *

Twenty-one years ago on Christmas Eve, a young man stood at his work in a post-office in far-away Denmark. Thousands of Christmas letters were pouring through his hands. And as he worked he thought how wonderful it would be if all the happy people who were sending glad Yuletide messages would add a special Christmas stamp to their letters and cards. That extra money would build a hospital in his town for the children sick with tuberculosis!

The young man took his big idea to the King and Queen of Denmark. His plan was enthusiastically greeted. The first Christmas Seals appeared in Denmark in 1904—and the little children got their hospital.

From this simple beginning grew the widespread custom of selling Christmas Seals to fight the Great White Plague.

* * * *

Tuberculosis can be cured—can be prevented and eventually wiped from the face of the earth. But the great battle against it cannot be left solely to those who support our welfare institutions.

Vast amounts of money are needed to bring back to health those who have been stricken with this most cruel of all diseases. Money for open-air camps out in the woods or on sunny mountain slopes—money for long, restful vacations free from worry—money for proper food and care. Still *more* money is needed for the great work of prevention. And this money will be raised through the sale of the little Christmas Seals.

* * * *

Plaintive voices are calling to you for help. Will you help them? Let's *all* get together to help rid the world of this dread disease that shows no mercy for rich or poor.

Buy Christmas Seals as you never bought before. Buy till it makes you happy. Place a voluntary "health tax" on all your cheerful Yuletide letters and thus brighten your gift packages with these gay little symbols of hope. The Christmas candles in your heart will burn more brightly because you have helped to smooth away some of the troubles of the world. This Christmas give the greatest gift of all—the gift of health!

In spite of the splendid work already accomplished in the way of prevention and cure, there are still in the United States a million sufferers from Tuberculosis. A majority of these lives can be saved if right steps are taken immediately.

In twenty years, the tuberculosis death rate in the United States has been cut one-half. In some places, the improvement has been even greater. For example, for seven years, the Metropolitan has assisted in a demonstration of health work in an industrial city, and there the deaths from tuberculosis showed a decline of 69 per cent. The Metropolitan has also been able to obtain most excellent results in its Mount McGregor sanatorium for employees. About 70 per cent of the 1,354 sufferers from tuberculosis discharged from the institution during the last nine years are still at work.

Tuberculosis can be detected in its early stages and can be checked. If men, women and children were given a thorough physical examination every year and took steps to correct physical impairments, 4 out of 5 deaths from Tuberculosis would be prevented.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet telling how to prevent and how to cure Tuberculosis. A free copy of "A War on Consumption" will be mailed to all who ask for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Teeth that Glisten

Healthy Teeth — Lovely Teeth

Good looks and good teeth are usually companions—priceless gifts bestowed by nature. Teeth deserve every protection for they are important to health as well as beauty.

Colgate's Removes Causes of Tooth Decay

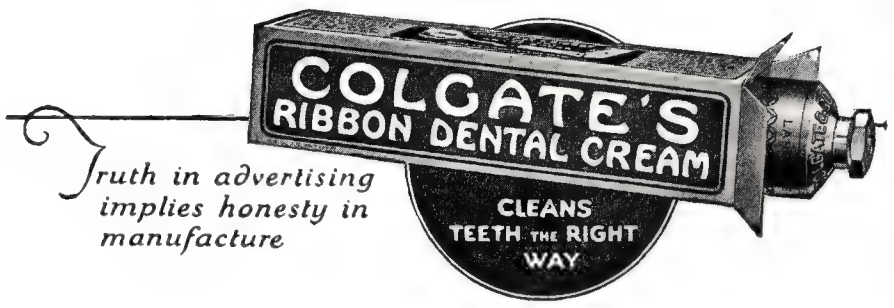
Don't wait until tooth trouble starts. Combat it before it begins by means of *safe* prevention.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is a safe preventive dentifrice free from harsh grit and dangerous drugs. Its gentle "washing" action effectively removes clinging food particles. It leaves the mouth thoroughly clean and in its normal condition.

No "cure-all" claims are made for Colgate's. No dentifrice can cure; that is the dentist's work. But Colgate's is preventive for it is a safe, thorough cleanser. It cleans teeth the right way—by "washing" not by scouring.

Large tube — 25c. Sold everywhere.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806



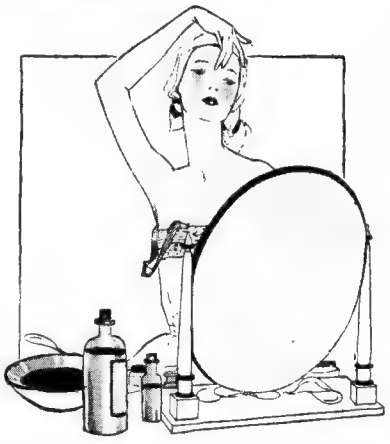
Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

What Every Woman Seeks

The Splendid Glow of Youth Which Comes After Thoroughly Toning Up the Skin

Directions by Virginia Kirkus

After the skin has been cleansed and nourished (see our directions last month) comes the toning-up process. For this you need ice-cold water, a plentiful supply of absorbent cotton, and a good astringent. Make a pad of the cotton squeezed out of water and saturated with the astringent. Then, holding it as in the illustration above, flop it over the entire face



Are you tired, or ill, or growing older than you like to acknowledge? If so your eyes will give you away. So give your eyes their share of attention. Wash them with an eye-bath; then with fingertips as shown above apply an eye-cream beneath the eyes, on the lids and between the brows. Follow with eye-packs dipped in hot water, then tone up with cold water and astringent

Rhythm and a touch firm enough to be stimulating are the secrets of success. To gain just the right results, use for the final process a round flat patter with a flexible handle. Moisten a pad of absorbent cotton in the astringent and with a rubber band fasten it in place over the patter. Then with quick rhythmic strokes—gently around the eyes, firmly elsewhere —follow the muscles of the neck and face. The muscles that require special attention we have indicated on our facial chart, which we shall gladly send you. Follow the same order as in cleansing and massaging (explained last month)

No—she's not exhausted from her treatment! She's merely employing Rest and Relaxation as her beauty doctors. And very important they are. During a few moments' rest, apply pore-cream or anti-wrinkle cream or some facial mask or clay and let it stay on your skin during that time. Or, if you need no special "tying-up" process, make a mask of absorbent cotton saturated in cold water and astringent and cover the upper part of your face, as shown in the illustration. Also nothing is more stimulating than rubbing ice over the skin

***IS ANYTHING** more fascinating than a counter showing a bewildering array of cosmetics, creams, perfumes and lotions? Why not satisfy your craving to purchase more than you yourself actually need by selecting Christmas gifts from among those products which appear in attractive holiday guise? To aid you in your selections, we have prepared a descriptive list, with the names of firms through which to order them, of some that we consider too enticing to ignore. On receipt of a two-cent stamp, we shall gladly send you this list, and any or all of our special service for beauty—the facial chart, a list of reliable products for your own use, and answers to your individual skin problems—if you are sure to state whether your skin is dry or oily. If you have further queries regarding good looks, send a two-cent stamp to cover postage and we shall mail you without charge this month our booklet, "A Little Book of Good Looks." Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37 Street, New York City.*

The lovely Vicomtesse de Frise *discusses her method of caring for her skin*

VICOMTESSE DE FRISE

Girlishness, simplicity and unusual social poise give this young vicomtesse a fascinating personality. She attributes the freshness of her camellia-pale skin to the daily care she gives it with Pond's Two Creams

"CHARM and loveliness, which depend so largely upon an exquisite complexion, add immeasurably to a woman's social influence. Fortunately, every woman may possess a lovely skin. But she must give it the right care, a delicate cleansing and a soft protection. These, in my judgment, can best be had by the use of Pond's Two Creams. I use them constantly and find them indispensable to the freshness of my complexion."

Vicomtesse de Frise

THE Vicomtesse de Frise was a fascinating American girl. Then she married a titled Parisian.

Today she is one of the most delightful hostesses in Society's younger married set. A piquant intellect, wit and natural tact, plus social experience in the exclusive circles of London, Paris and New York. That's why.

A cosmopolitan atmosphere pervades her "afternoons at home," where titled persons from every country in Europe sip their tea beside interesting Americans of many pursuits.

Realizing that "charm and loveliness depend largely upon an exquisite complexion," the Vicomtesse de Frise did not wait for her taxing social life to write fine lines upon her face before beginning to care for her skin.

Learning of Pond's Method she tried the Two Famous Creams which Pond's laboratories have for years been perfecting. They precisely met her needs as they are meeting the needs of beautiful society women everywhere. And now the Vicomtesse declares: "I use them constantly and find them indispensable to the freshness of my complexion."

How the Vicomtesse does it

The first step in this famous method of skin care is a Rejuvenating Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Always after exposure and every night, spread it liberally over your face and neck, letting the pure oil sink deep into the pores to rid them of dirt, dust, powder and rouge. With a soft cloth, wipe it all off. Never mind if you are horrified at the dirt; *just do it again.* And now feel your face! Deliciously relaxed and softened—fresh and recreated, too.

If your skin is very dry, smooth in a little more cream, letting it stay all night on the places where fine lines are forming. You will waken to find them almost gone.

And now the second step—always before you powder, always before going out, smooth on a feathery film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. See what a lovely finished tone it gives your skin. And now watch how well your powder goes on, with a smoothness that makes your skin just rose-leaves. It stays, too. For hours you'll hold that lovely finished look.

Moreover, this delicate greaseless cream smoothed on under your powder before you go out, shields you from the coarsening effects of wind, dust and cold. It gives your skin that "soft protection" the Vicomtesse deems so essential.

Keep your youth and loveliness. Buy Pond's Two Creams today. See how youthful they will keep you. You'll soon find them as "indispensable to the freshness of your complexion" as the Vicomtesse de Frise has found them to her own. The Pond's Extract Company.

POND'S TWO CREAMS USED BY SOCIETY WOMEN TO KEEP YOUNG AND LOVELY

THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU — MRS. CONDÉ NAST
THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI — MRS. JULIA HOYT
MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE — MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP — MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, Sr.
LADY DIANA MANNERS

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin and of Pond's Two Creams.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and full instructions for following Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

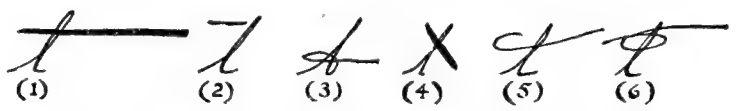
THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M
139 Hudson Street, New York
Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

How Do You Make Your "T's"?



The Way You Do Means a Lot to an Expert Reader of Handwriting

WHEN you write a letter every stroke of your pen reveals some trait or characteristic of which even you, yourself, may have no knowledge. No two people write exactly alike. Every individual has peculiarities of penmanship upon which the expert graphologis builds character portraits.

Take the letter "T" for example. Of the six samples shown above, No. 1 is the most interesting to me. It is the "T" of a woman author, and the long, heavy cross stroke indicates tremendous vitality and extraordinary force.

No. 2 is the "T" of a delightful friend of mine—a poet. He is really a great poet but the world will never see his best work because he never writes it. Procrastination is his great failing, indicated by the short, incompleted cross stroke.

"T" No. 3 belongs to a man who is a great success. The loop in the bar stands for persistence, and this man is certainly that.

The argumentative "T" points its nose downward as in No. 4, while the flirtatious "T" (No. 5) waves its curly line in the air. No. 6 is an unusual formation which I have been unable to classify. Perhaps it is a symptom of the jazz age, or indicative of persistence and business ambition gone mad.

As with "T" so each letter has its meaning as you write it. Wouldn't you like to know what your handwriting can tell you about yourself. If so, arrange with the dealer from whom you buy your stationery to send me a specimen of your handwriting, and I am sure you will be interested and possibly helped.

Louise Rice

Your Dealer Will Tell You How You Can Get This Character Reading

The services of Miss Rice are available to all users of Crane's Linen Lawn and Eaton's Highland Linen. You can get the special graphology boxes of these famous writing papers together with complete details of the service and how to secure it, at all stores where good stationery is sold.

Crane's Linen Lawn — EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN

©E.C.P.CO.'24

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Splendid Road

[*Continued from page 17*]

carried her away toward her own outfit, while the eyes of those assembled followed her in silence. The men fell to their interrupted work and as the sun rose into the mild blue vault John Lightfoot, riding out ahead sent back the clear "Roll Out," and the train was once more under way.

AT night Captain Lightfoot called a council to consider what should be done with the three orphans thus abruptly thrust upon the kindness of their fellow travelers. "We'd take one of 'em," said Samuel Smith, a quiet man from Ohio, "but we couldn't do no more, seein's we've got seven of our own."

"And that is fine of you, sir," said Captain Lightfoot, "it is more than is to be expected, with that number already to raise. No, sir—some of us who have fewer little ones should do it. I will take one—even two if my wife is willing."

Ann raised adoring blue eyes to his bearded face. "Willing," she said clearly

"Then who will take the third?" asked John Lightfoot of the large circle, and five hands were raised. But just then there was a movement in the far dusk beyond the fires and a tall figure in a red shirt strode through.

It was Sandra Dehault with Hester Gephart on her shoulder. "Captain Lightfoot," she said, stopping, "may I speak on this matter?"

"Miss Dehault," said the Captain courteously.

"Hester and I have been talking," said the woman so that all might hear, "and the little girl says she cannot live without her little sisters. Is it right to separate them? It seems to me, gentlemen," again the soft sliding of the minors upon the word, "that this sad remnant of the Gephart family should be held together—for the sake of the poor mother who bore them if for no other."

She paused and looked, not at the men this time, but at the faces of women all around the wide circle. She saw more than one mother reach out instinctively and draw her children close. "Am I not right?" she asked and waited. It was a long time before any answered. Then John Lightfoot spoke uneasily. "You are right. Perfectly and pitifully right. But—who of us could take them all? It is too much to ask."

The woman standing in the red glow of the central fire and looking like a tongue of flame herself in her dark beauty, smiled. "I know," she said clearly, "but I yet think the little ones, losing that priceless thing, their parents' love, should not be torn apart. And so, gentlemen, I will take them all—and do my best by them."

A sudden and profound silence hushed every small sound. From the stream bed beyond there came the tremulous voice of a little owl and the crackling of the fire was plain. At last there was a stir and the thin voice of Lilith Craig carrying through though she had not meant it to.

"Tain't fitten!" she said to her sister, "not no-ways!"

John Lightfoot cleared his throat. "It is a big undertaking, Miss Dehault," he said, troubled, "a heavy responsibility. It means work and care—a baby to feed—and—and—it means—money, too. Have you considered all these things?"

"All afternoon," said Sandra Dehault, "from every angle. I have already felt the weight of the burden on my spirit, and very frankly would like to see someone lift it, but I have not been able to get away from the main consideration—three small children whose mother and father are helpless to alter what we do tonight. My heart is that dead mother's heart this hour, and it encompasses them all."

"Fitten or no fitten," cried a woman shrilly, "I say she's right!"

"So do I, Captain," spoke up Jason Craig, "an' I move every fambly here that feels like so doin' give what it can spare toward the babes' keep."

"A very good suggestion," said Captain Lightfoot, but the woman in the red shirt raised her hand, palm outward.

"I think," she said, "that I am better fixed, perhaps, than most of you, and will not need the help, though it proves the basic brotherhood of man." She paused and smiled again. "So, if you will give me the children and all their father's goods, I think it will be fair. I'll need a cow, for which we'll trade one of the Gephart horses when we get through, and maybe we can make to trade the running gears of the wagon for something, too. This will be enough."

"Boastin'!" said the bitter old maid behind 'Manda Simms, "an' graspin'."

But the thing was finished by a vote-of-hand, and Mrs. Branscomb strode up and dumped the wailing baby into Sandra's arm with grim relief. The second child, another girl of three, was asleep in the lap of Mary Sprague, and Jason Craig lifted her. "Have we got 'em all?" he asked Sandra with a little smile on his lean unhandsome face.

For the second time that day friendship leaped full panoplied to this woman's hand,—and for the second time in six months she reached and took it. "I think so," she said. She set Hester on her feet, laid the little head of the weakling babe in her neck and walked through the silent assemblage after Jason Craig.

At her wagon he lifted up the children to her one by one. "I'll bring ye a pail of milk," he ventured, "an' in th' mornin' I'll do yer hitchin'."

For answer the woman leaned over the high side of the wagon and held out her hand. When Jason took it she gave his rough fingers such a pressure that he caught the breath on his lips and for a moment the stars, just coming out in millions on the floor of the velvet sky, ran together like a flowing stream.

THREE days later, at sundown, the wagon train from Missouri camped beside the River of the Sacramento and on the fringes of a city. To eyes, accustomed for so long to the savage loneliness of the wilderness, the town, laid out in streets and built of any material under Heaven which afforded shelter, was a metropolis. From the spot, some half mile to the south, which the Captain had selected as a camp site, the immigrants looked upon it with bated breath and various emotions. There were many families which intended stopping here, some few who held visions of the Oregon Country, fed by the exaggerated tales of those returning the year before, and yet again others who were open for any influence, meaning to let investigation direct their next step, now that they were here.

There were horsemen coming from the direction of the distant town, and Captain Lightfoot drew out to the somewhat more open apex of the oval enclosure to meet them, taking with him Marten Sprague, William Burson and such of the older men as stood handy. Gaunt and worn in their travel stained garments, they were fit type of the men who were arriving every month in California, those sturdy pioneers who dared all and feared nothing. Some ten or twelve riders were approaching at a rolling canter.

As they drew up and stopped at speaking distance the foremost raised his broad hat and bowed to Captain Lightfoot. "Welcome, sirs!" he said in a voice whose tones seemed strung on an habitual thread of laughter, "we heard you were coming and have been on the lookout for you since noon."

"And how did you know to expect us today?" asked John Lightfoot smiling.

"A lone wagon drove in last night, the Haspers, I believe they are, and said you were close behind. I am sent by Mayor Richards to meet you and say that if there is anything wherein he or his officers can help you, you are to feel free to ask—any information we can give, any courtesy we can extend is granted and extended beforehand."

Captain Lightfoot went forward with extended hand. "This greeting warms my heart," he said simply, "Mr.....?"

"Halliday," said the other dismounting quickly and taking the outstretched hand; "Stanton Halliday, nephew to Mayor Richards."

[*Turn to page 36*]

Making Christmas Last Long

The great variety and completeness of the Gordon line, all manufactured under the same high standard, offers a wide choice of satisfying gifts, for men, women and children, at the desired price, which will still be giving service long after the Christmas season has been forgotten

Gordon
HOSIERY

Father wisely solved his Christmas shopping problem when he bought Gordon Hosiery for the whole family. But how hard for them to wait until Christmas to break the string!

For mother, the lustrous, heavy H300 and H600 which have given her such wonderful service in the past; for sister, the more frivolous chiffons for the gay Christmas parties; while little Bobby and Jane have visions of the sturdy wools that withstand the hardships of rough out-door play.

Established 1872

Nearly all good stores carry Gordon Hosiery. It is costly to buy "just any stocking". To get the best and achieve economy always ask for Gordon by name.

BROWN DURRELL COMPANY

Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear

New York Boston

The Splendid Road

[*Continued from page 34*]

Introductions followed, other men of the train joined the party and presently there was a sort of impromptu reception inside the oval where a huge fire was quickly built and the visitors seated in a wide ring where they were the center of interest. Stanton Halliday was an engaging speaker and as he sat on the ground with his booted knees clasped in his arms and his fair head bare in the red light of the fire he was well worth the attention he commanded. Lean, tall, straight as an Indian, of some twenty-seven-or-eight, he seemed to exemplify the life he described, to breathe of its taut energy, its readiness for anything, its daring and its devil-may-care.

"Who is the stranger, did you hear, Ann?" whispered one woman standing on the outside of the circle. "He has a mouth fit for kisses, firm-lipped and yet curling upward at the corners. Could you not kiss him with ease, Ann?"

Ann Lightfoot gasped and blushed in the darkness. Such bold speech from a woman was almost indecent. "His name is Halliday," she said primly, "Mr. Stanton Halliday, and he is nephew to the mayor of the town beyond."

Sandra Dehault glanced sidewise at her friend, her face alive with humor, but Ann's blue eyes were fixed severely upon the scene.

ON the second day after the arrival of the Lightfoot train, three wagons pulled down into the streets of the town and halted. The foremost, drawn by four good black horses, seemed in excellent trim after its long journey, and on its high seat rode a woman. She wore no sunbonnet on her sleek black head where the wound braids glistened, and her red flannel shirt lay open at the throat. Man's boots rested frankly on the dash, and she handled her lines like an expert. Behind her came Jason Craig and the Reverend Bedial Print. These three, falling together by Heaven alone knew what law of the farther places, were going on.

But Sandra Dehault could no more have passed through the metropolis without tasting of its flavor than she could have refrained from breathing. Therefore she must needs halt and, climbing down, and taking the second child on her arm, go striding down the teeming street, her gay dark eyes missing nothing. She passed saloons in rickety shacks, gaming places wide open to the day where men leaned across tables and slapped down dirty cards to the tune of a dollar an ante, and presently paused before an imposing pine structure, every foot square of whose raw lumber had cost one dollar.

Here there were counters where bolts of cloth were piled in stacks and such merchandise as appealed to women lay out for inspection. Leaning in the doorway she surveyed the interior with its motley of goods and buyers—women in wide calico skirts, jostling men in flannel shirts with rough trousers tucked into their boots, and whiskered to a man. Then she went boldly in and setting the child on the counter began to select this print and that, drilling and good flannels. It was a good hour later when she finally drew a sigh of satisfaction and bade the clerk count up her purchases.

"One hundred and sixty-seven dollars, Madame," said the latter. She heard him speak but, not thinking it concerned her, did not turn. The clerk repeated his statement. Slowly she turned and looked at him.

"Your bill is one hundred and sixty-seven dollars," he repeated apologetically.

Sandra's quick wits finally grasped the appalling truth. This man was asking her one hundred and sixty-seven dollars for a bill of goods for which she had expected to pay not more than twenty-five! A red flush flew up into her face. The dark eyes began to sparkle bodefully. "Young man," she said sharply, "I am new come to this place, but I am not so simple as you seem to think me. Also I have no time for levity. Tell me my bill at once."

"But, Madame, I have," said the man distressedly.

It was hard work crossing this flaming beauty who so evidently had a will and a mind of her own. "I will see the owner," said Sandra stiffly, "if you please."

So the clerk went away and came back with a portly individual whose small black eyes twinkled spiritedly from between deep rolls of flesh, and a very heated argument took place, for Sandra Dehault was outraged. That is, it was heated on her side. The owner of the store had dealt with strangers from the other side of the continent before. So he was pacific and smiling, and bowed a great deal while assuring her that the clerk was right, much as it was to be regretted.

"Very well," she said, "I bought and I will pay, if you will give me time to go back to my wagon and return. I have not so much money with me—"

"Beg pardon, Lady," said a thick voice at her elbow, "Lady in dishtresh. Never pass Buck Lockwell. Rescue beauty alwaysh—an' beauty thish time, no mishtake. I'll pay bill. 'Low me." With a grand flourish a heavy figure lurched against her in passing and flung a dirty leather bag upon the counter. It fell with a sound of unexpected weight and a few small dull yellow pebbles rolled from its open mouth. A thrill like a shock shot through the girl.

Gold! It was her first sight of the stuff for which men had gone mad half round the world, which had brought her and her associates across the plains, which was drawing its thin threads of devotees from every corner of the world, which brought ships around the Horn!

"Weigh out," he told the merchant, "weigh heavy. Buck Lockwell paysh f'r hish frien's."

Sandra hunched the child higher on her arm. "Not this time, Mister," she said, "though I thank you."

"G'wan!" he said, "wha's pinch gol' dust? One—two—kishes—all square. Blame purty woman, you know thash?"

Sandra was growing pale. A little crowd had gathered. "If you don't take this drunken beast away from me," she told the proprietor, "I'll smash him—or you. Begin."

But the keeper only smiled, spreading his hands. Who was this passing immigrant that he should offend Buck Lockwell? The lothario laughed uproariously and waved again. Then he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and staggered forward.

Quick as thought the girl slid the child to the counter and shot out a hard brown fist. It caught Lockwell on the right cheek and sent him backward in a running arc, all but falling. As he brought up, scowling in the swift fury of the drunkard, a figure pushed through to the small clear space by the counter.

"Bickford," it rasped, "since when have you run an emporium for bulldozing women? I heard the most of this and you'd better step lively. Allow *me*, Miss, to pay this bill and to take you to your wagon, where you can settle with me at your better convenience. Will you do so?"

"Most certainly, sir," said Sandra Dehault upon the instant picking up the wailing Gephart, "with deep gratitude." And she stood by complacently while this man paid for her and picked up her roll of merchandise. Under her lashes her dark eyes were taking him in delightedly, her anger lost, her embarrassment forgotten, for this stern-lipped champion with the steady grey eyes under the tilted hat brim was none other than that laughing-voiced emissary from the town who had sat by John Lightfoot's fire and welcomed the strangers to California.

Together they walked out of the pine store and turned back up the street in the direction of the wagons. "Sir Galahad!" said Sandra in a low voice where the minors slid delectably, "do you always arrive at the magic moment?"

Stanton Halliday laughed. "Not always," he said, "and from all indications I was not so badly needed as I might have been. Where do you get your strength and quickness?"

"From the good God in the first place," said the girl frankly. "I've always been strong. In the work of the crossing for the second. I've brought my own outfit through." There was a note of high pride in the last words.

The man turned and took a good look at her. "Then you are the first woman to do so, I believe," he said admiringly.

At the wagon the youngest Gephart was crying weakly and the Craigs and Prints were waiting impatiently. The incidents of the store had taken longer than she had reckoned and Sandra was conscience smitten. Halliday put the large bundle of goods inside, while Sandra, retired under cover for a moment, brought out the precious money. "You are not stopping?" he asked in surprise of the girl as she dropped back to the ground. "Where are you bound for?"

"For Reading Flat," said Sandra, "I have been bound for there since I started. I hear it is not so far away."

"No. Only about two hundred miles—a little over maybe."

Sandra held out her hand. The long black eyes were laughing, the red lips curved like similars around the fine white teeth. "I want to thank you, Galahad," she said softly, "and—and I want to kiss you,—for good-bye."

If she had handed him a blow like the one that settled Lockwell, Halliday could not have looked more astonished. He closed the lips he had opened to speak, and the grey eyes studied her face. A small shadow seemed to pass across his features, as if regret hovered there a moment. Then he laughed suddenly and drew her to him by the hand he held. "I'm like Buck," he said lightly, in an altered tone, "I never pass a lady in distress. If I'm the only one to kiss you good-bye I'll do my best."

The girl came to him readily and put an arm about his neck. In the middle of the teeming street, before the scandalized eyes of the Craigs and the Prints she laid the warm red flower of her mouth against his cheek. "No," the man said sharply, "that's not a kiss—do it right."

But in a second she was loose from his detaining arm and going up the schooner's side. From the high seat she looked down at him and all her face was flushed adorably. "Give me the little one," she said, "and always remember that I was pleased with you."

In a sudden grave silence Halliday swung the child up to her. As she gathered her lines he stepped back and raised his hat. "I wish you luck, Mrs. . . . ?" he said.

"*Miss,*" said Sandra, "I am not married."

The leaders leaned in their worn collars, the wheelers followed, the great wagon creaked to its start. Stanton Halliday leaped with it. "Your name?" he cried, "tell me!"

"Only a woman, Mister," she said primly yet with a sparkle, "with the soul of a long dead Cavalier—a lover of life and the brave hearts one sometimes meets in the far reaches of this grand world. Adieu." And the wagon was under full way. As it rattled down the street she leaned out and called to him, with the noon sun on her shining head. "Already I regret that it was the cheek, Monsieur!"

As the three wagons drew into the sunset late that day Sandra Dehault, in the lead by a wordless consent of all concerned, smiled dreamily at the landscape in its blue and golden haze. "He'll pass a thousand women in that town," she thought, "but he will not forget—because it *was* the cheek."

INTO that same wide sunset with its marvelous colors of pearl and amethyst and fairy wine, a gallant boat was steaming. She had come round the Horn the fall before and now plied regularly up the Sacramento River to the wild town on its lip. On her decks a motley assemblage watched the low shores of the great Valley of the Sacramento flow by. There were men in all walks of life, doctors, lawyers, merchants, gamblers, crooks and ne'er-do-wells, drifters and adventurers. Women were a different matter, being few and far between, and wherever a broad skirt and its fringe of laced or ruffled pantalet was to be seen, there masculine eyes turned, according to their owners, enviously, hungrily, timidly, boldly.

A center of lively interest was a group of three, a man and two women. They sat in small chairs near the rail and gazed at the passing wilderness with the calm of a composure that was perfect. [*Turn to page 44*]

We closed the door and suddenly the house was quiet—quiet!

"What shall we do, baby?" I asked. "Shall I read to you?"

"No, I don't sink so," you said, very grown-up in your manner. "Let's play the wonograph."

So I put on the record I love—a famous diseuse, singing Mother Goose rhymes.

"Lit-tle Boy Blue," began the sweet, quaint, tinkling voice, "come blo-ow your ho-orn. . . . ."

You climbed into my lap, and, kneeling, put both arms about my neck and laid your cheek against mine.

So embraced, we sat there, swaying a little to the music.

I played another and another; your favorites: "Anitra's Dance"; "Massa's In The Cold, Cold Ground"; and, for the very last, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night."

You rested more heavily against my shoulder each time I took you up. Your dear, warm, solid little body pressed against me; your fragrant breath came regularly through parted lips against my cheek. But your eyes stayed open, somehow, while the singer sang of shepherds and flocks and the angel of the Lord, bearing good tidings of great joy.

And then—Christmas was over for you, asleep in my arms.

HERE in this little box are the Christmas pictures and some other things. I had not meant to write about them—I felt that they would speak for themselves, explain themselves. But when I sat down, just now, to study the photographs which your father brought me this afternoon, I felt that I *must* be with you, leaning over your shoulder.

A Christmas Gift to a Daughter

[*Continued from page 30*]

And now we open the box together.

Which do you like best of these three pictures against the shrubbery? The smiling one is my favorite. You hadn't in the least, a "heavenly" smile, my small Daughter. I hardly know what adjective to use for it. It was sudden, sparkling, flashing: so very, very *intelligent!*—As if you had run halfway to meet the reason for a smile: the comeliness of your little round face changed then to real beauty.

In this next picture you can see a corner of the charming little house. How I love this house! You were born in the room directly above where you stand in the picture—born twelve years after your father and I came to live here.

Can you see shadowy faces behind the window in this one?—Katie and Annie, peering and smiling! Dream true again, Daughter? Can't you smell your Christmas turkey roasting in the kitchen?

Here is one I took of you and your father. You are pretending to be frightened, aloft there on his shoulder, clutching his hair. But you weren't frightened—nothing ever frightened you.

And now we find ourselves in the living room! Here are you and Grandfather "all cozied up," as you used to say, in the big fireside chair.

He loved you so, and preferred, I well know, your most militant moments.

And last of all these two of us together, under the Christmas tree. They are "good" pictures of us both. Can't you feel my arm about you and hear the echoes of our mingled laughter, as that tall tower of blocks topples to the floor?

The treasure box is next: Two tiny yellow chickens, and a startling goosey-gander, charging with head down and wings outspread. These are three of that multitude of fowls I told you of. And here is the little Santa Claus which peeped from one stocking; and here is the stocking itself; and the glittering star from the top of your tree. And here—for you to laugh at—is the little white dress you wore on Christmas.

This gay little book about a Little Brown Bear—I bought a new one today, so that I might put this one in your treasure box—I hope *your* children will like it as you did. Your children! How that thought catches at my heart.

With those words, you are gone from beside me; you—a dream-figure, afar off on that road of life. Mists cling about you, and I cannot again dream true and touch your hand. I am sitting at the desk in this dear room; and a little girl's toys lie about the floor, and a little girl is asleep upstairs.

After all, what have I given you? Only words, pictures, toys! Nothing that life has taught me or that may make the road plainer to your feet. What if you are bitter at thirty-five because you have chosen wrong things; or cynical because your love was cheated! Perhaps over these toys you will bow your head and weep wild tears, thinking of other fragile toys which have outlived other baby fingers. Dear heart—What can I say to you, who brought *you* into life?

Shopping for Meat

Unusual steaks and roasts from fresh pork

Hams and shoulders of pork are not always cured and smoked. They are also available in the retail markets as fresh meats.

The chart below shows some of the unusual delicacies that fresh hams and shoulders provide—tender, sweet steaks, juicy roasts, and economical cuts for enriching boiled dinners. Use this chart in buying, and write today for recipes that tell how best to prepare these cuts.

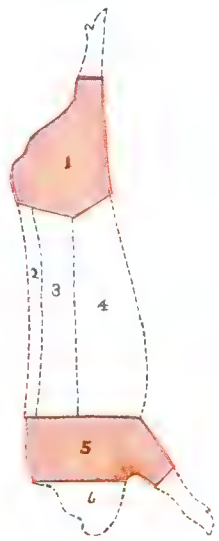
Our refrigerator cars and selling facilities get fresh pork through to your retailer in the best of condition.

This is only a part of the service Swift & Company performs at a profit from all sources of only a fraction of a cent a pound.

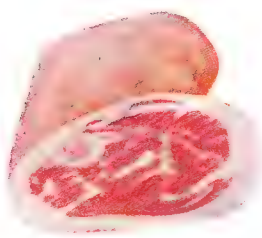
Fresh Ham

Standard Pork Cuts

1—Ham
2—Fat Back
3—Loin
4—Bacon
5—Shoulder
6—Jowl



Fresh Shoulder

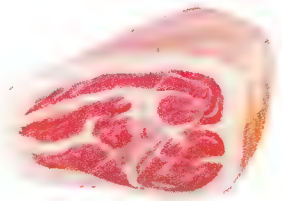


Fresh Ham Shank

An economical cut, imparts delicious flavor to vegetables

3 U. S. INSP'D & P'S'D

When you buy meats look for the legend "U. S. Government Inspected and Passed" on the wholesale cut



Fresh Shoulder Hock

This cut is particularly good boiled with cabbage or seasonal greens

Fresh Ham Roast

A choice pork roast, practically all meat, may be had from a thick slice of fresh ham

Fresh Shoulder Roast

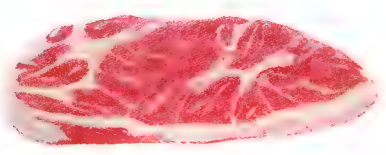
A meat bargain in a tender square-cut roast

Fresh Ham Steak

A fresh ham steak is just the thing for a quick meal

Write for recipes on filing cards

A new set of recipes, on cards, designed especially for the preparation of fresh hams and shoulders, also additional copies of this chart, will be sent free upon request to Home Economics Dept., Swift & Company, Chicago



Fresh Shoulder Chop

Makes a large chop or a small steak, at a very considerable saving

Swift & Company

© S. & Co.

for Frying Fish

Clean, wash and drain fish. Dredge with flour or cornmeal and fry in Mazola. Fish fried in Mazola will not be grease-soaked and is therefore more palatable and wholesome.

This Will Make Many Women Think

WOMEN who dislike the idea of frying with grease, demand Mazola because they know it is a *pure vegetable oil* from an *edible source.*

They know what "edible source" means—that Mazola is made from the hearts of golden corn. Please read panel to the right.

MAZOLA-FRIED foods are never grease-soaked or indigestible. You will never go back to the old-fashioned way of frying with grease, once you try Mazola.

Mazola is a pure, wholesome fat—an oil that's so palatable and healthful that many mothers give a spoonful or two to their children.

Send for this Beautiful Recipe Book

containing over 100 delightful recipes for preparing foods. It's yours for the asking. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Department 15, Argo, Illinois

from the HEARTS *of* FULL-RIPENED CORN

IF you like "Corn-on-the-Cob" you can't help liking Mazola—for this delicious, pure salad and cooking oil is as good to eat as the corn from which it comes.

What They Might Have Written

Three Wishes Straight from Three Hearts—If We Look Deep Into Our Own, Shall We Find the Same Ones There?

By Sarah Field Splint

Editor, Department of Food and Household Management

A Mother's Wish

Christmas Eve

I SUPPOSE it's silly of me to be sitting here, putting my thoughts on paper, when it's midnight and I ought to be in bed. But I can't sleep and Jim's still tinkering with the motion picture machine he bought for Alan's Christmas, so I'll wait a while longer for him.

How lucky we are, this Christmas! No illness, no debts, no break in our precious family circle like those poor Duncans across the way who must be trying this very moment to forget that last year they were filling three stockings instead of two.

Somehow I have the feeling this Christmas is momentous in the life of our family, dividing all the Christmases that have gone before from all that are to come. Other years we've had to plan and save and sacrifice so as to make a wonderful Christmas for the children; this year it has made itself in a way. We've had money enough to buy them everything they wish for, and Jim said only the other day that our hardest struggles were over. For the first time since we've been married, he said, he wasn't afraid.

But *I'm* afraid. A comfortable living isn't the only thing to be wished for when one has children. What are Alan and Margery and Dick and little Jim going to *do* with their lives? Are Jim and I strong and patient and wise enough to keep close to them and to bring out all that is best in them? Here is Alan—thirteen. In five years he'll go to college; in all probability his work will take him far away from us after that, so that this house will never really be his home again. In these five years can we get him ready to leave us?

He's not very industrious but he's honest and intelligent and people like him. Somehow we've got to make him see the satisfaction there is in tackling a job and finishing it well and quickly or he'll never be much use to himself or anyone else.

To make our children independent of us is our chief job as parents; but I often think, weakly, how much pleasanter it would be if they stayed babies forever, turning to their father and me for everything instead of growing to do without us.

I suppose it's because Little Jim—*James* it is to be hereafter, according to his announcement yesterday—I suppose it's because James at five is no longer a baby that Christmas seems different this year.

Our babies grown up and our bank account growing fat! Instead of scrambling as we have for thirteen years just to supply the family's bodily needs, Jim and I shall have more leisure.

We'll need it, goodness knows, to keep up with the children's interests, to guide them past a lot of the snags of youth without seeming to interfere with them; we'll soon have to be keeping open house for them and their friends, too.

We'll have to spend some of that leisure in good hard thinking and in taking counsel together, for the young people of today are very different from those of our generation.

And I shall begin to plan at once against the day when the children shall have gone away from this house that has sheltered us all and only Jim and I are left. Dear patient Jim! For thirteen years he has slaved and fought for us, denying himself everything that he could get along without; cigars, a spring overcoat, his college re-union, even a good fishing-rod last year when I *made* him go to camp with Judge Oakley.

I'm going to see now that Jim gets some attention. Now that we can afford someone to stay with the children, Jim and I will do some things together evenings—the movies and bridge and reading. And I'll encourage him to ask his friends to dinner and perhaps next fall we can take a ten days' motor trip somewhere.

CHRISTMAS is the season when we turn for a moment from the bondage of commonplace things to look at the hopes and aspirations hidden within us.

So Miss Splint, whose sympathies and understanding of home life make her loved throughout the length and breadth of McCall Street, takes you this month for a little while—not into the homes of people you know—but into their hearts.

On this happiest holiday of the year may all their dearest wishes be fulfilled—and yours!

I'm determined Jim and I shall never grow apart like the Petersons. It's easy to see they are bored to death with each other when they are alone with not a thing to talk about except their grandchildren. Jim shall never be bored with me if I can help it.

I hear him locking up the house now. If I could have a Christmas wish it would be that I might grow wiser, tenderer, braver, more amusing—so that I might be worthier of this darling family of mine.

A Father's Christmas List

December fifteenth

ELLEN insists that I make out *tonight* a list of things I want for Christmas. She says I've put it off too long as it is and that the children have been writing her frantically for the last week.

Well, as I've always told the boys, the way to begin is to begin. But when you don't want *anything* how in thunder can you make up a list? Lord, how easy it used to be when the children were small! Shaving paper—I always knew Alice would give me that. A bag of tobacco and a fifteen-cent pipe—Jack was my benefactor. Handkerchiefs—Emily chose those. Cotton, I think they were. And Ted always gave me a calendar with a winter scene painted on it by himself. Thank Heaven, we knew even then he had talent. And Ellen? What did she give me, I wonder? Why . . . yes, we used to club together and buy something for the house—a chair or rug or set of china, perhaps. Those Christmases certainly gave us all a thrill. There's never been any like them since.

And what fun it was deciding on the children's gifts! I remember the first sled Emily had and how all that winter I hustled home at night so I could give her a ride on it before she was put to bed. And the gray woolly dressing-gown we got for Ted. Poor little chap, he wasn't very strong and it came in mighty handy when he had diphtheria later on. It's darn lucky he had the makings of an artist in him for he'd never have been able to stand the grind of the commercial world.

And now look what we're giving those kids of ours. A diamond and platinum watch, a fur trotteur—jacket, *I* call it, an antique brocade that'll be the making of Ted's studio, I'm told, and a membership in the Willow Brook Hunt Club.

Well, if it makes them happy, I'm satisfied. They wouldn't understand if I tried to tell them that I'd rather be having one of the old Christmases in the little two-family house where they were born than in this thing the town calls a mansion. It was great to hear one of them sing out for a drink of water in the middle of the night and get it for her and hold her in my arms while she drank it, even if it was in the middle of winter.

Well, all this reminiscing doesn't get me anywhere with this confounded list. What the dickens *do* I want?

By Jove, I know! I'll ask for the very things they used to give me. Tobacco and a pipe, shaving paper, handkerchiefs. A hand-painted calendar. And Ellen and I will club together again and buy that new town-car she's been wanting all autumn.

Probably the pipe will be some expensive contraption that won't work and the handkerchiefs will have monograms that will scratch my nose. But I don't care. It'll be like the old Christmas!

The Woman Alone

Christmas Day

IF I stopped and let myself think how alone I am, I'd weep; but long ago I erected my bulwark against the Christmas blues. By filling every minute of the day just as I do the days at my office I create an atmosphere of bustle and festivity that rivals the excitement in even the best-regulated families.

I've already had breakfast and opened my presents which [*Turn to page 65*]

Where Good Health meets with appetite

"Fruit every day for growing children," isn't always as easy as it sounds.

How fortunate that one of Nature's most healthful fruits—luscious, sun-ripened Hawaiian Pineapple—should at the same time be a fruit that everyone likes! And how fortunate that it should be available at all seasons—packed in two convenient, economical forms, *Crushed* and *Sliced!*

A suggestion: *Crushed* Hawaiian Pineapple, chilled just as it comes from the can, is without a peer as a breakfast fruit. Children call it *"Pineapplesauce."* Try it. And send the coupon for free book of recipes containing scores of other ways to serve this delightful tropical fruit.

Order from your grocer — both *Sliced* and *Crushed*. Keep both kinds on hand!

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Sliced *Crushed*

—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Dept. 125, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge, your new book, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

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Address _____

City_____ State _____

Best Foods

Nucoa

The Wholesome Spread for Bread

THE Spread that is rich in Vitamins—the Spread that makes the youngsters healthy and happy—not only spreads the daily bread with goodness, but does things for Christmas that no other Spread *can* do—makes icing, for instance.

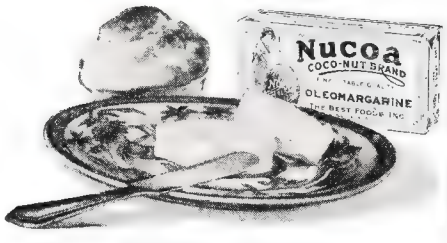
Cream Nucoa with flour for thickening the soup. Baste the turkey with melted Nucoa. Use Nucoa for the fluffy mashed potatoes. Make the Christmas cakes and icings with Nucoa. And by all means, cream Nucoa with confectioners sugar and flavor—for the most delicious hard sauce ever eaten.

Just count on Nucoa to add to the quality, yet to cut ***the expense*** of your dinner—from the rich cream soup to salted nuts.

Nucoa Icing (White)

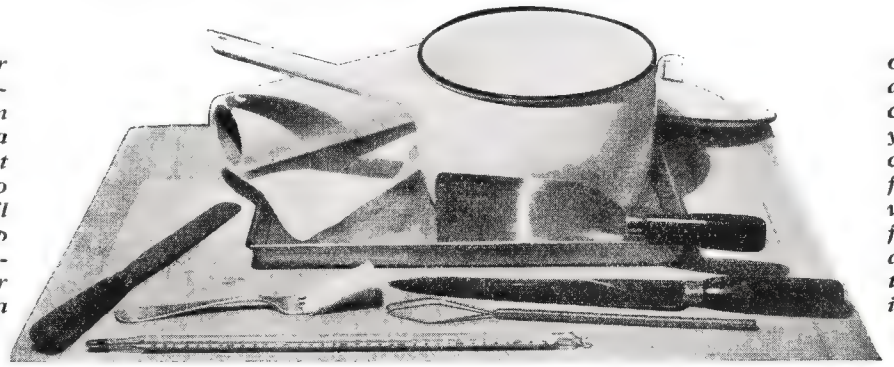
Cream ½ cup Nucoa with 1½ cups Confectioners Sugar. Add a little milk or cream to make a consistency that will spread smoothly. Add flavoring as desired. Fruit juice may be used to thin icing in place of milk.

Finest Table Quality about half the price



THE BEST FOODS, Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

You will need for your candy-making: a board on which to work, a saucepan, a flat pan in which to pour candies, oil paper, a sharp knife, a thermometer, a wide or narrow spatula



or a fondant paddle, a fork or wire candy dipper (if you make dipped candies), and a fork wrapped with a damp cloth for washing down sugar crystals as they form in the saucepan

Everyone Wants Candy at Christmas

Old and Young, They Like the Home-made Kind Best, Especially When Made by You

By May B. Van Arsdale, Professor of Household Arts
and Ruth Parrish, Instructor Foods and Cookery
Teachers College, Columbia University

WE WHO start out with our saucepan and candy thermometer at Christmas time may not produce anything nearly as wonderful as the art of the sugar chef who achieves miraculous flowers and animals and even castles of sugar. He has spent all his life in reaching perfection and he can probably do without the thermometer because he is such an adept.

We, however, find the thermometer a valuable aid to our work because with it we can follow exactly directions which have been carefully worked out in laboratory experiments with sugar. Important changes are taking place in the saucepan during the boiling of sugar and water, so that at different temperatures the sugar has characteristics which make it yield entirely different kinds of candy.

The following recipes are for several types of candy. Some you can make before Christmas and pack to send to friends. Others are better when quite fresh.

CHRISTMAS PUFF

2½ cups sugar
⅔ cup light corn sirup
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites
½ teaspoon vanilla
Pink coloring
¾ cup candied cherries
½ cup pistachio nuts
½ cup seedless raisins

Cook sugar, sirup, water and salt in saucepan, stirring until sugar is completely dissolved. Then cook without stirring until temperature 265° Fahrenheit is reached, or until a little dropped in cold water becomes hard, almost brittle. If sugar crystals form on sides of pan, wash them away. Remove sirup from fire and pour slowly over stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat egg while adding sirup and continue beating until candy will hold shape when dropped from spoon. Add vanilla, coloring, raisins, cherries cut in slices and pistachio nuts blanched and cut in halves lengthwise. Mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper or turn into buttered pan and when cold cut into squares, or shape into a roll.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup light corn sirup
½ cup cream
1 cup milk
¼ cup butter
3 squares chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook all ingredients except vanilla in a very smooth saucepan over low flame, stirring constantly, until candy reaches 246° Fahrenheit, or a little dropped in cold water makes firm ball. Remove from fire, add vanilla and pour into slightly greased pan. When cold, cut into squares and wrap in oiled paper.

CHRISTMAS PUFF ROLLS

Make chocolate caramel as above. When cooked set saucepan in pan of hot water to prevent caramel from hardening. Make a roll of Christmas Puff about three inches long and one inch in diameter. Lay on a fork and dip quickly into hot caramel mixture, allowing it to stay in only long enough to be coated, or puff will melt. Have ready whole and broken nut meats on waxed paper. Drop roll on to nuts, cover thickly, pressing nuts into roll. When hard, slice with sharp knife in half-inch slices.

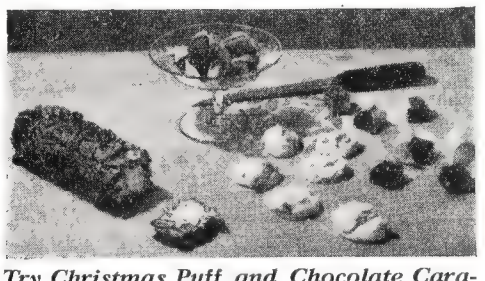
IF YOU would like directions for making six variations of perfect fudge and plain fondant, write to the Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, for the recipes. Enclose two-cent stamp.

RED POP-CORN

1 cup sugar
⅔ cup water
Red coloring paste
½ teaspoon vanilla
2½ quarts popped corn
4 tablespoons powdered sugar

Cook together sugar and water until temperature 238° Fahrenheit is reached, or until a little dropped in cold water forms soft ball. During cooking stir only enough to dissolve sugar. Remove from fire, add vanilla and coloring paste dissolved in teaspoon water. Stir only enough to mix in coloring and vanilla.

Make Apples on Sticks and Red Pop-Corn for the children's Christmas tree



Try Christmas Puff and Chocolate Caramels by themselves or in Puff Rolls

Give your friends who like fruit and candy a box of Stuffed Fruits

Have slightly salted popped corn in bowl large enough for mixing. Pour sirup over the corn and stir to coat each grain with sirup. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Continue to stir until sirup sugars. Turn out on waxed paper and separate grains.

APPLES ON STICKS

Firm red apples
Wooden skewers
3 cups sugar
1 cup water
⅔ cup light corn sirup
Few drops oil of cloves or cinnamon
Red coloring

Wash and dry apples well. Insert skewers (which can be bought from butcher) in blossom end. Cook sugar, sirup and water in top of double boiler (stirring only until sugar is dissolved) until temperature 310° Fahrenheit is reached or until a little dropped in cold water becomes brittle enough to crack without bending. During cooking wash down sugar crystals. Cook sirup slowly for last thirty degrees so it will not darken. Place sirup ove boiling water in double boiler, keeping water boiling while dipping. Add coloring to give bright red color, and flavoring oil and stir only enough to mix. Holding apple by skewer, plunge into hot sirup. Draw out quickly and twirl until sirup runs down to stick and spreads smoothly over apple. Stand apple upright so it will touch nothing while hardening. Dip rapidly or sirup will become too hard. These should be made day they are to be used.

FRUIT FONDANT

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
2 tablespoons light corn sirup
Grated rind of 1 orange
1 tablespoons orange juice
½ cup candied cherries
½ cup candied pineapple or apricots
½ cup pistachio nuts

Cook sugar, water and corn sirup together in saucepan, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves. Remove spoon and do not stir again. When candy begins to boil cover saucepan and cook three minutes so steam may wash down sugar crystals. Remove cover and continue cooking. From time to time wash away crystals as they form. Cook until temperature of 252° Fahrenheit is reached or until a little dropped in cold water forms very firm ball. Remove from fire. Spread orange rind on cold platter, pour over it orange juice and hot sirup. Do not stir. Cool to lukewarm (110° Fahrenheit) and beat with fondant paddle, spatula or fork until light and creamy. Then knead until smooth. Add and work in candied fruits, chopped, and pistachio nuts, blanched and chopped. If fondant seems soft, confectioners' sugar may be worked into it until it is more easily handled. Use for stuffing candied cherries, prunes, figs and raisins steamed until tender.

Tempting Hints For Holiday Cheer

LET the children and grown folks revel to their full in the home-made Candies of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Make the Christmas Dinner more memorable with one of those rare salads and desserts that are made only with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Here are a few choice selections from the famous Knox book that has brought delight to millions of homes.

French Dainties

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Acidulated Gelatine
1½ cups boiling water 4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup cold water

Soak gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add one-half teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract. To the other part add one-quarter teaspoonful Lemon Flavoring and one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Pour into bread tins, which have been dipped in cold water, to the depth of three-fourths inch, and let stand over night. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

NOTE—If the Plain Sparkling package is used add three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice to take the place of the Lemon Flavoring and lemon extract when making lemon dainties.

Christmas Candy Suprême

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 squares chocolate ½ cup Sultana raisins
3 cups sugar ½ cup candied cherries
1 cup sour cream ¼ teaspoonful cinnamon
¼ cup chopped English walnut meats

Soak gelatine in two tablespoonfuls cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate in saucepan placed in larger saucepan containing boiling water. Add sugar and sour cream alternately, while stirring constantly. Bring to the boiling point and let boil until the mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add gelatine, and when it has dissolved add cinnamon, raisins, cherries, cut in small pieces, and nut meats. Beat until creamy and turn into buttered tins, having mixture about 1¼ inches deep. Cool, remove from pan, and cut in slices for serving. The mixture may be put in individual tins and when unmolded, insert in top of each a sprig of holly. Omit fruit in this recipe and you have Somerville Fudge.

Christmas Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water 1 cup seeded raisins
1 pint milk 1 cup sugar ¾ cup dates
1½ squares chocolate ½ cup nuts
½ teaspoon vanilla ½ cup currants
3 egg whites Salt

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little of the milk, making a smooth paste. Put remainder of milk in double boiler, add chopped fruit. When boiling, add melted chocolate, sugar, salt, and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire; when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or with a currant jelly sauce.

Cranberry Salad

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 pint cranberries 1½ cups water
¾ cup celery, diced 1 cup sugar
½ cup nut meats, chopped Salt

Cook the cranberries in one cup water twenty minutes. Stir in the sugar and cook for five minutes. Add the gelatine, which has been softened in one-half cup cold water ten minutes, and stir until dissolved. When mixture begins to thicken, add celery and nuts, and turn into pan, which has been rinsed in cold water, and chill. When firm, cut in squares, place a whole nut meat on top of each square and serve on lettuce leaves with a garnish of salad dressing.

Prune Oriental Cream

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ½ pint heavy cream
¼ cup scalded milk ½ cup milk
Whites of two eggs ½ cup chopped figs
½ cup sugar ½ cup cooked prunes, cut in pieces

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk, and add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan containing ice water, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, heavy cream, diluted with milk and beaten until stiff, prunes and figs. Turn into a wet mold, the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla,) forced through a pastry bag and tube, and chopped pistachio nuts.

French Dainties

Festive Dishes For Festive Days

Home-made candies, rich plum pudding, glorious desserts and salads of fruits. All so easily made with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality For Health"

Do not spend all Christmas morning in the kitchen. Make your Dessert and Salad with Knox Sparkling Gelatine the day before and be free to enjoy the day. Also make your candies a day or two ahead and pack in attractive boxes tied up with ribbons and send to your friends as Christmas gifts, or tie them on the Christmas tree, or give them as favors at the Christmas dinner.

Books that Are Prized by 5-Million Women—Free

Books of original recipes, for every home meal—every social occasion—will be sent upon receipt of your grocer's name, also special candy recipes for Christmas. An important health book of beneficial diets for infants, underweight children, dyspeptics, invalids, convalescents, etc., will be included if 4c is enclosed for postage.

Prune Oriental Cream

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
108 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

Both of these packages contain the same plain Sparkling Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring, but not mixed with the gelatine.

Beauty Is Yours For The Asking

Let Us Send You a Sample of Dermaline of Roses

Do you want a wondrously beautiful complexion, a skin radiant with beauty and life, clear, fresh, and glowing with perfection?

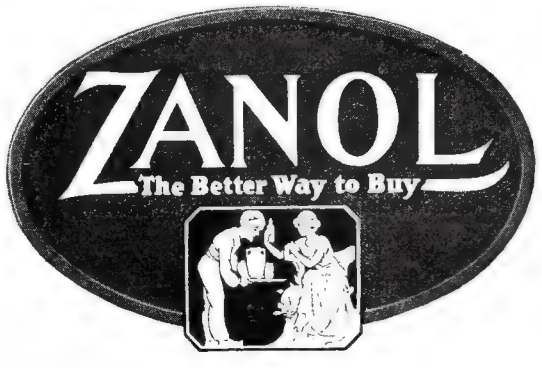
A new, scientific skin lotion has now been perfected to fulfill your wish—Dermaline of Roses, a product of the famous ZANOL Laboratories.

One application of this delicate lotion accomplishes surprising results. Dirt, dust and other impurities vanish as if by magic; the roughness of wind and weather is transformed to velvet smoothness. And it is so delightful to use!

Dermaline of Roses cannot be obtained at stores. With many other exquisite ZANOL Preparations, it is supplied direct to you from our laboratories through trained Representatives who call at your home and personally take care of your needs.

You will want Dermaline of Roses when a ZANOL Representative calls on you, just as you will want other ZANOL Products. And you will appreciate the superior advantages of the ZANOL Service Plan, which enables you to select your toilet requisites in the comfort of your home without the trouble of going to stores or even telephoning. The ZANOL Plan is the modern plan—the convenient plan—the plan that gives you products of sterling quality at a decided saving in cost.

If you have not yet tried Dermaline of Roses, just send ten cents in coin or stamps and we will mail you a bottle of this wonderful lotion, enough for a whole week's treatment, together with a booklet describing ZANOL Products and the ZANOL Service Plan.



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We have a limited number of positions open on our Representatives Staff, paying very satisfactory incomes. If you are seeking dignified, pleasant occupation, our proposition will appeal to you. No experience or capital is required, and you may devote just spare time if you wish. Check the coupon for complete details of our attractive proposition.

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The American Products Co.,
Dept. 917, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing 10c in coin or stamps. Please send me a trial bottle of Dermaline of Roses and a copy of the ZANOL Catalog showing the new and delightful toilet preparations and complete details of ZANOL service.

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( ) Check here if you are interested in our proposition to representatives.

Let us introduce to the children the prune family—and pup

Novel Christmas Cookery

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

NO SEASON is as exciting, delightful and interesting as Christmas, and nowhere is the home busier than in the kitchen.

Planning the menus for Christmas should be a joy to the homemaker, for it is then that the family welcomes something different from the usual "everyday" dishes, not only for dinner but for breakfast and supper. With a little thought beforehand she can easily accomplish the unusual without much extra work and with no worry. Most of the foods for the Christmas dinner should be prepared the day before Christmas or on the day of days itself. But the fruit cake and the plum pudding are much better if made weeks or even months in advance, and mince meat and all fruit cookies improve with standing.

Here are some novel suggestions for your Christmas dinner and supper, a punch for the holiday party, and some amusing prune dolls to tuck into the children's candy box or to hang on the Christmas tree.

A Menu for Christmas Dinner

Christmas Canapés
Consommè à la Royal
Roast Goose
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Christmas Apples
Celery Cauliflower
String Beans Pickles
Salad à la Noel
Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce
Candied Cranberries
Salted Nuts
Coffee

CHRISTMAS CANAPES

Cut stale bread in slices ¼ inch thick, then cut in fancy shapes, using a cardboard pattern or a cookie cutter. Toast on one side, spread the other side with butter, then with a thin layer of highly seasoned food. Here are some novel shapes and delicious spreads for these canapés:

A Star; spread with anchovy paste and sprinkle with yolks of hard-cooked eggs, pressed through a sieve.

A Christmas tree; spread base with mushroom paste and top with finely chopped stuffed olives.

A Bell; spread with 1 tablespoon minced pimiento, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons grated American cheese and 2 tablespoons melted butter mixed well together. Decorate with thin strips of pimiento.

A Candle; spread with deviled ham and sprinkle with finely chopped white of hard-cooked egg. A bit of pimiento makes the flame.

A Poinsettia; spread rounds of bread with cream cheese moistened with a little mayonnaise. Cut petals from pimiento and arrange on cheese to form poinsettia.

A Christmas Wreath; spread rounds of bread with highly seasoned pot cheese and around the edge put finely chopped stuffed olives.

MARSHMALLOWED SWEET POTATOES

Peel and parboil 6 medium-sized potatoes about 20 minutes. Cut lengthwise in thick slices. Place a layer of potatoes in greased baking-dish, dot with tiny pieces of butter and sprinkle on tablespoon of chopped nuts and 1 teaspoon brown sugar. Add another layer of potatoes, butter, nuts and sugar, and proceed in this way until all potatoes are used. Then put on top a layer of marshmallows. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) until potatoes are soft and marshmallows are a delicate brown. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

6 medium-sized sweet potatoes
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup fat
¼ cup hot water

Peel potatoes and parboil until tender. Cut lengthwise in thick slices. Cook sugar, fat and water together to make thick sirup. Dip potatoes into sirup, lay in greased baking-dish and pour over them remaining sirup. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) until brown, basting occasionally. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

[*Turn to page 86*]

These unusual canapes, which are easy to make, are just the festive touch you will want to add to your Christmas dinner

FREE

$8.50 COMPLETE SET OF ATTACHMENTS

with every Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner purchased between now and Christmas!

Great Special Educational Offer

The gift she will appreciate—
The Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner

Why should any wife, mother or daughter wear out her strength with dust cloth and broom when the amazing helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka and of the wonderfully efficient Eureka Attachments can be secured so easily?

$8.50 Set of Attachments FREE

Remember that your purchase of the Eureka entitles you to the complete set of attachments (the same that sells for $8.50 everywhere) without a penny of added cost.

This great offer, good only until Christmas, is made so that thousands will learn the tremendously increased helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka when used with these instantly applied attachments. Eureka Attachments do away with the dust cloth and brush for all kinds of cleaning—renovating mattresses right on the beds, whisking away dust and lint from upholstered furniture, restoring the cleanliness of curtains and hangings and making countless other hard jobs easy—just as the Eureka itself has ended carpet and rug cleaning drudgery.

Pay Only $4.75 Down

It is not even necessary to pay the moderate Eureka price all at once unless you desire to do so. Only $4.75 down and a few cents saved daily will quickly make the Eureka and all attachments yours.

Placed First By World Authorities

Time after time, international authorities have awarded first place to the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner and more than a million women have approved the Eureka as the world's best by choosing it for use in their own homes.

Let your Christmas gift to your wife, mother or daughter be more than a keepsake. Let it save her from weariness and bring her added hours of happiness *every* day. Make this a Eureka Christmas!

Mail the Coupon for Free Trial

Send the coupon now, and we will instruct our dealer to deliver immediately a Grand Prize Eureka with complete attachments to your home for a free trial—with no cost or obligation on your part. Prove for yourself Eureka's mechanical superiority and the almost unlimited usefulness of Eureka Attachments. If there should be no dealer near you, we will see that you get the Eureka anyway.

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"IT GETS THE DIRT"

Special Christmas Coupon

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co., Detroit, Michigan

At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver to my home a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner with complete attachments for free trial.

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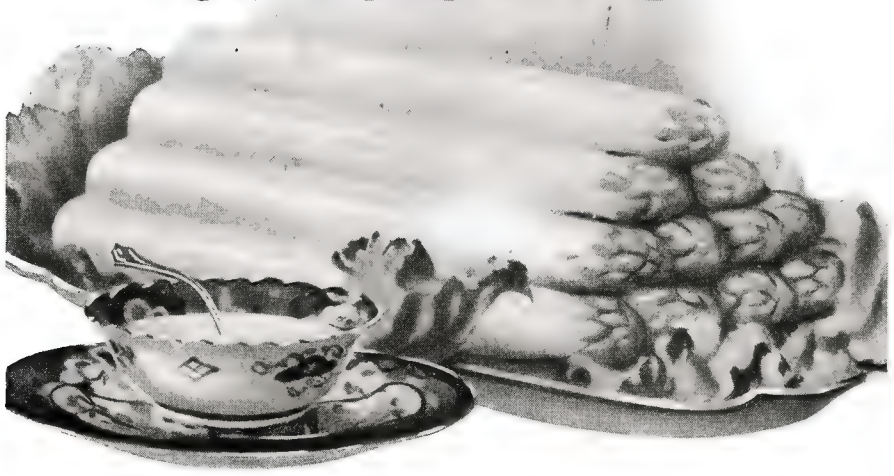
McG

The kind *you're proud* to serve



—yet one of the simplest dishes you can have

What a difference it makes—the *kind* of asparagus you serve!

If you want to be sure, in advance, of its tenderness and flavor, it will pay you well to insist on DEL MONTE.

Its convenience and ease of service make it the ideal vegetable or salad—not only for special occasions—but for the simplest lunch or dinner.

All DEL MONTE Asparagus is thoroughbred stock—grown from selected seed in the rich delta lands of California—cut at the moment of perfection and canned at once before its fibre can toughen or its delicate flavor vanish.

Remember this when ordering

DEL MONTE Asparagus is packed and graded according to thickness or circumference of the spears or stalks—and each size is shown on the label—Giant, Colossal or Mammoth where extra large spears are wanted; Large, Medium and Small where a greater number of portions are necessary.

But no matter what the size—you will find in each the same uniform tenderness and delicacy of flavor—the same superior quality—that you naturally expect under the DEL MONTE label.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Just be sure you say DEL MONTE

Packed in 3 convenient sizes of cans.
Long spears in large can; tender tips in smaller cans.

The Splendid Road

[*Continued from page 36*]

The man was middle-aged, iron grey and portly. Fit complement to him was the matronly woman in the mulberry merino dress.

The third member of this party, was small and very slender, with the thin, soft lines of youth, had one been able to see them. They did show adorably for the short space of neck and shoulder beneath the poke bonnet and above the widely gathered sleeve, and once again for a fleeting moment in the prim little waist.

"My dears," said the portly man, "I'm afraid it's going to be too dark to see much of the town when we arrive."

"What does it matter, Mr. Grey?" replied his wife in pleasant tones, "this hour is sufficient unto itself."

The wondrous pageant of the colored twilight drew to a close. Mr. Grey went to make some last arrangement pertaining to the coming disembarkation and the two women remained beside the rail. "Mother," the younger said presently in a low voice, "I feel very strange tonight."

"Strange?" said Mrs. Grey surprisedly, "Why, Lilian! Are you not happy in the thought of this new country we are entering?"

The girl nodded. "Happy, yes," she replied, "so happy that it hurts way down inside my heart somewhere,—but also there is another feeling, a feeling as if—as if life looms big in the future—I can't explain it—as if, somehow, great happiness and great sorrow are waiting for me."

The mother reached out and took the small hand in hers. "Dear child," she said comfortingly, "these forebodings are quite natural and—"

The rest of her words were lost in the prolonged deep thunder of the steamer's whistle. "Yon she be!" cried a stentorian voice from a bearded throat; "Th' lights o' fortune, boys! That's Sacerment' or I'm a liar!"

As the passengers streamed down the gang-plank, every eye searching the mass of faces below, there was seen to be a small group of gentlemen standing together and a bit in advance of the rest—Mayor Franklin Richards and several friends. "Mr. Grey!" called the mayor clearly, "John Grey—old friend!" and flung up a hand with his high hat in it.

Mr. John Grey was deeply burdened with the paraphernalia of travel, but he managed to catch and return the greeting to which he had looked forward for many months.

Another torch flared in the slow night wind and in its light a man was running, looking back across his shoulder toward the open street which flanked the embarcadero. As he neared the spreading concourse of the boat's arrivals there came three spurts of flame from the darkness, three bolts of sound, and the man ran on unscathed—but at Lilian Grey's very side a huge bulk of flesh toppled forward with a grunt, fell sprawling, its bundles flying wide.

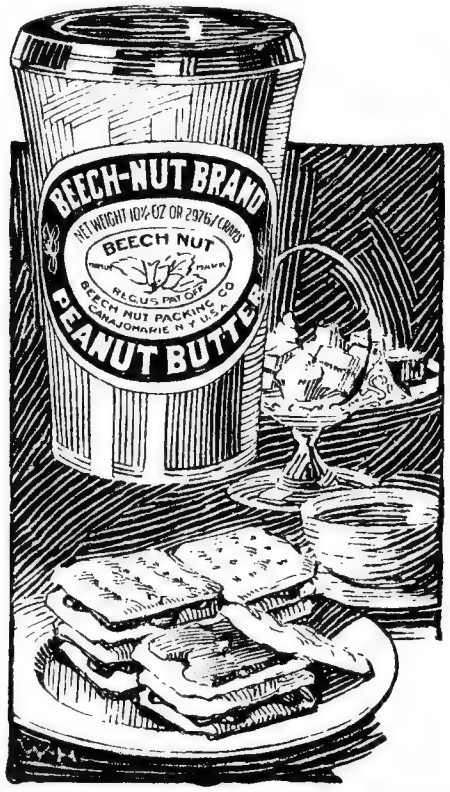
It was the passenger who had cheered for "Sacerment'."

For one second there was the stillness of shock. Then Mayor Richards and two of his friends leaped to the fallen man and raised him. The girl opened her pale mouth to scream and could not. She swung helplessly to the right, struggled back to equilibrium, wavered a moment and went on over to the left, one hand groping blindly. As she fell a man swung forward with reaching arms and caught her.

Stanton Halliday, hurrying to join his uncle's party, had been just in the nick of time. As he raised his burden the light from the torch fell full upon the upturned face and showed it the fairest thing the new town of Sacramento had ever held. In the turmoil of excitement a towering figure bent over Halliday's shoulder to look at it in wonder.

"By all that's holy!" said Buck Lockwell, entirely sober and capable of judging, "what a day it's been for women! The Red Rose was sure handsome, but this—why, this—" The bold voice softened, dropped to a reverent whisper. "This is a Golden Lily straight from th' gardens of God!"

[*Continued in* JANUARY McCALL'S]



Keep a jar always within reach

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is so very well liked that many women keep a jar of it within reach of every member of the family—big and little. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is a wholesome food, famous for its nourishing quality. And it has the most wonderful flavor imaginable.

Everyone loves it at meal times and between-meal times too; the children couldn't have anything better these cold afternoons when they come in from school or play; and older folks find that Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is exactly what they want for a satisfying bedtime bite.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter improves almost any kind of sandwich when spread on one of the slices. Tempting in salads. Appetizing in cream soups. At your grocer's—in glass jars.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

Bacon
Peanut Butter
Macaroni • Spaghetti
Vermicelli
Macaroni Elbows
Macaroni Rings
Prepared Spaghetti
Pork and Beans
Catsup • Chili Sauce
Prepared Mustard
Jams and Jellies
Marmalades and Preserves

CONFECTIONS
Mints • Caramels
Fruit Drops
Chewing Gum

Dept. W-7
BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Please send, without expense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and service information.

Name .....
Street .....
City and State .....

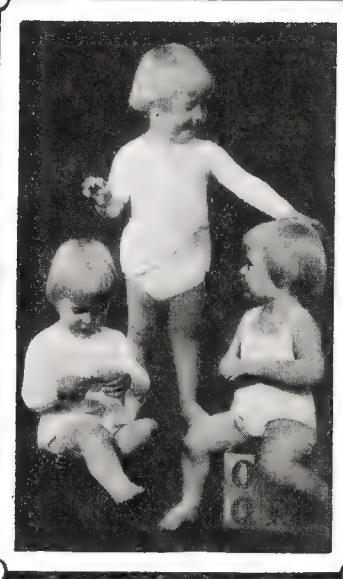
Forest Mills
UNDERWEAR

For Protection and Comfort

Warm underwear is perhaps the greatest protection against the chill winds of winter. And today comfort and appearance need not be sacrificed in order to keep warm.

Forest Mills Underwear fits snugly and will not "bunch" up; but is elastic enough to allow perfect freedom in all movements of the body. Every size is correct and only the best materials obtainable are used in the manufacture of Forest Mills Underwear. Particular care is given to all details of fit and finish to insure lasting wear and perfect satisfaction.

Forest Mills Underwear comes in a variety of styles for every member of the family, and can be had at the better stores everywhere. Always ask for Forest Mills Underwear by name. If you do not find it at your favorite store write us, and we will tell you the nearest dealer.



BROWN DURRELL COMPANY

Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear

New York Boston

The real truth about skin beauty

THERE is more misinformation in the matter of skin beauty than in almost any other field of women's interests. It is not, as many think, the surface layer of the skin that really determines its beauty. The under layers contain all the active forces, and the whole matter of skin beauty comes down to keeping these forces functioning normally.

That is why thousands of women have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap for the toilet and bath. They have found that it *does* protect the skin against those outside influences—dust, soot, wind, germs, etc.—which interfere with its normal activity.

Absolutely pure, slightly fragrant, of a mild healthy freshness, Resinol Soap is coming more and more to take the place of the ordinary highly perfumed soap whose strong odor is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality and harmful ingredients.

Should blackheads, roughnesses, etc., appear, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment is a favorite in thousands of homes where experience has proved that it is unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

RESINOL SOAP

Dept. C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name_____

Street _____

City_____ State_____

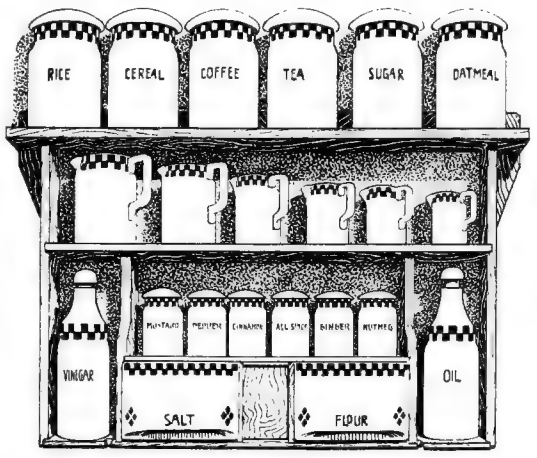
You Can Give Her Joy for Every Day

Whether You Can Spend Dollars or Pennies You Will Find Here Just the Present for the One Who Makes Your Home

By Mary Hope Harvey

A GIFT'S ready application to a definite need makes it doubly cherished by the lucky recipient. That it has fitted into a particular want is the ultimate value of a present to the possessor, whatever the price may have been.

Last Christmas a tiny pair of scissors less than three inches long gave me more actual pleasure than a bucketful of haphazard presents would have given me. One day while mending, my perfect gift suggested the idea that I find presents which would give an equal amount of satisfaction to my friends. The result of my pilgrimage in the New York shops is a list of interesting articles ranging from a few pennies to many dollars in cost!



A complete 23-piece set for $21.89

Five Cents to Five Dollars

Among the fascinating devices I found, under five dollars, was an egg beater, or cream whipper, moved by water power from the kitchen faucet to which it is connected. I bought one for an aunt who suffers from a "catch" in her shoulder and is prevented from using any arm-moving kitchen device. Price, $1.95.

While on my quest I found also an imported egg beater constructed with a flat bottom. It sits firmly on the bottom of a bowl and does not *pivot* as egg beaters in general do. Price, 95 cents. A capacious strainer fitted with three interchangeable strainers and a strong crank scraper which, in itself, would save untold numbers of motions, was $3.50.

A crankless ice cream freezer, $5.00 for a quart size, is a desirable gift, for the finest ice creams can be made without physical stress if the ingredients are first thoroughly whipped with an egg beater.

Glass refrigerator dishes, square and long ones, so made that they can be banked in tiers on top of each other, cost 25 cents for pint size, and 35 cents for quart size. A white enamel porcelain refrigerator receptacle, square, with a cover, was $1.25.

An oval glass dish with handles, made to withstand heat, answers the double purpose of baker and server. It will save extra pot washing and is only $1.00. An aluminum strainer, at 75 cents, resembling a half-portion of a palm leaf fan, has a good *graspable* handle and can be used to drain a kettle of any size.

An aluminum cake-shell pan with a raised center leaves a space in the cake, when it is baked, in which to serve fruit, custard or a cream filling. Price, $1.50. A box of six individual pans of the same kind costs $3.00.

Indoor clothes-line reels, enameled and daintily decorated in colors, were $2.50 each. Sink sets of brush and pan, pretty as well as useful, are in combinations of green, blue or yellow, with ivory, for $1.75.

A new pastry tube, without the troublesome bag, is a tube icer operated by a small plunger. Smoothly finished in nickel, it is easily washed, has no complicated parts and costs $2.54. Additional points, varying in width, are 9 cents each. A potato creamer, which is more than a masher, and which flakes potato or other vegetables in a minimum of time, is made with a metal base slit in angle sections. It costs only 29 cents, is also a good mixer for cake batter and is a serviceable fruit crusher.

The new stainless steel—bless the inventor!—saves us housewives both fingers and time. A stainless steel paring knife costs 51 cents; bread knife, $1.09; a grape-fruit knife, 79 cents; a table knife is $1.04; a steak knife, $1.02. A set of kitchen tools, including stainless bread knife, spatula, two-prong fork, grape-fruit and paring knives, is only $3.64. An ideal nutcracker, one that protects the hand and insures full kernels, is 47 cents; in polished nickel it is slightly more, 74 cents.

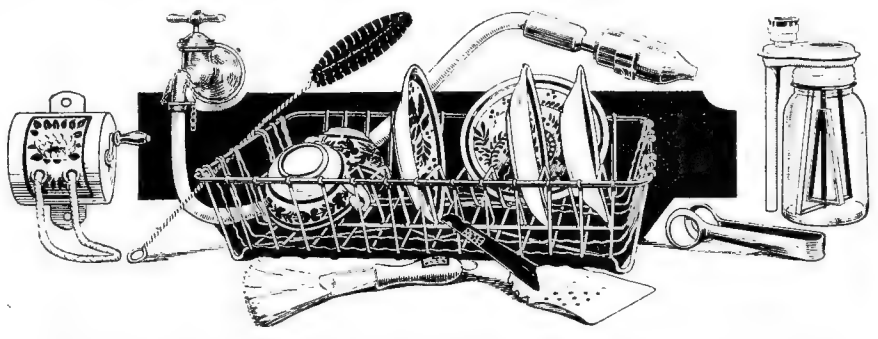
Salad, so the best French chefs say, should not be touched by metal, as it affects the flavor. Bone salad mixers, fork and spoon, come in quaint designs from 81 cents to $2.50 a set. Unstained wooden sets are as low as 19 cents. Oiled and polished wooden sets vary in price from 54 cents to $1.00.

I found a cover fashioned to fit a broom of ordinary size; to clean ceilings, walls, picture moldings and floors. This was only 36 cents. For 42 cents I obtained an ample mesh bag in which to keep washed lettuce, spinach or other greens in a cool place. A clothes-pin bag of gay awning cloth, bound to a steel band which keeps the pocket for the pins readily accessible, costs 41 cents. On two hooks it can be pushed easily along the line when in use.

For the small sum of 5 cents—and what child hasn't five pennies to spend on Mother?—I found a snap bottle-stopper of nickel plated metal with a rubber vacuum center which makes a nursing bottle, a gingerale or catsup bottle, air-tight. Glass covers for milk bottles, easily slipped on and off, are two for 5 cents. A cardboard on which a large pad of ironing wax is fastened is only 5 cents.

A ball of bright red or green cord, an appreciated gift to have at hand when a package has to be hurried, costs 10 cents. Also a door stop, made of brass with rubber nib, is a neat little contrivance for 10 cents. A little oblong lacquer tray, black with a Chinese red and gold design, sells for 10 cents. A washable and heat-resisting hot pot cloth costs only 10 cents but may be the means of saving any amount of expense when used as a table guard. Also in the 10-cent group are: an egg beater with a white enamel handle, made to beat one egg; a flour sifter of the right size to sift only one cup of flour or sugar; a one-egg poacher; strainers of three different sizes and meshes, made with white handles; a funnel with a handle, having a strainer hinged at the top; an aluminum and cork clothes-sprinkler which fits the neck of an average pint bottle; and an aluminum egg-lifter which also lifts vegetables from boiling water.

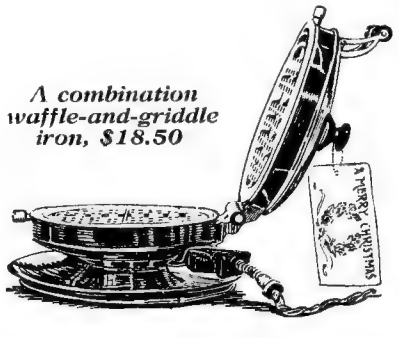
For one of my friends I packed a dozen ornamental jelly glasses in a Christmas box. The bottoms of the glasses are molded in fruit cluster designs, and they cost $1.12 a dozen. {*Turn to page 65*}



A clothes line reel, $2.50; a sink set, $1.75; an egg beater run by water, $1.95; an egg or vegetable-lifter, 10 cents; and a dish-washer, $7.50

A hot-water-heated vegetable-dish, $6.44

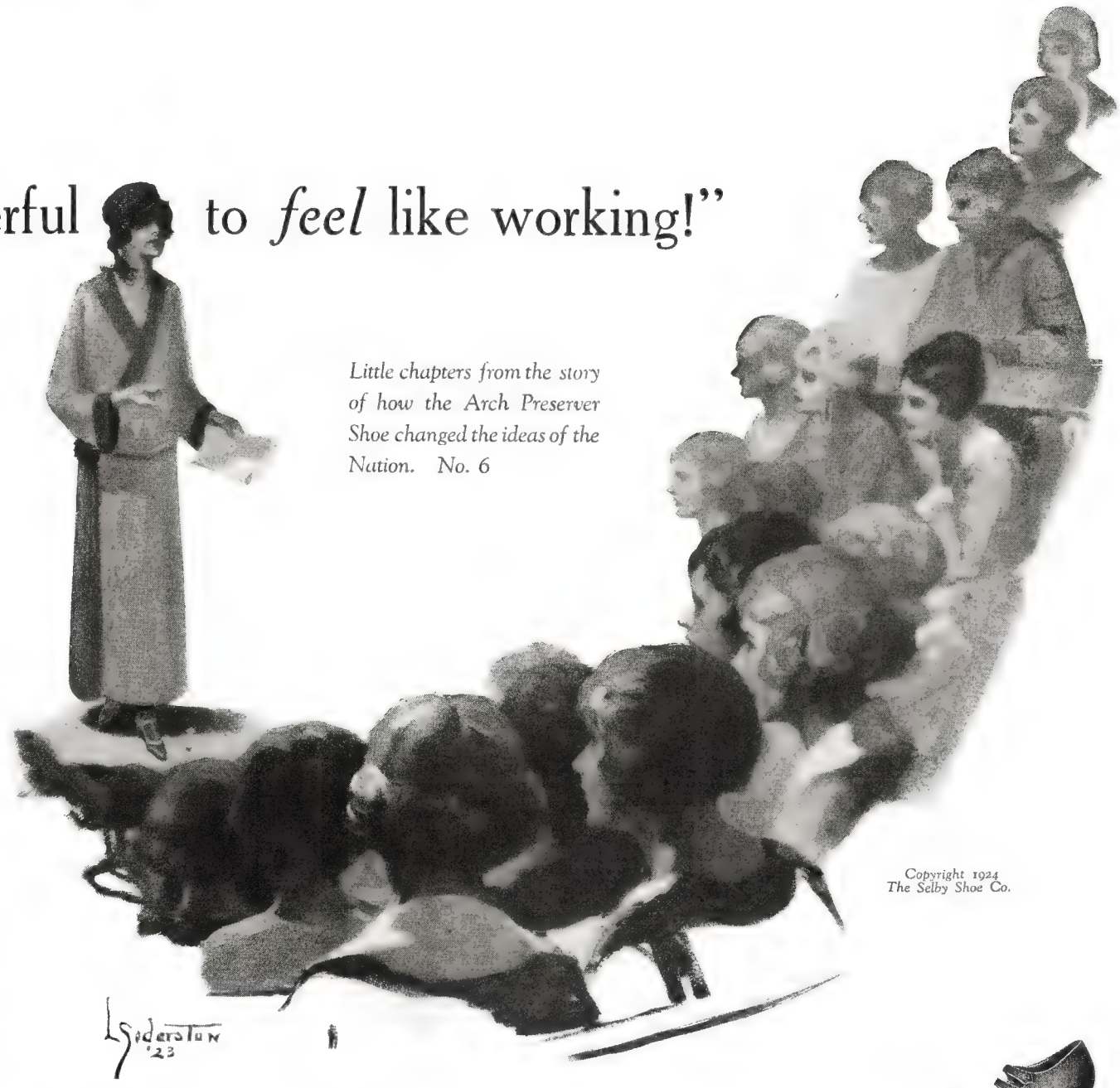
Individual cake tins with raised centers, $3.00



A combination waffle-and-griddle iron, $18.50

"It's wonderful to *feel* like working!"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of the Nation. No. 6



Copyright 1924
The Selby Shoe Co.

A FEW years ago there was living in a large Ohio city a woman who was almost an invalid.

Her husband was a successful business man, and provided every convenience and luxury. It was not necessary for the wife to apply herself seriously to any task. And so she was dragging into middle-age, always finding things too hard for her.

"I just can't do things any more," she would say when there was discussion of entertaining, outings, or any activity. "My feet simply kill me. I can't walk."

No one gave much thought to her, because there didn't seem to be any necessity of her doing anything. Suddenly she found herself a widow, with an estate that consisted of little else besides a business organization.

Her situation was pathetic. Without money she was helpless. With the business on her hands she was almost as helpless. The only solution was for her to continue the operation of her husband's business.

For two years she worked hard, as hard as she could with the handicap that had become a really serious matter. But it became more difficult, and failure was staring her in the face—

RECENTLY this woman was asked to speak to a group of working girls about her career. She was introduced as one of the most successful business women of America.

"The most important thing in my success was when I found the right kind of shoes," she said. Some of the girls giggled. The words seemed strangely out of place.

But the speaker was unperturbed. "I know you'll think it is funny for me to say such a thing," she continued, "but I am talking about *my* success, and I know how and why I have achieved it.

"When I started out I was almost a physical wreck. I felt unable to stay at my desk during the day. My feet hurt continuously. My mind was distracted. I didn't seem able to concentrate on the business problems. I was facing ruin.

"Then I found the shoes I have worn from that day to this. I say deliberately that they were the most important thing in helping me to win out. They made my feet comfortable. They made me feel like walking and being on my feet. They made me capable.

"And I am going to explain the features of them, so you girls will understand. I wish I could make you all realize how important this is. I know I could help many of you to success, if you would believe what I'm saying.

"This shoe is built to give a correct walking base. It does not allow the foot arch to sag and become strained. You all know that the feet must bear the weight of the body. That foot strain means more than mere discomfort. It makes your limbs ache. It makes you feel tired and dull and 'draggy.' It makes you unfit for work.

"Well, this shoe eliminated all of that. Also, it was so designed that it aided circulation of the blood. The inside of the sole is flat, so the foot may spread out naturally when weight is placed on it. There is no cramping of the blood-vessels and nerves.

"You girls know what it means to feel all fagged out before noon. You know what it means to leave your work in the afternoon and be so tired you can hardly get home."

They were listening eagerly now. Here, for the first time, they were learning of a practical help for them.

"This shoe will make you feel young; it will make you feel like running and jumping. You'll enjoy dancing in the evening, no matter how hard you have worked."

But there was much more that we shall not try to repeat here. She explained the careful fitting, how the Arch Preserver Shoe is measured so that it places the foot arch on the built-in bridge exactly right.

But we must quote just a little more. "It's so wonderful to *feel* like working, girls! You can make your work a pleasure, or you can let it be drudgery. You can be successful as you deserve, or you can suffer defeat and discouragement.

"I say frankly that I am quite sure I should never have succeeded without these shoes. I simply couldn't work. until I found out how to make myself *feel* like working."

Then she looked about the room, and there was a smile on her face. "I know what you are thinking. You think this shoe is ugly like most shoes that are supposed to be comfortable.

"Well, it isn't. That's what makes it so wonderful. You can wear moccasins and be comfortable, and also have useful feet. You can wear sandals and have the same result.

"But you can wear this shoe and have healthy, comfortable feet—and also be well groomed. I wear it everywhere. I have ten pairs, and I never feel out of place anywhere."

* * * *

Success and joy of living! How closely the two are associated. How much a woman's life depends on *feeling* like doing things.

Do you *feel* like doing your housework? Do you *feel* like having the Griggs' over to dinner next Thursday? Do you *feel* like walking with your husband in the evening? Do you *feel* like being on your feet anywhere?

The Arch Preserver Shoe has made hundreds of thousands of women *feel* like doing things—anything! It is easy to understand why this shoe has changed the footwear ideas of the Nation.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for this Trade-Mark

It is on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E. Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland Mass.

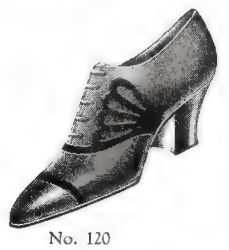
THE SELBY SHOE CO.
209 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

Makers of Women's Fine Shoes more than Forty years

Send for this interesting booklet—"HOW TO KEEP YOUR FEET YOUNG."

No. 95

No. 678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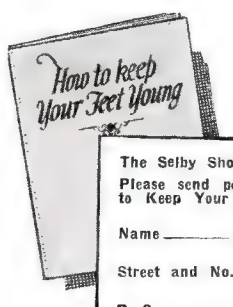


The Selby Shoe Co., 209 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 199, "How to Keep Your Feet Young", and name of dealer.

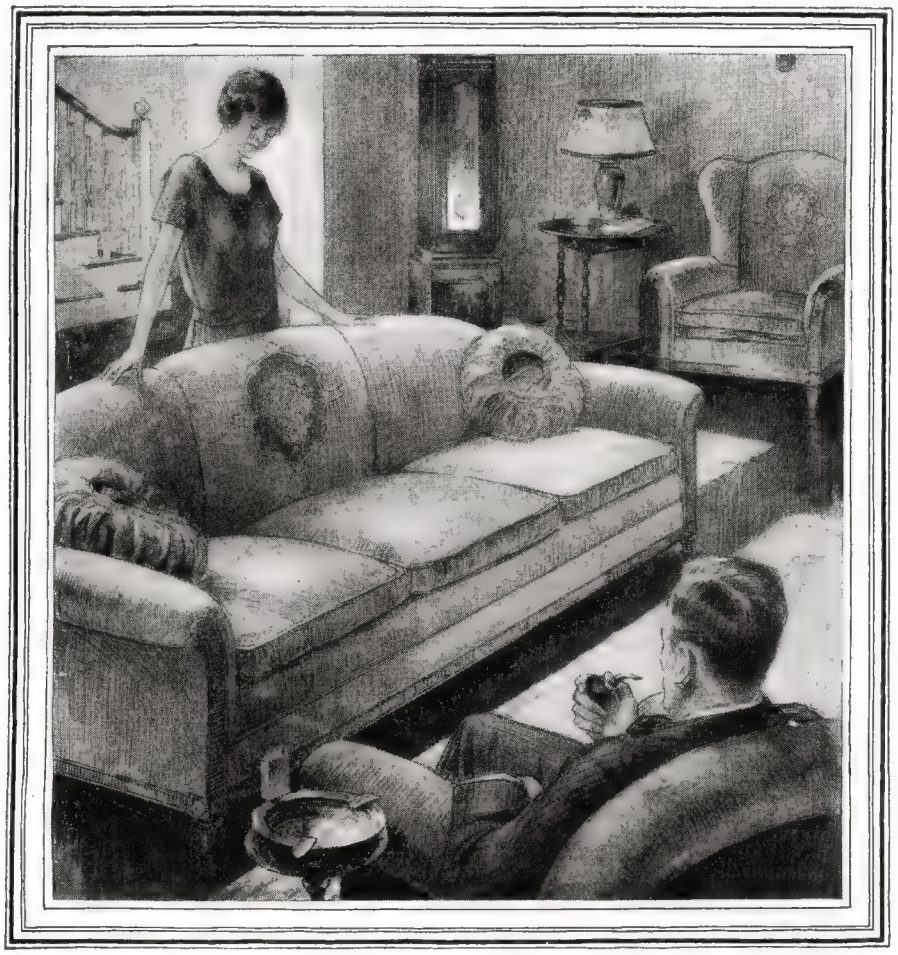
Name _____

Street and No. _____

P. O. _____ State _____

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends

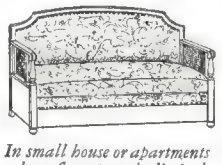


Serves *all* the time— not *part* of the time

Make sure that the davenport you buy has a bed built in it; then it will serve all of the time instead of part of the time.

Yes, a Davenport Bed; charming and distinctive as a davenport by day; sleep-inviting and restful as a bed by night. In every particular it is a beautiful and useful piece of modern living-room furniture. No waste of floor space, no tell-tale closet doors; nothing to mar the beauty of the room or the harmony of its arrangement.

If you desire a specific period of design, you will find it authentically represented in a Davenport Bed. If you've set your heart on some particular kind or color of upholstery, you'll find that too. Match your present furniture; or get a Davenport Bed with chairs to match—a complete suite.



In small house or apartments where floor space is limited, the short model Davenport Bed may be used.

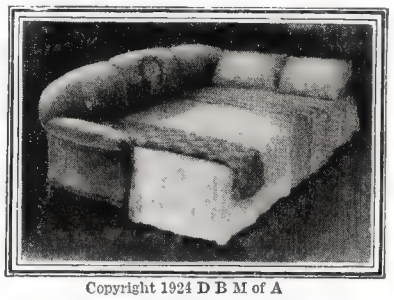
Good furniture stores show a variety of Davenport Beds; ask to see them.

"The Home in good Taste" is the title of a booklet showing a large variety of Davenport Beds. It will be mailed for the asking if you will, at the same time, give the name of your furniture store

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
(more than 80 individual manufacturers)
1135 Standard Oil Building, Chicago

The Davenport Bed

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



Copyright 1924 D B M of A

They Are All Inexpensive

Christmas Presents Selected by Elizabeth Lounsbery

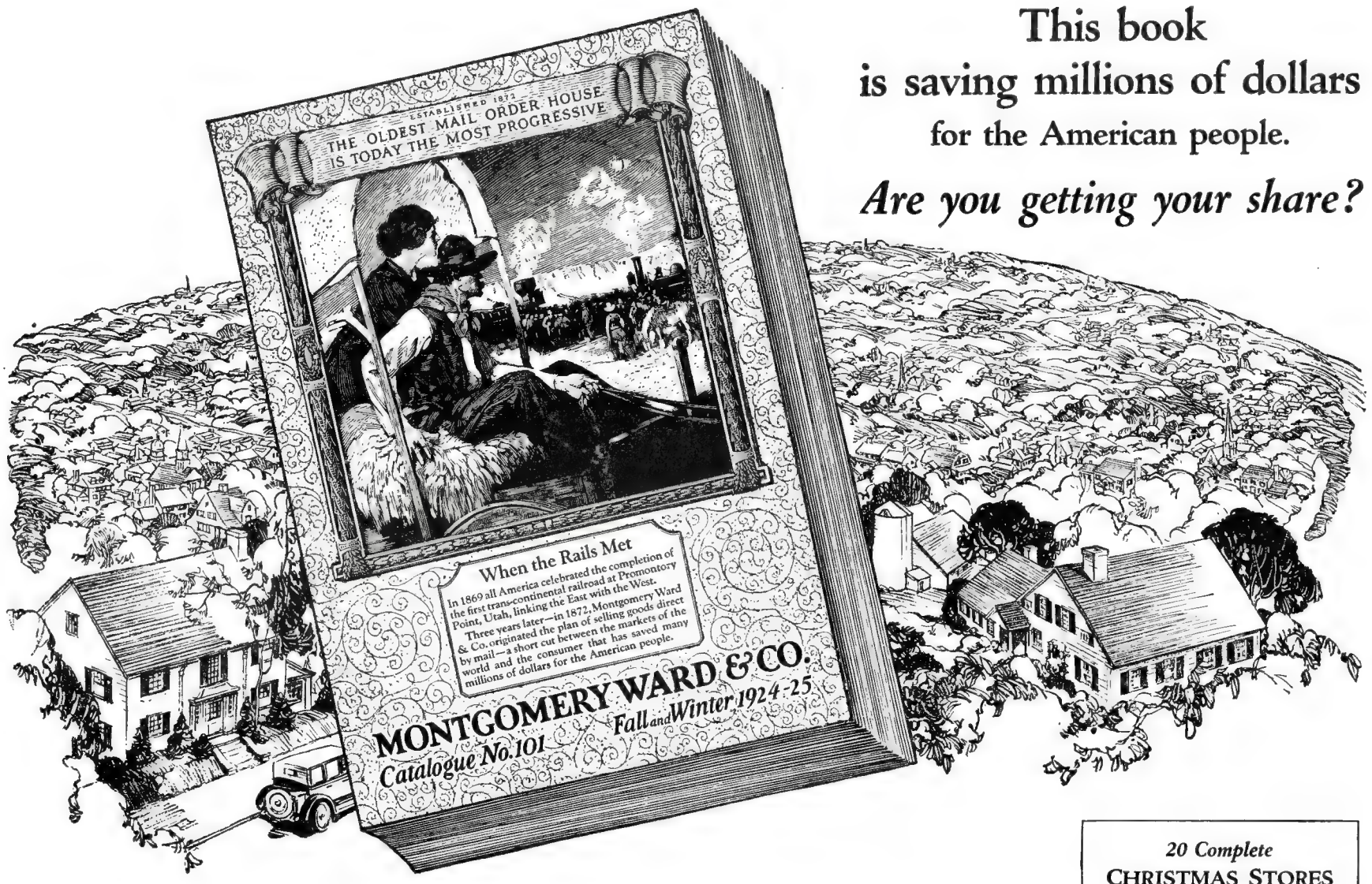
Any child will love this three-piece bread-and-milk set of Quimper pottery (from Rich and Fisher's, New York). Of course it should be served on the metal tray (from Stern Brothers, New York) and the two Quimper dolls (M. Mittledorf Straus, New York) would like to come to the bread-and-milk party. One might think the pottery figures had come to life

The thirty-two-piece luncheon-set (from Holland's) has peasant decorations. The amethyst glass flower vase—also in Bristol blue and green—is from Gimbel Brothers. The metal door-stop, below (from James McCreery) and the gold-rimmed glass refreshment-set (from Ovington's) are simple, attractive gifts, smart in style

HAVE your plans for making all your Christmas gifts this year fallen through, as somehow they always do? Now the time is drawing near and some of the most important gifts are not ready. Why not give up the idea of spending hours with your needle—and instead, put your thinking-cap on and see whether one of these gifts isn't just exactly the right thing? They are all new features this season—are unusually attractive, useful and incredibly moderate in price. You don't have to be near the shop to get them either. You can send for them by mail. For a full list of prices and addresses of the New York shops where you can purchase, either in person or by mail order, the articles pictured on this page, send a stamped envelope addressed to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37 Street, New York City.

This book is saving millions of dollars for the American people.

Are you getting your share?


ESTABLISHED 1872
THE OLDEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE IS TODAY THE MOST PROGRESSIVE
When the Rails Met
In 1869 all America celebrated the completion of the first trans-continental railroad at Promontory Point, Utah, linking the East with the West. Three years later—in 1872, Montgomery Ward & Co. originated the plan of selling goods direct by mail—a short cut between the markets of the world and the consumer that has saved many millions of dollars for the American people.
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
Catalogue No. 101
Fall and Winter 1924-25

Do you realize the opportunity for Saving Ward's Catalogue brings into your home?

Are you using this book?

THERE is one sure rule for saving—one sure way to make certain that the price you pay is the right price for everything you buy.

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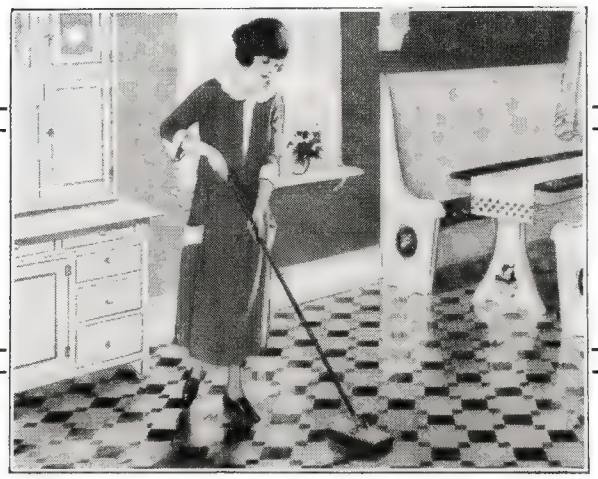

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For Unto Us A Child Is Born

[*Continued from page 12*]

must be a day for worship, for the stirring and strengthening of our faith in Christ, the Son of God, as well as for social festivities and the joy of human fellowship. Social festivities, and generous hospitality, and wholesome merriment have their place, and are a true and important part of the observance of Christmas. For Christmas is preeminently the day of the family and the home. The Son of God who came down from heaven for our sakes, was born into the relationships of the home. He was a member of the little family circle in the home at Nazareth. And so Christmas speaks to us of the sacredness of the home, of its holy relationships, its sacred obligations, of its blessed experiences and opportunities.

The family is the basis of civilized society, the training-school of character, the foundation of all human life. There is no influence on this earth equal to that of the Christian home, the home in which Jesus Christ is recognized, and has His place. This does not mean a home in which there is narrowness, and repression, and unwholesome constraint. We need to banish forever the idea that the Christian religion is in conflict with happiness, and gaiety, and beauty, and wholesome pleasure. The Christian religion stands for all that is happiest and freest and best in human life—a Christian home is one in which there is love, and joy, and sympathy; the spirit of sacrifice and duty, and the strength to meet sorrow and trial when they come because Jesus Christ has His place there.

CHRISTMAS comes to remind us of the power of love in the world. The world is still far from the Christian ideal. It is filled with fears, and hates, and suspicions, and dissensions; and in the midst of this, Christmas comes and spreads everywhere the spirit of love, and peace, and good will. It is religion that the world needs. It is Christ alone Who can bring in the day of justice, and brotherhood, and world peace, for which we are longing. Christmas has its wonderful power because for a few hours we all try to be real Christians.

We all depend upon the kindness and long suffering patience of God. Think of His forbearance and patience towards each one of us as He waits, and watches for us to grow more fully into His likeness. Think how he looks down upon this world and bears with it, and provides for it! How He sends His rain upon the just and upon the unjust, and makes His sun shine on the evil and on the good. The spirit of kindness and forbearance not only draws us near to each other, it draws us near to God. It is this spirit which will bring peace and good will among men. And it is this spirit which brings joy and peace into our own hearts and lives.

There is no place where this brings greater blessing than in the home. It is unhappily a fact that we seem sometimes to be least patient with those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom in our hearts we most deeply love. It is comparatively easy to be forbearing with those whom we only meet occasionally, and with whom we do not come into close contact. But it is in the close daily intercourse of life, in the sacred circle of the family, in the home, that this spirit is most important.

It is the One who was born in Bethlehem who says to us "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." And these words will be found true in daily experience. The man who judges harshly will be harshly judged by others. But the spirit of kindness and forbearance makes life holy and beautiful, both for ourselves and for others. It is indeed "twice blessed." It brightens the pathway of life with a light that is from heaven itself.

It brings into our lives something of the joy and peace and power of Christ.

If we will carry this spirit with us into the coming year we shall find it the best, the happiest, the most fruitful and blessed year that we have known.

The greatest Gift for the whole family

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Shall she enter into conversation with a stranger?

Her Speech Convicts Her

By Emily Post

Author of Etiquette; the Blue Book of Social Usage

THE oft-heard expression, "You know she is a lady as soon as she opens her mouth," is not an exaggeration.

The first requirement for charm of speech is a pleasing voice. A few singing lessons—even though you have no gift for music and will never sing a note—are of inestimable value in teaching you to place your speaking voice and in teaching you to breathe. A low voice—low in pitch not in range—is always more pleasing than one forced up against the ceiling and apparently let out through a steam-vent in the roof! On the other hand, a voice uttered with so little strength that it threatens to be extinguished or so low as to be heard with effort, is almost as trying. Making yourself heard is entirely a matter of enunciation; if you breathe properly and pronounce distinctly, a low voice carries well and delights a sensitive ear. Few people with loud voices have any idea that their steam-whistle screaming is not only ear-splitting but, in public, extremely bad form as it attracts the attention of everyone within shouting radius.

As to one's choice of words—you probably think me hypercritical and perhaps I am—but nothing in the entire range of etiquette so instantly classifies each of us as the words we use. Just as surely as a cockney is proclaimed by the first transposed "H" and a Swede by the exchanged "J's" and "Y's," so are our early advantages or their lack proclaimed as soon as we utter a word.

Do not, however, confound illiteracy with accent or provincialism. An accent is often charming, whereas illiteracy betrays lack of study. The best method of improving either speech or manners is association with well-bred people. The next best way to cultivate purity of speech is by reading good literature, especially reading aloud—underscoring every word about which you are in doubt and looking up each pronunciation in a dictionary. We all know that reading the Bible, entirely apart from its spiritual value, is the best course known in English.

Slang is often forceful and one who never uses it is very like one who never leans back in his chair. A good rule is never to use a slang expression if the same thought can be said in good English. Slang—except of course those words which have become a conventional part of our language, such as "taxi," "movies," "O. K.," and so on—to be effective, must be new. Stale slang is like a room after the party.

Etiquette says, "Never speak without an introduction"—but usually when a stranger speaks to you, it is to ask a direction or merely to make a comment or two. Naturally you give the direction if you can and then turn away. Or in answer to a chance comment, you answer briefly unless you distrust the person who has spoken to you, in which case you turn away as though you had not heard.

OR IF you think you are likely to be drawn into an unwelcome conversation with some one distasteful to you, you make your answer short and freezingly polite. But there is no reason why the friendly inclined should not follow their impulses of friendliness so long as their advances are unmistakably welcome and so long as they are not involving themselves in future embarrassment or lessening their personal dignity. For a girl to let herself be lightly "picked up" by any chance youth who may happen along or who gives anyone the right to think her cheap or a silly little fool, is very different from going through the world in a spirit of interest and friendliness but with a fixed standing of self-respect and behaviour. If you are a girl who cannot talk to men without running the risk of their getting out of hand, then it is of vital importance that you be extremely wary in your choice of companions.

When sitting next to an unresponsive person, remember that everyone is interested in something

In talking to a stranger who has just been introduced to you and about whom you are in complete ignorance, there is really nothing to do but ask a few tentative questions, such as, "Are you fond of the theatre?" in the hope of finding a topic of mutual interest. If the answer is, "Yes, very," then you can ask, "Have you seen any play that you especially liked?" When the subject runs down, you try another or perhaps you just "talk" about something you have been doing or thinking about—planting a garden, planning a trip, contemplating a job or similar safe topics. A not at all bad plan is to ask advice: "We want to motor through [*Turn to page 87*]

"you bet I'll have another!"

THERE are many ways to eat bran. But none of them can surpass Pillsbury's wonder muffins. Everyone likes these tempting mounds of golden brown goodness.

You must not confuse Pillsbury's bran muffins with the ordinary kind. They are infinitely better—more delicious. They are light, flavory, packed with health. Make them according to the special Pillsbury recipe; it's on the Pillsbury package. And be sure you use Pillsbury's Health Bran, or the result will disappoint you.

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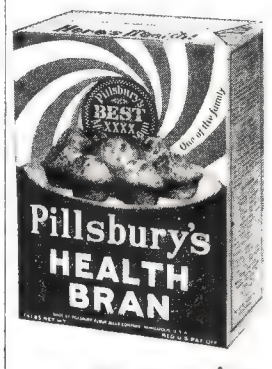

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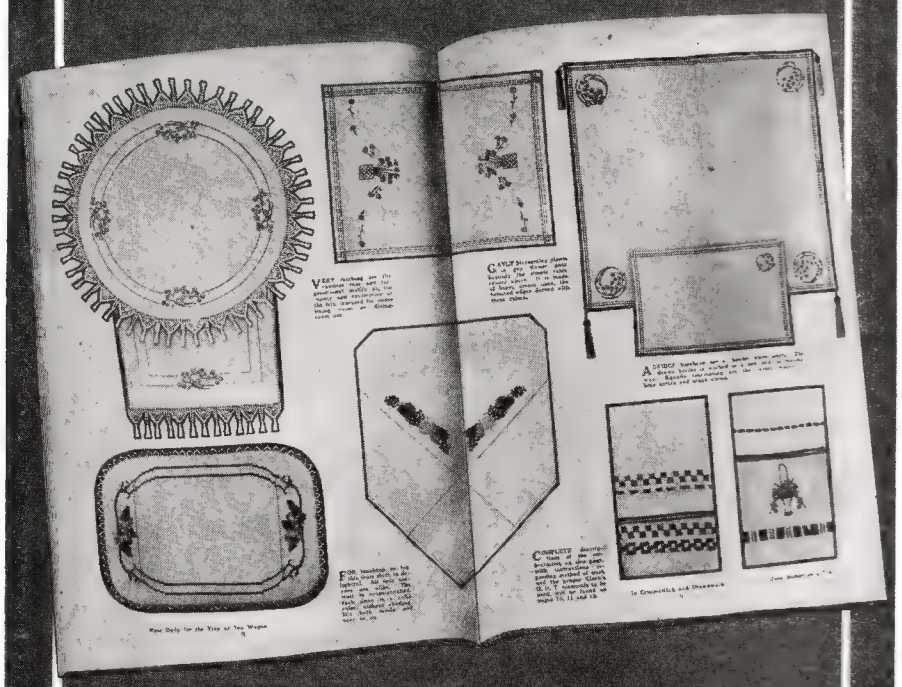

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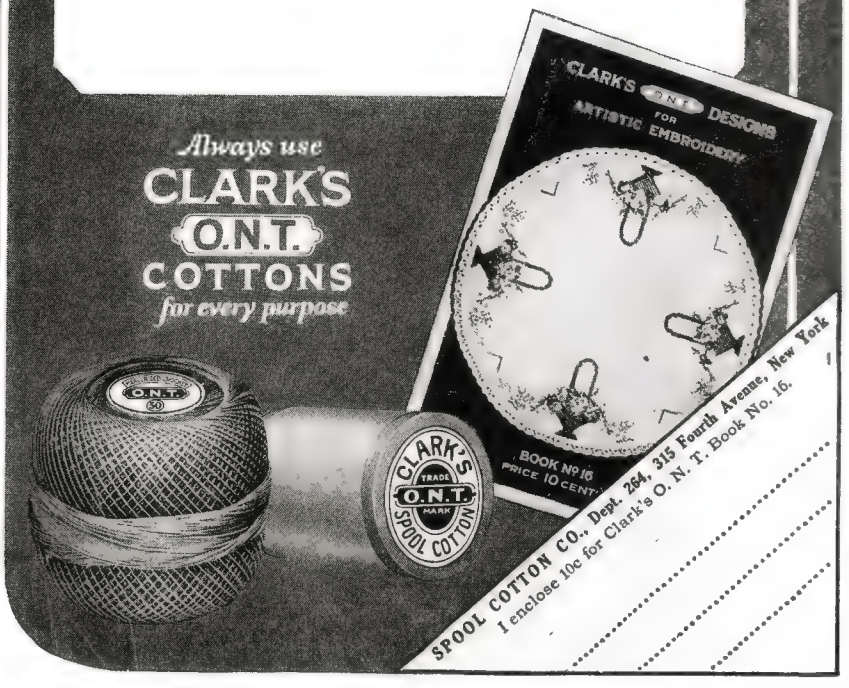
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Reversion

[*Continued from page 18*]

climbed in, gathered the reins, and set in motion two muddy, placid horses.

"My name's Leander Bell. Who be you?"

"My name is William Smith."

"City man?"

"Yes."

After a pause and a squirt of tobacco: "I drive f'r the Willow Hill House. What's *your* business?"

"I am a psychologist," said Smith, gravely.

After a pause: "I ain't acquainted with that business," said Mr. Bell. "You make a lotta money?"

"Yes, a lot."

Smith inquired whether there were any boarders at the Willow Hill House and Mr. Bell enumerated them:

"Mr. and Mrs. Dill—he's in the shoe business down to the city—I guess you know him? No? Well, he's a real pleasant man. And there's Mr. and Mrs. Kunkle—Gus Kunkle—he's in the grocery business—allus takes his vacation to the Willow Hill House. Then there's Reverend Gumble and his family, and the Griggses, and Miss Wand, and the Linton family . . . They all come up every summer."

"What do they do?"

"Waal, I guess they play all them games like croquet. 'N' they take walks 'n' look at views."

"How many inhabitants in Willow River?"

"Waal, I dunno. . . 'Tain't so big, 'n' it's kinda scattered. We got a store an' post office."

"Then there are no movies?"

"No, sir. But they's good fishin' into Willow River."

Smith thanked God in silence and bestowed a cigar upon Mr. Bell.

FOR a week Smith did nothing. The Willow Hill House and its proprietor, Mrs. Sarah Hoynes, far exceeded his most riotous dreams.

He did a little fishing in Willow River, not much. He sat on the top rail of snake fences and observed woodchucks and birds. He strolled in the woods.

There was no village. There was a covered bridge spanning Willow River—a small, swift creek haunted by trout and suckers. Near the bridge stood the store and post office. And, within a radius of five miles, some three dozen houses, many ramshackle and unpainted, with but a patch of garden scratched on a stony hillside, and the sort of cows and chickens familiar to readers of the comic section.

He came upon the school-house one day. It stood at the cross-roads and was painted the classic red.

From an unpainted pole in front of it flew the national flag, very faded and ragged. School was still in session although vacation was almost at hand.

Smith had been dangling a fly along Willow River and had taken nearly a creel full of fair-sized trout—great, fat, silvery fellows with no mottling, no blue spots, and only the red specks which glimmered like points of fire along the median line. It was about noontime, and he was ready for lunch when he left the stream, ascended the bank through a growth of maple and alder, and came out at the school-house.

The next moment from the open door poured forth a dozen or more bare-legged children, shrilling their joy at deliverance, scuffling, chasing one another, and all clutching lunch baskets.

Smith looked up over the eager heads of the children. Their schoolmistress, carrying her lunch basket, was coming across the grass. She caught Smith's glance, blushed slightly. She was not more than twenty. She wore a slip-over of pale pink linen, white tennis shoes and stockings. Her hair was brown, burned and gilded a little by the sun. Her face, too, was tanned and slightly freckled, with wide gray eyes and vivid lips, rather full.

Smith politely showed her the largest trout.

"What good luck you have had," she said, frankly interested. "I didn't know there were such fish in Willow River."

A red-headed boy instantly informed her that he had seen [*Turn to page 58*]

Are You Protecting Baby's Heritage?

STYLE alone in a baby shoe may jeopardize the child's heritage of healthy feet. So soft and pliant are the tiny bones and muscles that they are easily formed or deformed. In Simplex Flexies, style is combined with health.

In Flexies, Nature's three important demands are satisfied. The foot rests squarely on its natural three points, hence rocking sidewise (which curves the pliant limbs) is impossible. The famous soles of Simplex Flexies bend with the foot, allowing the little instep to develop needed strength.

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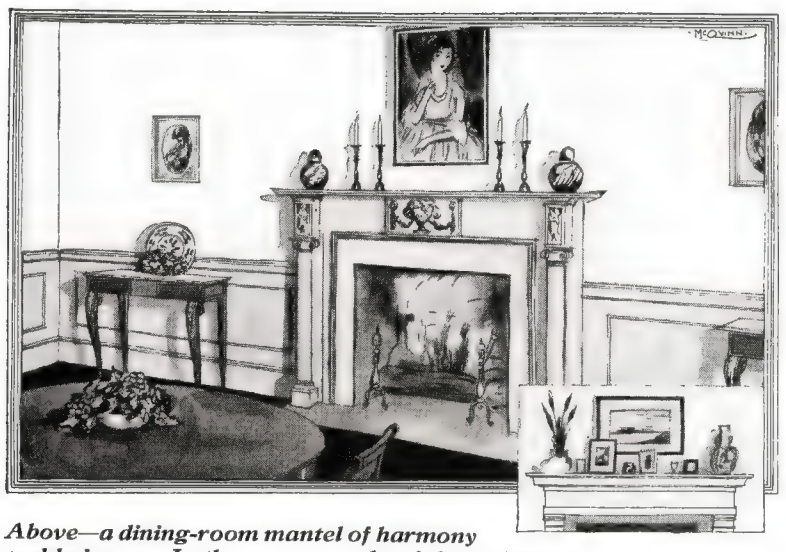

Above—a dining-room mantel of harmony and balance. In the corner at the right—a jumble of horrors!

Mantels, Good and Bad

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

I HAVE written so much about mantels and fireplaces in the past that I should be afraid of repeating myself if it were not for the new examples, good and bad, I see every week of my life, and the constant inquiries as to how to furnish them.

I have always been an ardent believer in fireplaces. I know that all the furniture and hangings and carpets and pictures that money can buy will never take the place of one open fire. You can make admirable rooms, beautiful rooms, comfortable rooms without fireplaces but they will always seem incomplete to anyone brought up in an old-fashioned home.

Granted the fireplace, what shall we do with the mantel? It may be a fine decorative detail of the room, or a crowded pantry-shelf of a place—whichever you wish. Who has not gone into a room where a litter of photographs, boxes, vases and even medicine bottles congested the space on each side of a clock?

Every mantel-shelf invites a different treatment according to whether it is high or low, wide or narrow. A bedroom mantel should not be furnished like a drawing-room one, or the dining-room mantel like the one in the hall. The living-room mantel, if of average size, is the easiest thing in the world to furnish. You can try different arrangements and live with each a few days before deciding which is best. The center of the living-room mantel seems a natural home for the reliable family clock. Some people have clocks in the dining-room but I prefer something less suggestive of time. There are some houses where every mantel in the house has a clock as the centerpiece; other people have no clocks exposed at all except modest bedside clocks and useful pantry ones. Certainly, unless a clock is beautiful in itself I should much prefer a cheap nickel watch kept in some inconspicuous place.

IF YOUR mantel is the average height and width, you can use a few of your very best things there. A pair of vases, for instance, at the two ends, a small clock in the center, and two good prints separating them. You can not use the prints if some pictures hang low over the mantel, but if there is quite a space between shelf and ceiling or if there is a mirror set in the wall over the mantel, a pair of prints or photographs or water colors will be very attractive.

A mirror is always delightful over a low mantel. Indeed, over a very low shelf a built-in mirror is the best possible decoration. A long narrow mirror, placed upright over the mantel, may have a row of small pictures hanging on each side of it, one above the other. Enlargements of old daguerreotypes, framed simply, have great distinction used in this manner.

The low, broad mantel usually gets the worst possible treatment, because it becomes a shelf where everything is piled. In my own small sitting-room I have a very low mantel, which to me seems beautifully arranged but which is never allowed to stay arranged. The mantel is really too wide, so to break its width I have a pot of ivy at each end, the ivy hanging down. Back of these little pots are tall plaster cast figures, copies of old ones. A mirror set in the wall fills the space between the figures and on the shelf in front of the mirror is an old French box, centered, and a pair of pale green glass bowls filled with sweet-smelling rose leaves.

THAT is the mantel in repose, but the moment my friends come in it becomes suggestive of a rummage counter. Some girl walks over to it and deposits her gloves and pocket-book and whatever small parcels she has, or some man leans against it and puts his matches and cigarette case upon it. If I serve tea, half the cups are left there, leaving discolored rings on the paint. The only thing I can think of doing is to have a piece of glass cut exactly to fit it, to protect it. A high mantel doesn't suffer such severe treatment but all mantels are at the mercy of one's friends as well as one's family.

On a high mantel, you will need fewer objects than on a lower one.

It is much better to err on the side of simplicity and to have a bare-looking mantel than to have it crowded with so-called objects of art. Without any exaggeration, I saw seven vases in a row on a mantel the other day, all of odd shapes and sizes. Old-fashioned groups of vases, three of one shape and two of another, were called "garnitures" and are quite correct. But a row of unrelated vases makes one want to look for the price tags.

The dining-room mantel may be much more formal. Here a family portrait is the very nicest thing you can use. The arrangement of objects on this mantel may be severe. Many people keep the four candlesticks on the mantel, between meals and a pair of heavy silver or china jardinieres at the ends. Another nice treatment is a pair of large platters of old china, or pewter, or a row of pitchers or teapots. Nearly everyone has a few pieces of old china, not enough to fill a cabinet but pieces interesting in themselves. On a simple mantel shelf, in a low-ceiled room, they will be charming. On a more pretentious mantel, in a high-ceiled room, something a little more formal would be better.

The bedroom mantel may have a more informal group on it. Photographs seem to gravitate here naturally but they should not be crowded and although their frames need not be paired off they should be grouped with some relation as to size. A big picture at one end and a little one at the other will make the mantel look tipsy. An irregular arrangement is never as good as a regular one. Another thing to remember is that a few rather big things look better than a lot of little ones.

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It is just as necessary to get rid of this dead skin and keep the new in a soft unbroken rim as it is to get rid of the nail itself as it grows out beyond the finger tips. This is the reason pushing back the cuticle is unsatisfactory, for when the old dead skin is left the rim is bound to look thick and rough.

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Cutex is applied around the base of the nail with the Cutex orange stick. Rinse the finger tips and the superfluous cuticle wipes away leaving a fresh rim of soft skin all around the nail. It is also the very best bleach for the nails themselves, removing stains and leaving the tip snow-white.

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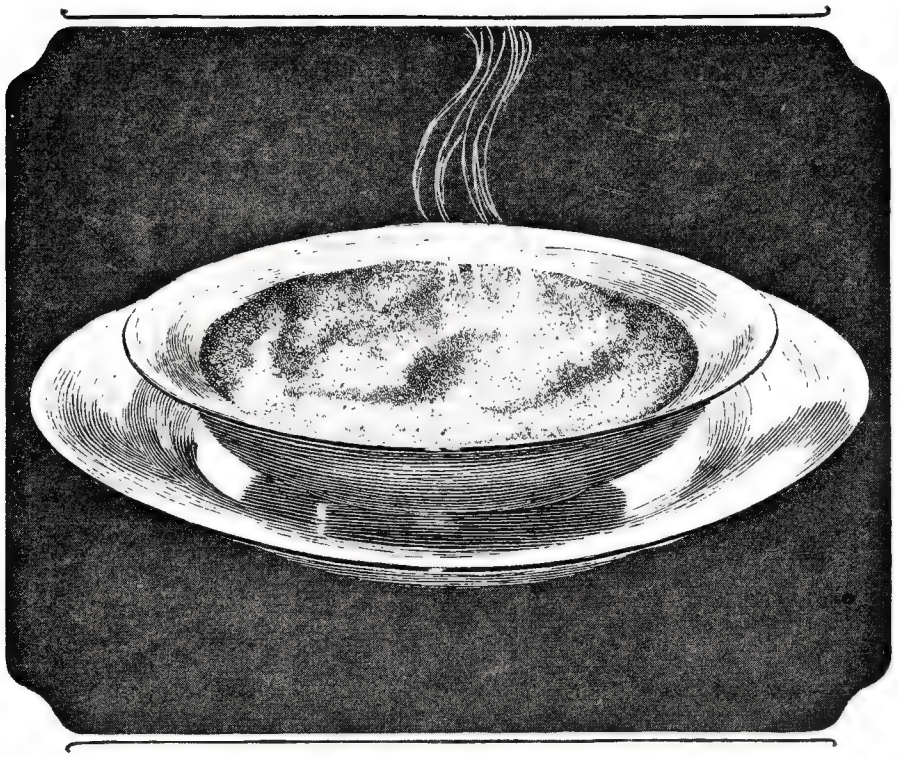

Try this delicious wholewheat breakfast dish!

Golden Wheatena is bringing the nation to health-giving whole-wheat through its irresistible flavor.

With its vital, body-building, easily-digested nutriment, each spoonful helps to add golden years to your life. The healthful vitamines; tissue-building proteins; bone-making mineral salts; *bran*, the natural regulator; *and even the little golden heart of the wheat*, with its energy-giving carbonhydrates—all are retained from choicest winter wheat by the exclusive Wheatena method of roasting.

Golden wheat fields! Golden Wheatena! Golden years added to the lives of the nation!

Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for a delicious whole-wheat breakfast tomorrow.

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and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

Wheatena

Out of the wheat field cometh strength!

The Candle in the Window

[*Continued from page 10*]

begin to know how poor they were, and how few things there was in their lives to give them pleasure. Miss Ruth had a little phonograph, one of the kind you can put into a hat box, and a bunch of sweetest records. Lord, how those hungry children ate up that music! Seemed to me though, that little Tully got the most out of it. Especially one record, "My Old Kentucky Home," and he worked out something he didn't tell me about till nearly Christmas. He was a close-mouthed little tyke if there ever was one. You see, there's hardly ever any Santy Claus up that valley, 'specially in District Thirty-Three, where the Gabels lived. Grandma Gabel hadn't no time nor money to make a holiday out of. And after Tully started to school Tobe took to wanderin' off, and her cares was doubled.

But how she did love music, that old woman, though she didn't often sing herself. And Tully, who could warble like a bird, never told her about the phonograph—he was odd that way—but kept it to himself that he was learnin' a song from it, to spring on her Christmas mornin', his gift to her such as it was, but his best. And he was learnin' the song she loved best, "My Old Kentucky Home." His eyes used to shine like stars on the still Smoky waters when he'd tell me about it. And round in the deepest part of the canon where the walls run up awfully high, he'd sing it clear through for me.

That fall I got closer to my folks than ever before, owin' of course to the War; and closer to Grandma Gabel through Tully; and to Miss Ravenstow, who'd begun to watch for me, too, but with the saddest face I ever see in all my life. She wasn't lookin' for letters. Except what mail come to teachers nothin' ever come to her that fall. And yet she was starvin' for something if it wasn't a letter. Little Tully used to watch her open her mail, and he seemed to know it didn't make her glad, just school report blanks and the like. It got on his mind terrible.

Long about Christmas folks begun to think more about the teacher, and wonder what they could do for her, but they couldn't seem to get near to her at all. At her request they had built a little leanto to the old sod school house and she lived there all by herself. It seemed unnatural-like for a pretty girl like her. She'd had a college education, too, and she wore one of them little fraternity pins they have, for a sort of a badge. But she was shut away from the world, walled in by the canons of the upper Smoky Hill. Yet, as I say, us rural carriers comes, by and by, to be more or less a part of the lives of most of the folks on our routes, and Ruth Ravenstow wasn't no exception.

Just before Christmas, something, God knows what, made me stop at the school house one evening on my way back to town. The children was all gone and Miss Ravenstow was alone. We talked a little while, and when I started to go I said sort of careless like, "I'll try and bring you a letter tomorrow."

She looked at me with her big dark eyes like she'd look me through. Then she said slowly:

"There is no letter to come, Mr. Witherspoon. Nobody who could write to me knows where I am."

"But you oughtn't bury yourself while you are still alive," I couldn't help sayin'. "There's nobody so alone they can't be worth something to somebody. When Christmas Eve comes we ought to put candles in our windows as a sign we still remember what that night means."

"What'll it mean to the world in December of 1917? The world was never so full of hate as now. And who would see my candle out in this place if I did light one?"

"I guess I'm old-fashioned, Miss Ravenstow, but mightn't it be the One who never forgets even a little sparrer? I wish you'd try it, just for your own sake," I says. "It might make you happier."

Her face was set and cold-like, and there was a strange look in her eyes, but her voice was soft and gentle as she said: "I thank you for your kindness, Mr. Witherspoon. Good-night."

There wasn't much holiday spirit on the upper Smoky that year. You all remember 1917. Three days before Christmas I left my cart down by Gabel's corner and run across the canon up home with little Tully. The dark was comin' on so fast I felt uneasy about him. But I needn't of, for his bright eyes wasn't in his little button-head for nothin'. He could see better'n an owl; and as we turned out of the deepest pocket of the canon he caught sight of Tobe wanderin' round down there. Tobe had started to meet us, and as usual went the wrong way. By the time we'd corralled him and run him in it was plum dark, so I stopped to say a word to Grandma Gabel.

"Merry Christmas," I says to her.

"Same to you, Mr. Witherspoon." Her voice had a hard sound like it come from anywhere but the real heart of her.

Well, I went skallyhootin' home that night full of a big old-fashioned idea—I'd take every mail box out there a candle to set up in their windows Christmas Eve. Far lonely little homes, miles apart and out of sight of anybody, but I'd learned to love the folks out there, and I wanted once to help spread the Christmas spirit in what little way I could.

The next day I wrapped up a candle for every single mail box I had, with a little card, askin' the folks to take it with my best wishes and with the hope they'd light it and set it in the window Christmas Eve. Something the Smoky Hill Valley'd never seen before in all the long still centuries its brown waters has run down from the high planes to the Kaw. It wasn't that the candles was so much. It was for what their little tiny lights stood for.

The day before Christmas that year was a good deal like the one endin' on us here tonight. I was pretty well worked down helpin' in the post office out of hours, and I hadn't had sleep enough in a week to match more'n one good night's rest. I'd took a mite of cold, too, that settled in my eyes. If you think the wind's forgot how to blow, 'cause Kansas is higher civilized, and more intensiver cultivated, just start up the Smoky Hill Valley some day like this one, and you won't need three guesses to decide how long it'll take for the wind to sliver your eyeballs. One of my eyes was bloodshot and half blind, and I could hardly read the addresses on the mail. Just went by the mail box numbers and let it go at that.

School held up till Christmas Eve. I guess Miss Ravenstow wanted the children to keep her from herself. I thought a lot about her as I slung my mail together. Nothin' in it for her, of course, not a single one of them greeting cards that was chokin' the postal service to death. It got on my nerves, wonderin' what her story might be. For even if she did live by herself and had forgot how to smile, there must have been a time somewhere back, when she had Christmas days in a pretty home. I got so worked up over the case I nearly forgot to have a thrill over a letter for Box 33, the Gabels', when I caught sight of the number. But mail was pallin' on my curiosity as it will on a carrier's by the time December twenty-four gets 'round, every year. Still thinkin' of Ruth Ravenstow, I stopped at the school house to pick up little Tully Gabel, and to chat a minute with the pretty, white-faced girl who'd have a silent Christmas in her little room off the old sod school house.

I don't know yet just how she managed to get by Tully and put a bundle into my cart before I knew it myself.

"It's the phonograph for Grandma Gabel from Tully. He wants one for her so much and I shall not need it any more."

The look in her eyes as she said that stays with me yet. It wasn't like any I ever see before.

"Don't leave it at the mail box," she went on. "Take it up to the house when you come round the loop. Smuggle it in without him seein' it if you can. Goodby."

That was the coldest goodby I ever heard, and I went on with my heart heavy for her, but [*Turn to page 63*]

True Hospitality, A Genuine Invitation

—a fine mark of good housekeeping

There is a peculiar warmth of welcome, a subtle note of special invitation, a quiet touch of true social understanding—*and marked good housekeeping*—perfectly evident in the bowl of Diamond Walnuts that greets your guests in the living room during the Holiday Season.

We—4186 California growers—specialize in the growing of fine Walnuts, the kind we know you want to typify your kind of hospitality.

But even from our *specialized Crops* we discard more than 5,000,000 pounds, first by machine-elimination and then by hand, leaving only Walnuts which are uniformly good.

These we put in sacks labeled "Diamond." Your grocer will show you this sack full of delicious nuts which are *already selected for you.* You get better and *more* kernels per pound from Diamond Walnuts.

Whether you order ten pounds, five or only one,—all are the same if they're "Diamond"—thin, clean, light-colored shells that crack without crushing the big, crisp, flavory, plump kernels inside.

As the price of Diamond Walnuts is usually about the same as for other Walnuts, surely it is worth your while insisting that the Grocer take yours from the famous Diamond bag, illustrated below.

You can then fill your guest-bowl in perfect confidence.

OUR OFFER: The handiest loose-leaf receipt book ever designed. Makes an ideal Christmas present. Includes strong, flexible cover, complete set index cards, and 50 blank sheets for your favorite receipts. Size 6 x 8 inches. Lies flat, stays open. Would cost $2.00 in any retail store, but you send *actual cost to us*—only $1.00—to get one prepaid to your door. Includes many of our choicest Walnut receipts *but no advertising* in or on the book. Just enclose a money order, check, or $1.00 bill with your request.

MOST DIAMOND WALNUTS—about 50,000,000 pounds a year—are sold in *shells* But you can also buy these same delicious walnuts *shelled*—just the kernels alone. Halves for topping mixed with pieces for filler and salads *in large and small tins.* Both "Vacuum Packed" so they come to you with the incomparable Diamond flavor and freshness intact.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION

DEPT. B-3. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A Purely Cooperative, Non-Profit Organization of 4,186 Growers
Our Yearly Production 50,000,000 Pounds

DIAMOND BRAND

DIAMOND *California's finest* WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts

A KRAFT SOUFFLE FOR LUNCHEON

JUST the thing when you want something different for the light luncheon.

It's not so "light" either; there's a world of nourishment in it. But that's true of all dishes prepared with Kraft Cheese. For Kraft Cheese always is nutritious, wholesome and delicious. We never have put the Kraft name on any other kind—and never will.

If you like good cheese—and most people do—it's only fair that you have some way to identify it. Our name on Kraft Cheese does that for you. And if you will just make sure that the Kraft name is on the cheese you buy you can forget about quality—it will always be there. So long as you are paying the price of good cheese, you may as well have Kraft.

KRAFT CHEESE SOUFFLE

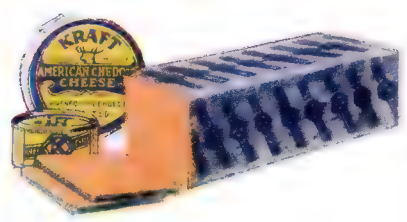
½ cupful Kraft Cheese, rubbed through grater.
¼ cupful flour, 3 eggs.
¼ " butter, salt, paprika.
1 cup milk, onion juice.

Prepare a white sauce with flour, butter and milk. Add Kraft cheese and cook, while stirring, until thick. Add yolks of 3 eggs, ½ teaspoonful of salt, paprika to taste, and 1 teaspoonful onion juice. Mix carefully and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Turn into a greased baking dish and set into a pan of water in a hot oven. Bake until firm.

Send for free recipe book McC 12

KRAFT CHEESE

Decidedly Better



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Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

The new McCall House shows two important ways of—

Saving Money in Building

By Ernest Flagg

WHEN one way to save money in building is found, other ways of saving almost always suggest themselves as consequences—corollaries, mathematicians would call them.

For instance, in the use of ridge-dormers, explained in the previous article of this series, one object is to make valuable for living purposes the space in the slopes of the roofs which it has long been the custom to waste altogether or use to little purpose. A consequence of this is that the height of the building may be considerably reduced and much saved in cost of construction.

A second corollary is, that in reducing the height, beauty is obtained on account of the more pleasing proportions. Thus a gain in value is had because a good-looking house is worth more than an ugly one.

A third corollary is that the space inside is worth more because rooms having ridge-dormers are better than others. Such rooms, if directions are followed as already explained, will maintain themselves automatically at a lower temperature in summer, in winter be more cheerful and bright and all the time pleasanter and more agreeable to live in than other rooms.

How great the saving in cost which this feature permits of can hardly be realized by the layman. Low walls cost only half as much in labor as high ones and at present rates it is the labor which makes building prohibitive for many persons. A wall breast-high goes up like magic but as soon as a scaffold becomes necessary, speed decreases and cost increases. The standard height of walls for one-story houses under this system is 3′ 9″ and for two-story houses 11′ 3″; of the two, the lower wall produces the more satisfying result. Thus with walls hardly higher than commonly used for foundations, and a roof, the most delightful results are obtained. How can any kind of building be cheaper than one which requires only foundations and a roof, leaving out all between? Under such circumstances, it is cheaper to build with stone than wood and it must be a very poor stone house which is not better than the best wooden one. Among building materials, stone is king. It always has been so and it always will be so.

The utilization of the space in the slopes of the roofs is one of the two important ways above mentioned of saving money in building. The other relates to cellars. There is a mistaken popular prejudice in favor of cellars. Cellars themselves are not considered healthful, but the space above is generally thought to be better and drier if there is a cellar. No one would care to live in a cellar but that is, in effect, what happens when there is a cellar. If anyone wants proof of the truth of this statement, he can soon have it by letting the gas escape, or making a little smoke in the cellar. His nose will soon give him positive assurance that the cellar air permeates the whole building and that he is to all intents and purposes living in a cellar.

DAMPNESS from the soil is notoriously unhealthful. The healthfulness of localities can often be increased by simply lowering surface water by sub-soil drainage. Unmistakable proof of this has been found by experiments at military hospitals in England where the death rate has been materially reduced by surface drainage. The soil is always damp even though it may be drained. This dampness is necessary for vegetation and there is an immense amount of it even in the driest soil. Place a few flowers or vines in a vase with water and see how fast they drink it up. Then calculate how many barrels of water daily must be required by a large tree. When a wall of masonry is in contact with the soil it takes up moisture by capillary or molecular attraction, like blotting paper, and it is simply astonishing how far up a wall that moisture may be carried under favorable conditions. In a cellar the moisture is constantly passing through the wall, evaporating into the cellar and consequently into the atmosphere of the house.

Many people in reading this will doubtless say that their particular cellar is as "dry as a bone." That is the "stock" phrase but persons having these bone-dry cellars do not use them as storage places for things they wish to protect against moisture—fine clothing for instance.

As usual, the saving effected in abolishing the cellar carries with it many other savings as corollaries. They are so many that this time we will number them.

First: There is the great saving in construction. More masonry is used in the ordinary cellar than in the full one-story house of the sort [*Turn to page 59*]

THE progress photograph shown at the top of this page represents, in the work on The McCall Demonstration House, 61 days' labor of eight hours each, distributed as follows:

Excavating and trenches	*12 days*
Setting forms and scaffolding	*22 days*
Laying dry foundations	*3 days*
Mosaic rubble walls	*14 days*
Cleaning up and miscellaneous	*2 days*
Hauling equipment	*6 days*
Laying out building	*2 days*
	61 days

This includes labor for which the average pay without overhead expense was at the rate of $4.50, making the cost for the 61 days, $274.50. The photograph shows the stone work completed to top of the ground story except for the pointing to be done in this case after forms are removed.

57

HEINZ

holiday desserts

The goodness of Mince Meat depends upon the goodness of what goes into it.

Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Fig Pudding

Spices, currants, raisins, apples, beef, citron, cider—all gathered from the lands where each grows best and made into a delicious food by skilled chefs in kitchens of spotless cleanliness—

That is Heinz Mince Meat—ready at your grocer's in glass jars and tins—a delicious, wholesome filling for your holiday dessert.

Heinz Plum Pudding

Made from the choicest materials after a perfect recipe by skilled cooks in the Heinz spotless kitchens. A delicious, wholesome dessert, worthy of an honored place in your holiday menu.

Heinz Fig Pudding

Rich with figs, but light and digestible. No matter how heavy the meal there is always room for this tempting Heinz dessert. Serve it with the special sauce, the recipe for which is on the can.

You Can't Hold the Burtons Back These Days

"And my touchdown won the game!"

IT all started with Ralph. You know for some reason he would never go to a doctor. But I could always remember how healthy and ambitious he had been when we were first married. It worried me more and more, as years went by, to see the gradual change in his health and spirits. He was not getting ahead in business. He was often cross around the house, too. And it might have been the worry, but I found myself meeting his bad humor at least half way. The whole Burton family, children and all, seemed to be in a slump.

Finally Ralph came home one day with a worse headache than usual. It was so bad that I quietly got the doctor in. It was the luckiest thing I ever did. I want to tell you that the three dollars I paid the doctor that day bought this house and our automobile. More than that, it bought happiness on top of success, for every one of us.

Dr. Harvey asked a good many questions. Finally he said, "Mr. Burton, you've got, and have had for some time, a more or less constant auto-intoxication. In plain English, self-poisoning. This condition is one of the commonest and yet most serious we have to treat. It comes, of course, from chronic sluggishness of the intestines. The blood picks up poisons from the food waste and carries them to every cell in the body.

"Any part of the body may be affected, from the heart itself to the outside skin. Naturally the strongest attack of these poisons is on the weakest part in your system. It may be the kidneys, the heart, the stomach, or even the brain that will show the effects first. But sooner or later, if the condition is not corrected, you get some vital disease.

"Over seventy-five per cent of human illness originates in the intestinal tract. The way to correct it is to remove the cause, which is merely chronic delay in the passage of the food waste out of the body. You must get clean and *stay* clean, inside." He warned us against castor oil, pills, salts and mineral waters—said they did more harm than good in the long run—and so on. I took in every word.

"*Lubrication* is the best way to get internal cleanliness," he said. "Take Nujol. Nujol isn't a medicine; it's simply a lubricant. It lubricates and softens the food waste and insures regular and thorough elimination."

So Ralph started to take Nujol. I could see such an improvement that pretty soon I decided to take it myself and give it regularly to the children. I could see that both Junior and Alice, and I even more so, were in danger of this same auto-intoxication. But that was six years ago, and we've hardly had a sick day since.

Nujol made a big difference in the Burton family. Ralph has made good in business, and is in line for even bigger things. Junior picked up in his studies and Alice has had two mid-year promotions since she started in. As for myself, my looks have improved and I certainly am far healthier and happier than I used to be. Housework isn't drudgery to me now and I have lots more time and strength for social affairs.

As Mother said the other day, "You simply can't hold the Burtons back these days."

Mothers

Have your children take Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative—it is merely a lubricant. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless. Hospitals use it. Physicians all over the world recommend it for infants and children and people of all ages

Nujol should be taken as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories. Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 812-S, 7 Hanover Sq., N. Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16 page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name.....

Address.....

Reversion

[*Continued from page 52*]

"a nawful monstrous trout" under the bridge.

"Yes, Cyrus," she said, "you usually do see larger than others." At which the boy, not at all abashed, threw several handsprings and raced away with another boy's lunch basket. At which the entire pack set up a shout and followed over the fence into the pasture where were a spring and some rocks, apparently their traditional dining-room.

Smith looked at his fishy hands, looked around for some place to wash them.

The schoolmistress said, politely, that there were soap, towels, and basin in the rear of the school-room, and that he was quite welcome to use them.

When he came out of the school-house he saw the schoolmistress under a maple tree. She had spread a napkin on the grass and was arranging upon it the contents of her lunch basket.

"—Would you mind if I ate my lunch here on the grass?" he asked.

"No, I'd like it," she replied, but her face flushed.

He fished out his lunch, squatted down cross-legged, and opened the paper parcel.

"I'm stopping at the Willow Hill House," he explained. "My name is Smith and I come from New York."

"This is Willow River School House," she said.

After a slight pause: "And did you mention the teacher's name?" he asked.

She blushed, looked up, then laughed: "It's Adele West."

He said: "Suppose I cook a trout or two?"

"You may if you choose," she said, "but I don't see how you are going to."

"Aha!" he rejoined gaily, "I'll show you . . . And it will be *very* good."

She laughed a little and watched him draw out of the rear pocket of his canvas fishing coat a flat aluminum case from which he produced a fry-pan, a stew-pan, a plate, a teapot, a cup, a canister of tea, and a knife and fork.

Four stones made his range. He whittled a few shavings, started his fire and then with open jack-knife in one hand and his creel of fish in the other, he went down to the river bank to clean his trout.

When he came back she was seated with her hands clasped around one knee looking at the fire. This he mended, poked, and fed adroitly. In a few minutes he had two plump fish frizzling over the coals.

They ate with the appetite of youth. They ate shamelessly everything in her basket and in his parcel, too.

Then he lighted his pipe and leaned back against the trunk of the great maple.

His aluminum hardware was merrily boiling in the stew-pan. He washed and dried it on his handkerchief, packed up his kit, burned all the debris, put out the embers by spilling water on them.

"You are a neat housekeeper," she ventured.

"Aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. You should see my house."

"Will you let me?"

"I was only joking. It's just a two-room cabin. It wouldn't interest you—"

"You don't live there alone, do you?"

"Yes."

"Are there near neighbors?"

"Not very near . . . I'm not afraid. Tramps don't come into these parts. It's too far from the railroad." she looked down at her nickel wrist-watch.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I must call the children—"

"Shall we do this tomorrow?"

"Maybe you won't catch any trout—"

"I'll promise."

She laughed; looked away from him: "Good bye," she said, releasing her hand.

On his way back to the river he heard her ringing the school bell.

BY the end of the week Smith became known to the urchins of Willow School House as "Teacher's fella."

Also that psychic telegraphy which broadcasts news over wide and sparsely settled areas had acquainted the countryside that "Teacher" had a "city beau."

For a week or more Smith remained unenlightened. He was having a quaint time in a quaint world which, he had supposed, Modernism had abolished.

"I'm glad it's the end of the term," she said to Smith one late afternoon when he stopped at the school-house. A salmon-tinted evening sky; and she wore a salmon-tinted cotton slip—and there had been a shower and every road-rut ran brimming gold.

In the exquisite freshness of the world she seemed like some virile, dewy thing newborn of rain and sky and leagues of hill and plain—something invigorated, stem-slender, and very young.

Two sandpipers preceded them down the river, flitting ahead as they approached. Out of sweet-fern and drenched wild grasses rabbits already were venturing into the wet road, and the girl in sudden impulse of wild spirits chased them, as light of foot as they. And stood laughing and flushed and uncertain as he came up.

As they strolled on she pulled off her big straw hat and swung it by one ribbon as she walked with superbly youthful carriage in her thin, clinging cotton slip.

When they came to her cottage she passed through the picket gate and held it open for him. She unlocked her door, ran into one of the two rooms to light an oil lamp, calling to him to be seated.

Kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room in one—that is where he found himself. The other was her bed-room.

Cotton curtains and potted flowers made gay an otherwise dingy place of cheap furniture, parental portraits in crayon, a noisy clock, a very noisy canary bird, and, for the rest, a range, a cupboard, a pine table covered with a red-checked cloth and several shelves for china and kitchen ware.

"Are you going to take supper with me?" she asked frankly.

"If I may."

No trace of hesitation, of awkwardness, of embarrassment remained. She moved about confidently, as though there were no question of his belonging where he sat.

"Do you need help?" he inquired.

She did not, having pinned on an apron, lighted the fire, whisked skillets and saucepans about, started things simmering, and—as though she had as many arms as a Brahman goddess—setting the table for two.

Fried potatoes, fried trout, tea and pie is what they ate. She went away to wash the dishes; came back and seated herself on the rickety sofa beside him with the flushed finality of one prepared to play according to Hoyle. But what the rural game was to be he didn't understand—

She was so sun-tanned and fresh and warm against his shoulder.

After a moment she leaned forward and turned the oil lamp very low.

The new moon's tracery in the southwest caught his eye over his right shoulder.

The girl looked up at the new moon. Then slowly turned and gave him her lips of a child.

After a while; "How many beaux have you had?" he asked.

"I haven't had any."

"Adele!"

"Really."

"Am I your first?"

"I don't know. Are *you* a—a beau?"

"Well, I behave like one, don't I?"

"You seem to. . . When are you going away from Willow Hill?"

"I haven't any plans."

She was silent. Her slim fingers, tanned creamy white, wandered absently over his sleeve and shoulder, brushed his cheek very, very lightly; touched his hair:

"Is it gray or only very blond—just here—" she rested one finger above his ear.

"Probably gray," he replied.

"Oh. It looks so blond." . . . Their eyes met in the dimness, and after a little while their lips joined.

Later: "What do you propose to do with your life?" he asked.

"Why, teach," she replied, surprised.

"Oh. And some day you'll fall in love and marry?"

"I don't know."

Sitting limply, her head reversed on his shoulder, [*Turn to page 60*]

Saving Money in Building

[*Continued from page 57*]

we are discussing. Then there is the cost of excavating. Next comes the cost of doors, windows, stairs and the floor over the cellar.

Second: There is the cost of heating. In a two-story house about one-third the contents is in the cellar. Without it the cost of heating can easily be reduced one-third.

Third: There is the improvement in the appearance of the building which comes through reducing its height. If there is a cellar the tendency is to keep a good part of it out of ground to save excavation and improve the light of the cellar. Thus the height of the building is increased and its proportions hurt, for we have already seen that the ordinary small house is too high for its base.

Fourth: If there is no cellar, gutters and leaders may be dispensed with and they are things which are not only costly in the first place but costly to maintain. The object of gutters and leaders is to keep water out of the cellar.

Fifth: When a house has no cellar there is a tendency to make it hug the ground, so to speak—than which nothing is more attractive in the appearance of a home. By keeping the floors as close to the grade as possible, a saving is effected both in foundation and fill and if the house is on uneven land, there may be interesting difference in floor levels, differences which would be a mere affectation if there was no reason for them but which, when the reason is apparent, are attractive. When a house is fitted to the topography of the ground in this way, it seems to belong to the land and to grow out of the soil. It is this appearance which adds so much to the charm of ancient feudal castles. They were planned on the ground and belong to the landscape.

Sixth: When the house is fitted to the ground in this way, raised piazza-floors with their steps and balustrades are no longer needed—things requiring repairs and constant painting. The piazza-floor may be of brick.

One might greatly prolong this list but enough has been said to convince the open-minded and those are the chief ones to whom this is addressed.

One reason for the popular prejudice in favor of cellars is due to the fact that houses without them as commonly built are damp and unhealthful. But that is no argument in favor of the cellar. It is simply proof that there is a right and a wrong way of building.

If the cellar is omitted it must be omitted properly, otherwise results will be disastrous. If the house is to be sanitary, it must be insulated thoroughly against moisture from the soil. This can be done easily and inexpensively. Here is the recipe, as women say:

When the foundation walls are within two inches of the level of the finished wooden floor, smooth them off with cement and use two coats of some damp-resisting compound, of which there are many brands on the market. Then when the soil within the walls is properly graded, lay a bed of broken stones about 3″ deep and cover with cement mortar smoothed off flush with the damp-proofing of the said foundation walls and paint in the same way. When this is done, a coating, impervious to moisture, will extend over the whole area to be built upon—than which nothing could be more conducive to the reduction of those repairs for which the doctor is paid.

THERE was a time when cellars were useful for storage purposes. When that need passed they were retained because they were thought necessary for heating. Now they are necessary for neither purpose. The question of heating will be considered later. We will simply say here that the notion that a floor on the ground will be cold is a mistaken one. The temperature of the ground when protected from frost does not fall below fifty degrees. If properly made a wooden floor on a damp-proofed concrete slab of the kind described will be much warmer and less draughty than if there is a cellar. The only air space under the wooden floor should be not more than one inch which is the thickness of the wooden strips to which the boarding is nailed.

Much better storage space above ground, and of sufficient size can be had for a mere fraction of the cost of a cellar.

The saving in cubage which is effected by the utilization of the space in the slopes of the roof and in the omission of the cellar amounts to about one-third.

Thus having reduced the size of the house by one-third, we proceed to save on almost every feature entering into the construction. How this is done will be explained later.

The Editor tells me, at the last moment, that I may have a few more lines. I will use them for a postscript on the garage. It had not been the original intention to furnish a garage for the McCall House, but nowadays a house is hardly a house without one and certainly not a home of the modern kind. In this case the land rises so rapidly from the road that the floor may be at the road level and the roof somewhat below the ground in front of the house. The garage will, therefore, be set in the bank, so to speak, its front being in line with a retaining wall to hold the bank. The roof will consist of a concrete arch, over the top of which the earth will be carried to form part of a terrace in front of the house. The cost of the work will be kept separate. More will be said about the garage later.

FOR the McCall House, which Mr. Flagg is building at Dongan Hills, Staten Island, to demonstrate his new, cost-cutting building methods, the architect's plans and specifications will be sent to you for $15.00—a remarkably low price which McCall's makes especially for its readers. Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube

RAMON NOVARRO, Metro Star, says:

I never go on a set without first looking to my teeth. I've done this ever since I discovered Pepsodent. It removes that cloudy film, which before strong lights and a camera, shows up so unkindly. A noted dentist told me about it and I've never stopped thanking him. Most of the people before the camera do the same.

Ramon Novarro

BEBE DANIELS, Famous Players-Lasky Star, says:

Not so very long ago my director hesitatingly told me my teeth did not seem as white as they might be. Then Agnes Ayres told me about Pepsodent, which a famous dental surgeon in the East had advised her to use. In less than 10 days I had the glistening teeth people ask me about today.

Bebe Daniels

Those $100,000 a year smiles in the Movies

How motion pictures' famous stars gain the gleaming, pearly teeth that make smiles worth fortunes—how you can clear your own teeth in the same way. A simple test that reveals the most amazing of tooth methods—a new method urged by leading dental authorities of the world.

SMILES in the cinema world sell for thousands—that is, some smiles. Gleaming teeth are essential. Otherwise a smile can have no value. So these people follow the method here explained not only for the satisfaction and beauty they gain, but as a matter of cold business.

Now a test of this method is offered you—simply use the coupon.

The amazing effect of combating the film which forms on teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a film. A film no ordinary dentifrice will successfully remove, yet which absorbs discolorations and clouds and dulls your teeth.

Remove it and your teeth take on a new beauty—a glistening clearness that seems almost incredible. You may have gloriously clear teeth without realizing it. Thousands of people do.

New methods remove it

Modern dental science recently discovered ways to remove and combat that film. For besides impairing beauty, it invites most tooth troubles and decay.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. And in contact with teeth, this acid causes decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You must remove it at least three times daily and constantly combat it. For it is ever forming, ever present.

Now in a new type tooth paste, called Pepsodent, this enemy to tooth health and beauty is successfully fought. And that is the famous tooth "make-up" method of the greatest stars of screen and stage—the dental urge of world's leading dentists. Its action is to curdle the film; then harmlessly to remove it. No soap or chalk, no harsh grit so dangerous to enamel.

Results are quick

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube free. Find out what is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth. Note their whiteness, their glistening charm. You will note a great difference. Your friends will mark it.

Mail Coupon for FREE Tube

COLLEEN MOORE, First National Star, says:

Results are really astonishing. On the advice of my dentist I use Pepsodent exclusively—I've never found any old-fashioned method with nearly the same effect—one never knows what pretty teeth she has until she attacks the film.

Colleen Moore

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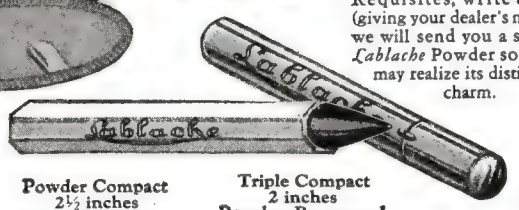

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Reversion

[*Continued from page 58*]

her wide eyes on the ceiling, presently she laughed to herself.

"Why?" he asked.

One of her hands dropped into his and took hold:

"I don't know why I laughed. . . . Life is nice."

"Is it?"

"You think so, too, don't you? . . . Oh, it *is* so nice. . . . When I stop to think of everything God has done for me I—I don't know how to thank Him. Did you ever feel that way?"

He hardly knew what to answer—was suddenly conscious of unfamiliar embarrassment which surprised and confused him, and even perversely amused him... And yet it had been a simple question... What was it, again? Oh, yes;—did he know how adequately to thank God for all the things He had done for him? . . . But it was many years since that sort of gratitude had even occurred to him, or any expression of it entered his untroubled mind.

He said nothing. His glance roamed around the shabby room—one of the gifts of the Almighty for which this girl had found no words to express her gratitude. . . .

"My dear . . . When will you come again?"

"Tomorrow," said that fool in the prime of life.

WHAT preoccupied Smith was his own profound reaction to his environment. The time of year, the place, the situation had taken a hold on him that began to fill him with unquiet surprise.

He couldn't seem to get enough of it.

Every sunny or rainy morning he awoke with the same happy excitement at the prospect of another day—to idle through.

But the principal thrill to which he awoke every morning was so spontaneous, so primitive, that there was no doubt or perplexity concerning it.

For his first waking thought was of Adele West, teacher at Willow River School-house.

That he had no inclination to return to his former life and accustomed haunts and habits did not surprise Smith as much as his ever freshening pleasure in this girl.

He knew it would be ridiculous to marry her or to suppose that distaste for the life he was born to could be permanent.

Yet the very thought of all that he had fled from was singularly repellent.

"Well," he thought, reasoning with himself, "I can't live all my life in patched knickers and greased shoes. Sometime or other I'll have to move on.

"Ah!" he thought, "is this *love? . .*"

Several times he tried to tell himself that he'd be ready to return to his proper environment by October. And shuddered at the idea.

Several times he thought of winter, and the South Seas, or of Naxos and the blue Aegean, or of other distant sapphire seas; and every time his accompanying thought was of Adele's reaction to such sunlit and enchanted bournes.

Another thing, from the beginning, had appealed to him—to his sense of humour, and, lately, to something more sympathetic;—and that was this girl's ignorance of his worldly prosperity.

He was thinking about that, now, as he left the long, alder-bordered reach behind her cottage, climbed the river bank, upward through a little maple wood, and caught sight of her at her back door, looking for him.

She was all ready for him in a fresh, pink slip-over; sweet, fragrant with youth. She put both arms around his neck and they exchanged that rather serious kiss which had become, now, their first greeting.

He spoke, now, in a low voice: "What do you suppose I do for a living?"

"Are you a travelling man?" she inquired after a little reflection.

"I've travelled. . . Do you suppose I make a good salary?"

"I haven't thought about it."

"Oughtn't a girl to have a beau who can afford to give her things?"

"I don't need anything." . .

"But I've never given you anything. Not even a box of candy."

"You don't need to," she said, pressing her cheek against his shoulder.

"Of course," he said, "even if we wanted to marry each other we couldn't afford it."

Never had he supposed any human creature to remain so still. Even her breathing seemed to have ceased. He looked down at her partly hidden face and saw that her eyes were closed.

"So it couldn't be done, even if we wanted to—could it?" he added.

"Don't you earn a little?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"I'm—out of work," he said.

After a silence: "You wouldn't want to live on my salary, would you?" she ventured.

"Are you in love with me?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said.

Fortune had offered Smith everything in the world except love. Now she even offered that. And Smith, who never had refused himself anything offered by Fortune, took the little schoolmistress into his arms and kissed her flower-red mouth.

"We'll marry," he said, "and live on whatever we can scrape together." And he kissed her again; and the girl responded in a passion of gratitude and love.

"And now," thought that impulsive and sentimental jackass, "we'll see what happens to a born fool!"

But he was happier than ever he had been in all his life, and he looked at the child-like creature in his arms and thought of Naxos and the South Seas.

[*Continued from page 92*]

it over our husbands became a joke. But of course our men began to notice. They were men—they understood—they knew the breed who took us around.

For me, it ended in the divorce court. Now my husband is married to a charming girl who is perfectly satisfied to spend her time with him. And I? Well, I'm still young, I still go to dances and auto rides and shows and dinners with men not my husband for I haven't any but most always with some other woman's husband.

And I have not remained perfectly good! Neither will you, Amelia and my dears, regardless of what you think now. You will have to change or you won't have any opportunities to go out with the only kind of men who will take you. My story is only one of many I could tell you—so many that it is terrible to think of them. I'd like to hear from Amelia and her friends in a few months from now. But please, girls, tell Winona the TRUTH.—Sorry.

Dear Winona Wilcox: The thing Amelia and her friends think would be so delightful and safe may perhaps be done a time or two but to continue is disastrous. Sympathy is the foundation of every friendship. Men never get emotional indigestion from too much feminine sympathy, and never fail to demand it from every girl they know. Of course the forty wives intend to keep their friendships with men in the open. A husband is to know all about it—where, when and with whom the wife goes. Oh, yes! But just carry on this line of thought: Are you going to ask daddy to stay and care for Bobby and the baby while you motor with Mr. Nice Man? And will you tell husband to invite Miss Flapper from next door to share his evening? All above board, nothing hidden, you know! My husband was overseas in the war. I entered the business world and had a good chance to study human conduct. I decided we women can do most for our men by keeping the conventions just as they are. If we follow the well known rules of social life, we women do not deliberately tempt men, rather we keep them chivalrous. So we keep them up to their best. Surely that is best for us.—Hello-Girl.

The Most Exciting Gift That Santa Can Bring Into Any Home

A Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving—Price Only $15

THIRTY-FIVE women were blinded through the use of hot curling irons in 1923, according to a recent publication of the Government Statistical Bureau. What would an investment of $15 for a Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit have *meant* to the lives of these unfortunate ones? Here is a perfectly safe article—an invention sometimes classified as one of the greatest ever made for personal comfort and safety—by the use of which, once or twice a year, a straight-haired woman's troubles are turned into pride and pleasure.

A PERMANENT wave by the Nestle Home Outfit, with the latest "LANOIL" Process, means the transforming of the straightest, lankiest hair—hair which otherwise needs curling daily or nightly, into *naturally* curly hair. You may shampoo it at will, use hair treatments of any kind, dance and perspire, go out into rain and fog, brush and comb it as much as you like—and yet have curly hair just as if you were born with it!

Entire Families And Groups of Friends Waved With One Outfit

Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute declared in 1909 that the Nestle discovery of the permanent hair wave was, in his opinion, the greatest step forward ever made in hair science. Since then, the popularity of permanent waving has climbed to unprecedented heights. What it means to the straight-haired girl and matron to have curly, wavy hair under all possible circumstances can be realized only by those who have actually tried the Nestle Outfit, never to give it up again, except perhaps in favor of professional treatment. We recommend this where the money and convenience are available, but millions of girls and women are not so fortunate. And for them the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit is *just the thing*. It lasts forever, and with it, they can, at very little cost, wave not only their own but other heads as well.

The Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit Is Safer Than All Other Curling Devices

Although a great many thousands of Nestle Waving Outfits are in homes everywhere in the world, and although in the United States alone, over four thousand hairdressers every day use the large professional Nestle apparatuses for "LANOIL" waving, we have never heard of a single instance of serious mishap. Its perfect safety is a main feature. Its simplicity is another. Children of twelve have successfully waved their elders' hair, while with many high school girls, Nestle waving has become a favorite pastime, because the process is so interesting, and the results so thrilling.

Thirty Days' Free Trial In Your Own Home

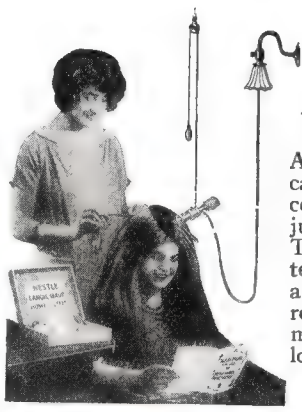
This is the most eloquent evidence of the success of the Home Outfit—that every Outfit ever sold in the two and one-half years since its invention was sold on 30 days' free trial. Send the Nestle Company a check, money order or draft for $15, and get the Outfit on this condition. Besides the regular supplies, you will receive free trial materials. Use these. Then examine your hair as to its quality. Test the curls and waves you get any way you like. Shampoo, rub, brush and comb them, as you please. Then, if you are not satisfied with the results, if they do not look prettier every day, return the Outfit within thirty days, and WE GUARANTEE to refund the entire $15 to you without question or delay, without deducting a penny for packing costs, postage or the free trial materials used.

At the right is an illustration showing the way the Home Outfit is used. You curl the hair strand by strand. Each strand, wet with the sympathetic "LANOIL" lotion, and wound on a Nestle mechanical curler, is warmed for only seven minutes, and each strand comes out transformed by this gentle steam pressure, as if by magic, to naturally curly, even though, when waved by *ordinary* methods, such as crimpers or hot irons, it never held a curl or wave for more than a day or two.

Do Not Delay

In our files, we have over 16,000 *photographs* and *letters* like the above from delighted Home Outfit users. Mothers use it on their children, children on their mothers, friends wave one another, even husbands help their wives to get charming, soft, natural waves and curls with this wonderful invention! But we do not ask you to take our word for anything, only to try the Home Outfit in *your* home, at *our* cost, just as all these others did.

This magazine is behind OUR GUARANTEE, as well as we ourselves. Nestle's are known all the world over as the originators of Permanent Waving and the famous "LANOIL" Process. You take not the slightest risk in making this free trial—and the results will bring you and your family great happiness.



The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit in Use

A whole head can be waved comfortably in just a few hours. The work is interesting, simple, and safe. The results are permanent and lovely.

Send a letter, a postal, or the coupon below for your Outfit today. Santa never before had so much to offer you as is contained in the little grey box illustrated above. Charming, natural waves, curls and ringlets for you and yours, through rain and shine, for months, and months, and MONTHS!

Her Husband LANOIL-Waved Her Hair

"The process is so simple and easy. My husband waved my hair without a bit of trouble," writes Mrs. G. A. Brightwell, 828 Norfolk St., Fort Worth, Texas.

Her Outfit "A Priceless Treasure"

"As a dispenser of happiness, Cinderella's fairy godmother had nothing on you, Mr. Nestle," writes Mrs. Roy A. Pinkston, 2719 E. Fifth Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

"This Little Girl Was Ill in Bed

when I waved her hair. We are delighted with her curls, waves and ringlets," writes little Miss Elva Lloyd's mother, from Walla Walla, Wash.

If you want further particulars, before ordering the Home Outfit on free trial, send immediately for our free illustrated booklet and testimonials.

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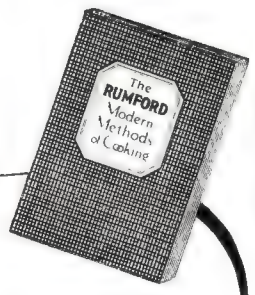
The Food of the Nation



The main "breakfast food" of the nation is bread in some form, preferably hot bread—muffins, rolls or smoking corn bread. Very digestible if made of the right ingredients — good flour, good shortening, good eggs, good milk, and last and perhaps most important of all RUMFORD BAKING POWDER—*the original phosphate baking powder* — THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER — the one baking powder which in itself adds actual body, nerve and tissue building material to the other good ingredients with which it is used — which really is a food in itself and which not only leavens but enhances the flavor of the other ingredients.

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The Gods He Served

[*Continued from page 23*]

and at the bottom of the grade turned into the first private road that presented itself; and, when beyond view from the highway, stopped. He looked at the gunman. The creature appeared to be asleep and with a shrug of the shoulders he went on.

IT was a distinguished room; a wood fire burned in the grate; a man stood by the hearth, and at the moment a young girl was going out for the evening. She was a winsome, attractive girl, pretty and with no pretentions; that type of the south, soft and effeminate.

She was flushed and happy. The rather dull life to which the ambitions of her Aunt Julia usually doomed her was taking, on this night, a brilliant turn. Lord Beauhurst a distinguished visitor in this fashionable colony, where her aunt had taken the pretentious house, had selected her out of all the young girls in the colony for the big Christmas eve dance at the Country Club.

That it had all come about by a sort of accident, added, merely, a tang of romance. He had made an opportunity to speak to her on the golf course. The lessors of the country place had put her Aunt Julia up at the club, as the usual sop to the money sack; and as she knew no one, the smart Englishman who seemed to know everybody was a sort of fairy prince.

Her aunt was markedly elated. Here at last was the way in. Lord Beauhurst had the run of the colony. He seemed a confidant of all the men in it; and he was to be seen everywhere. The wisdom of pitching her tent among the elect with a pretty niece tethered out in front was now conspicuously established.

"Come along, Ellen," she said, when the girl arrived at the head of the stairs. "You must look your best." And she put out her hand, loaded with the fortune or rings, in her characteristic gesture.

The reflections of Lord Beauhurst were of a different order.

He was a smart, dapper Englishman, of a modern type, indigenous to a certain London set, in which one finds the unattached and the exotic. He had come after a variety of disasters into his present trade.

It was an adventurous piratical trade; on the sea from England and overland into America. A company of adventurers running contraband liquor, required a presentable agent to place it; and so came Lord Beauhurst into Eastover.

He stood now in the drawing-room before the fire. He was smartly dressed, in very careful detail; his thick dark hair sleek like a seal's coat. And that sleekness seemed to extend itself as a distinguishing characteristic of the man. For the moment he was not concerned with his trade. The consignment coming in had been placed, and its housing arranged for. He was at other game. And his reflections, as he stood thus, his back to the fire, his legs apart, his hands in his pockets, were that this thing before him would be both easy and safe. Here was a primitive little beauty with only this impossible aunt!

Impossible and stupid! He had moved her to his will with scarcely the weight of a finger in his adjustment of the chaperonage. She should go in the motor with them, but she would not wish to remain; he would have Mrs. Ryce-Cartier take over her niece then, and see that she came safely home when the function was ended.

Mrs. Ryce-Cartier! He smiled. The cocktails would be of Jamaica rum! He would bring this little beauty alone in the limousine.

He did not deceive himself; this simple, little beauty would not, likely take to Mrs. Ryce-Cartier's Jamaica cocktail, but she could not refuse a glass of fruit juice before they came away; and there were things to add, tasteless, a drop or two, that out-distanced alcohol.

He put up his hand, unconsciously to something in his waistcoat pocket.

It was at this moment in his pleasing reflection that he heard a sound outside. A car had come into the grounds and stopped. It did not go on. He waited. There was no further [*Turn to page 70*]

"Don't let your face touch its pillow until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed"

. . . . I wipe away the blur of each day in "three golden minutes"

Night comes again. . . . and bed time. And in "three golden minutes" I wipe away the blur of the day just ended. Then my skin is ready for real beauty-giving rest.

For in this fragment of time I remove the day's dirt with a cold cream that cleanses and revives the skin, and smooths out tired lines all at the same time: one that's so pure, doctors prescribe it—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

If you, too, make it a rule never to let your face touch its pillow at night until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed with this perfect cold cream—you'll soon notice new clearness and beauty.

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with the red bands. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, and $1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you—Free Just send the coupon below.

* * *

How to use those "Three Golden Minutes"

I—*Smooth a coat of this perfect cold cream over your face and neck.*
II—*Leave it on a minute to sink in.*
III—*Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a smooth cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.*

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The Lost Compass and the World Today

[*Continued from page 13*]

Bethlehem. Like the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, we are surprised by the angels' greeting, "Peace upon earth; good will!" Old mysteries become for us a children's bed-time story, more real than our surroundings, of when hope was at its birth. There was no hope in Vienna. Vienna sat disconsolate as by a death-bed. The only industries were begging, stealing, borrowing and pawn-broking. Men craved food; but they felt no security in the future to make them work for it. They stood in long bread-lines, perishing as they stood, waiting to be given something. Honor had disappeared; jungle-morals were destroying both decency and kindness. Churches stood empty; jails were overflowing. You visited factories. Not a wheel was turning. You spoke to men on the street and were answered by the sullen silence of despair. You couldn't find a smile or a child's laugh in all Austria that Christmas night. Why laugh—how laugh, when God was dead or cruel?

You went to Hungary. There you found at least one passion: the spirit of revenge. Again no one working. Why work, if you have no future? Men dropping in the street and, as they dropped, cursing the hand of death that smote them. Never a thought of reconstruction. Never a hint that the soul survived the body's perishing.

It was the conviction that ideals were lies that had worked the destruction to a famished Europe. That there was no honor worth the striving. That there was no stabilized standard of truth. That to be an idealist was to be a suicide. That in any case ideals or lack of ideals all led to the same cul-de-sac of thwarted hope. That to petition God was a waste of time since, if He existed, He would not answer.

Another picture. The same year, 1921. I was living in Cannes. On a misty night I was on the point of entering my hotel when an automobile drove up and a white-haired woman, muffled and attended by civilians who looked like soldiers in disguise, stepped to the pavement and made a hurried entrance. It seemed to me that I recognized the woman. In the hotel there was an air of mystery. Everyone professed to be unaware of anything unusual. Finally, when pressed as to who the visitor was, they replied, "We are not allowed to tell." She was the Queen of Italy in hiding for the night. Next morning the cloud lifted; she came out bowing, with smiling face unmuffled, and stepping into her car, drove back post-haste to cross the Italian frontier.

What was happening that night when she came to Cannes in disguise? Mussolini was marching on Rome at the head of his Fascisti Army. No one knew his purpose. The King's counsellors were trying to persuade him to withstand the advance with military force. Luckily he was wiser than his counsellors. Had he resisted, Italy might have given us a later day version of the French Revolution. As it was, the King went out from Rome to meet the invaders as patriots. He threw in his lot with them and returned at their head. This was the reason, unknown to us at the time, why the Queen recrossed the Italian frontier smiling.

But who was this man Mussolini? He was a hero who prized virtue higher than life. He was the first ray of hope which had struck Europe since war ended. During the war he had fought as a man in the ranks and had been wounded in battle many times. When victory had come to Italy, discontent and weariness had turned triumph into the equivalent of defeat. The Soviet Government in Moscow saw in Italy's disillusion its great opportunity for world overthrow. If it could convert Italy to Communism, it could march on Rome and conquer the Vatican, the outstanding symbol of the Christian religion. It commenced its attack with a conspiracy of intimidation, similar to that of the Night Riders. If a paper or a publicist spoke of duty or patriotism, swift revenge followed. The vengeance was anonymous. It happened at night, carried out by masked men. The editor was beaten. The printing works were wrecked. The building was given over to flames. Mussolini commenced his opposition as a single man against thousands. He persuaded seven other ex-service men to join him. When a patriot was attacked, they imitated the attackers' strategy by striking back and exacting vengeance under darkness. The Soviet had boasted that within twelve months it would send an army of a hundred thousand Italian Communists to crush the Government and capture Rome. At the time when they should have been fulfilling their promise, Mussolini had been welcomed by the King, had rescued his nation from anarchy and was establishing his government. He not only saved the Vatican; he set an example of sacrifice and heroism which proved contagious. Italy, like every other European country, whether victor or vanquished, found itself at the end of the war drowning in a sea of debt. Mussolini at once called upon his countrymen to re-establish their honor by proving their honesty. He incited them not to wait for the tax-collector, but to tax themselves. The result was that in Bologna, as an example, women stripped themselves of their jewels and flung them into the public chest. Working men assigned so many days of their year's wages that they might help to purchase back their country's freedom. The same fanaticism for personal sacrifice which had urged men to defend their homes against the Kaiser, now inspired them to make peace certain. One believing man had saved Italy. The compass had swung back; direction again began to be manifested in the national life.

In other parts of the world besides Italy one can trace the same revival in believing. Gandhi, the Hindu saint and reformer, is a case in point. Whatever we may think of his political aims, he has worked a history-making reform among Asiatic peoples. For hundreds of years there has dwelt in India a race of human pariahs known as the "untouchables," men and women without caste, without future, almost without immortality. They have been known as the "untouchables" because to touch them, if you die without purification, is to endanger your salvation. Gandhi has paralleled the compassion shown by Christ toward lepers. Born inside the entrenchments of privilege, he has stepped outside to band himself with men condemned from birth to have no future, and has claimed them as his brothers. By so doing he has wakened the conscience of his compatriots and has redeemed millions of "untouchables" from the torture of degradation. Again the compass pointing.

You see the same revival today in the election of a British Labor Cabinet whose advent had been prophesied as the crowning disaster. Men who never had a chance to express themselves are growing brave to make their longings felt. One fact about the British Labor Cabinet is very significant. You never hear one of its members make a public utterance which leaves you in doubt as to the source of his inspiration. These men are Cromwellians.

America, of all countries, is the great example of what faith can accomplish. She was believed in before she was discovered. If Columbus had not believed there was an America beyond the horizon, he would never have adventured. The entire history of America since its discovery has been a history of faith. Every man who has come to these shores has been an immigrant who brought the dream of a future in his heart. He has come either to worship God or to help establish freedom. And it is [*Turn to page 66*]

The Candle in the Window

[*Continued from page 54*]

glad for my little pal beside me—The weather'd been ugly all day, and late in the afternoon it was gettin' nasty. The snow was just needles stingin' scatterin' like, but the storm was increasin' every minute. I put Tully out to run across the canon to his home. It was a short run, and I see what I was facin' on that loop at the end of my route. I give him the letter for Box 33, thinkin' all the time about the big box I was carryin' for him that Ruth Ravenstow had give me, and plannin' how I'd sneak it into Grandma Gabel's. It was marked for little Tully so I could get by Grandma all right, tellin' her it was for him, and not to open it till mornin'. I looked back after I'd gone a ways and I see Tully standin' by the mail box with that letter in his hand. I waved goodby and motioned to him to run on, but he stood still like the stubborn little tyke he was. I wished I'd told him to hurry with the letter to his grandma. It was the first one she'd had since I'd knowed her.

I looked back at the turn of the trail but I couldn't see the little cub at all, and I knew he must have cut for home with that letter, dreamin' all sorts of dreams and "p'likin'" to his heart's content. I was sort of dreamin' myself, till I see I was gettin' sleepy with the cold, and I quit thinkin' and hunched my shoulder down against the storm that seemed to bust suddenly out of the hills, and slam around gettin' ready for a real blizzard. What follows the rest of that trip I have tried to forget. It was the maddest, gashingest wind I ever faced.

I struggled through, determined to make every single box. Seemed like I was the only livin' thing west of Newton, Kansas. And all the world was rock and roar and dark cold nothingness. I just spattered into space when I left the last mail box and turned back to take that precious phonograph to Grandma Gabel's.

When you are lost in them canons the ocean ain't any crueler about givin' you up. Then I tried to forget the cold, wonderin' how many of them candles would be lighted later in the valley. At last I stopped and stood still determined to get my bearin's before I risked another step, when I seemed to see something move right in my path. Then, sure enough, in a minute I see two things; that I was a long way off my trail, and that the thing in my path was a man, Tobe Gabel. He'd gone out to meet us, the wrong way, of course, and was lost in the storm. I thought of the other lost boy back in the Kentucky mountains, and, big burden though he had always been, of what it would mean to his mother if he should perish here. I don't really know how we ever did get back, that big half froze boy and me. But we did somehow.

"Here's your son safe home," I says,—and, in a sort of night-before-Christmas-tone, I added, "Here's a present for your little boy from Miss Ravenstow. I hope your letter brought you good news."

"It's awfully good of you to fetch Tobe back. I thought he was still cuttin' wood outside," Mrs. Gabel said. "I don't know what you mean by a letter. Did Tully go to sleep in your cart? Why don't you fetch him in, too?"

"Bring him in?" I burst out. "I left him at the mail box with a letter for you. I told him to hurry home. It was too cold for him to take the long ride with me tonight. Don't say he isn't here?"

He wasn't and hadn't been there since morning, and the storm was on. The little boy was lost somewhere out in that awful night coming on.

"Grandma," I says, "Little Tully isn't lost. He's safe somewhere. I am going to find him."

The woman stood up before me, and it seemed to me I'd never heard a voice like hers then.

"I heard folks say the same thing years ago before Tobe was born. Where will you go?"

"There's a candle in every house in the valley, tonight. There'll be a light somewhere to guide me," I said and left her.

Out into the pathless dark and bitter cold of that stormy night I went with nothing to trust to but God's mercy. But which way? Somehow the letter kept coming up in my mind now. Why hadn't little Tully run home with it? He had stood with it in his hand till I was out of sight. Where had he gone with it? Where, but to the school house?

I won't tax you to picture what I went through between that lonely ranch house and the sod school house that night. Pretty soon I got confused about directions and had to fight on numb and half blinded with the cold and at the last turn of the trail I was utterly lost. But as I started forward again blindly, praying as I'd never prayed before, I saw a light—bless the Lord—a real light, a Christmas candle in a window. And the sod school house seemed to come forward to meet me. Miracles ain't all in Holy Writ. Some of 'em happen out on the rural route on the Smoky Hill. That white-faced, cold girl *had* lit her candle letting it flare out on the lonely storm-threshed darkness of the way. Hardly a chance in a thousand that Christmas Eve that any human being would need it. But they did. Golly. Don't I know they did? I staggered up to the window, too chilled to find the door, and looked inside. My eyes was blurred for a minute. Then I see a sight that made it the best Christmas I ever had, just as I told you long ago.

The room was dark, except for the light through the gratin' in the stove door, and the Christmas candle. And Ruth Ravenstow set there with little Tully cuddled in her lap, and they were singin', "My Old Kentucky Home." But what seemed strangest of all to me,—and I rubbed my bleared eyes with my frozen icy paw to be sure I was seein', and not dead and in heaven,—what was strangest of all, was Ruth Ravenstow's face in the firelight. Day after day, that fall, I'd never seen anything but a still, cold marble woman's face. That night in the warm shadows her pretty cheeks was pink as June roses, and her smile—a man would be willin' to be froze nearer to death than I was just to get the memory of that smile. Can you vision it? Me outside clingin' to the window sill to hold myself up, and lookin' in at a thing like was inside that bare little old soddy of the plains?

I guess I've talked too long, but you see it was like this: As I have said Tully was a stubborn little roundhead. He'd got the letter and his bright eyes seen what I'd overlooked; that it was for District 33, not Box 33, as I had supposed. He didn't know the word, "district," but as the Gabel's never got any letters, he figured out it was for somebody else; and who but for teacher? And his little heart was bustin' with sorrow for her—Children can love so much deeper than us coarse grown-ups, who blab about love, can understand.

"I knew it wasn't for grandma, and I wanted to make teacher glad, so I thought I'd p'like it was a letter for her, and I'd run all the way back and give it to her, and I'd p'like she'd be glad. But it got cold and dark. I didn't get lost," the little fellow buttoned his hips up tight. "I didn't get lost, but it was awfully, awfully dark . . till I saw a light. And it was the teacher's candle in the window. She put it there herself just to p'like somebody way out on the big prairie might come Christmasing along and need it. And seemed like it called to me in that little soft sputtering way candles have. It said 'hurry.' And I hurried, and hurried, and it got brighter, and brighter, and—It laughed when I come in."

Was teacher happy? Can you run off in your minds what it would mean to you if you was a pretty young girl livin' back in New England and you had a sweetheart overseas; and the last word you'd got, definite, awfully definite, was that he was dying in a German prison camp—dying of hard work and sickness, and starvation; and the world went black before your eyes; and all you could do to keep from going desperately mad was to burn every bridge behind you, and bury yourself out of sight. You can do that about as effective on the upper Smoky as anywhere I know of. And just to live day after day, the only thing to feed your soul—but it's a dear sure thing—bein' the touch of children's hands and the sound of children's voices, five days in the week. Growin' more desperate and lonely every day, till it took courage and an awful grip on a far-away, seemingly unmerciful God to light a candle on Christmas Eve.

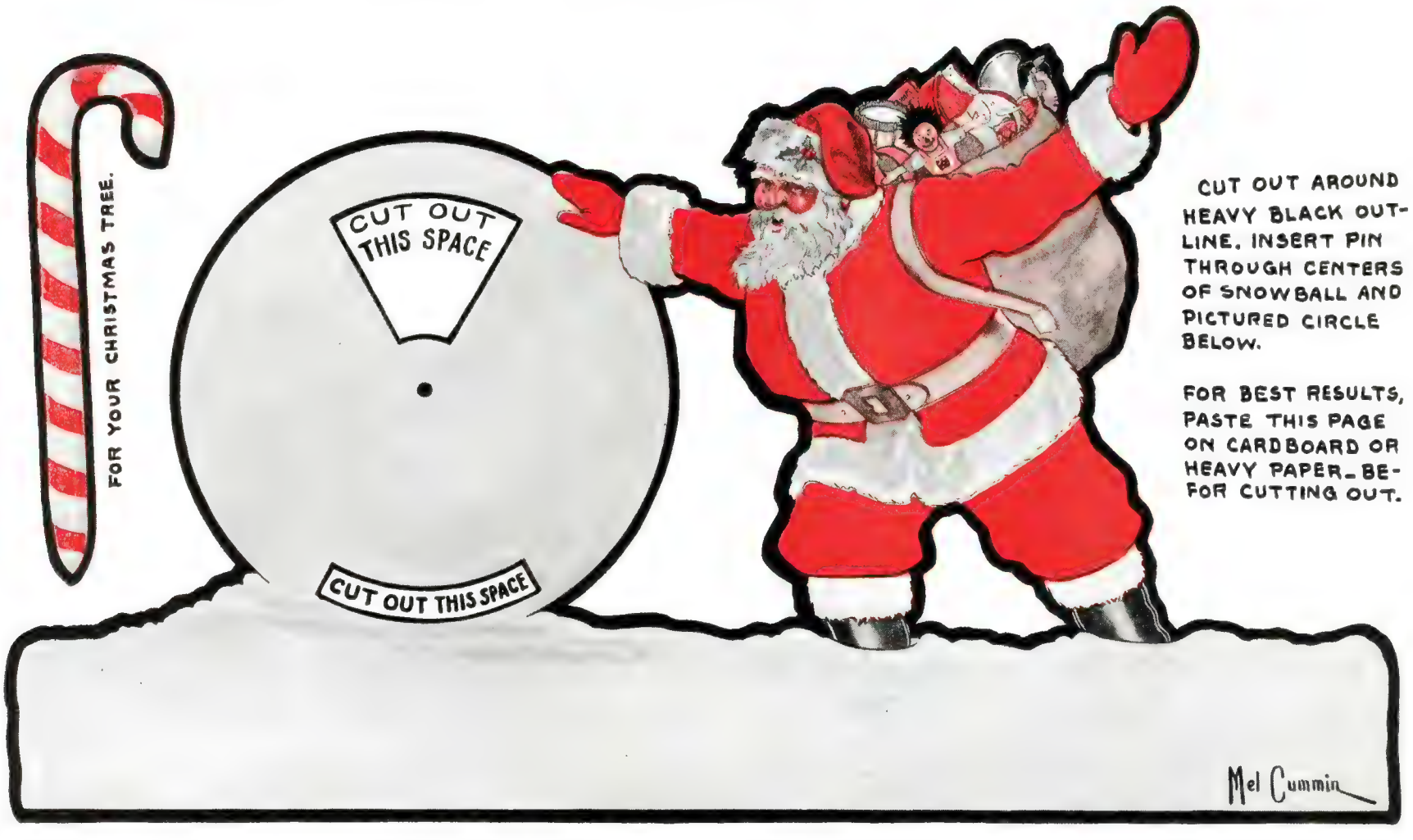
Then a little child comes through the dark, beckoned on by that candle light, and filled with a child love, to bring you a make believe letter, that in my hurry and broken eyesight I'd throwed into Box 33, and never read the name "Miss Ruth Ravenstow, District 33," at all. This little child comes in the dark and bitterly lonely twilight of Christmas Eve 'cause he loves you. And you read, you pretty young broken-hearted girl, you read the letter he had to "p'like" would make you happy:

"Darling Ruth: Safe in Paris, and almost well. Sail for America when it's over, over here. Two German guards, heaven bless them, helped me to escape. One lost his own life by it in the (deleted by censor). Love is bigger than hate. Always yours, Hadley."

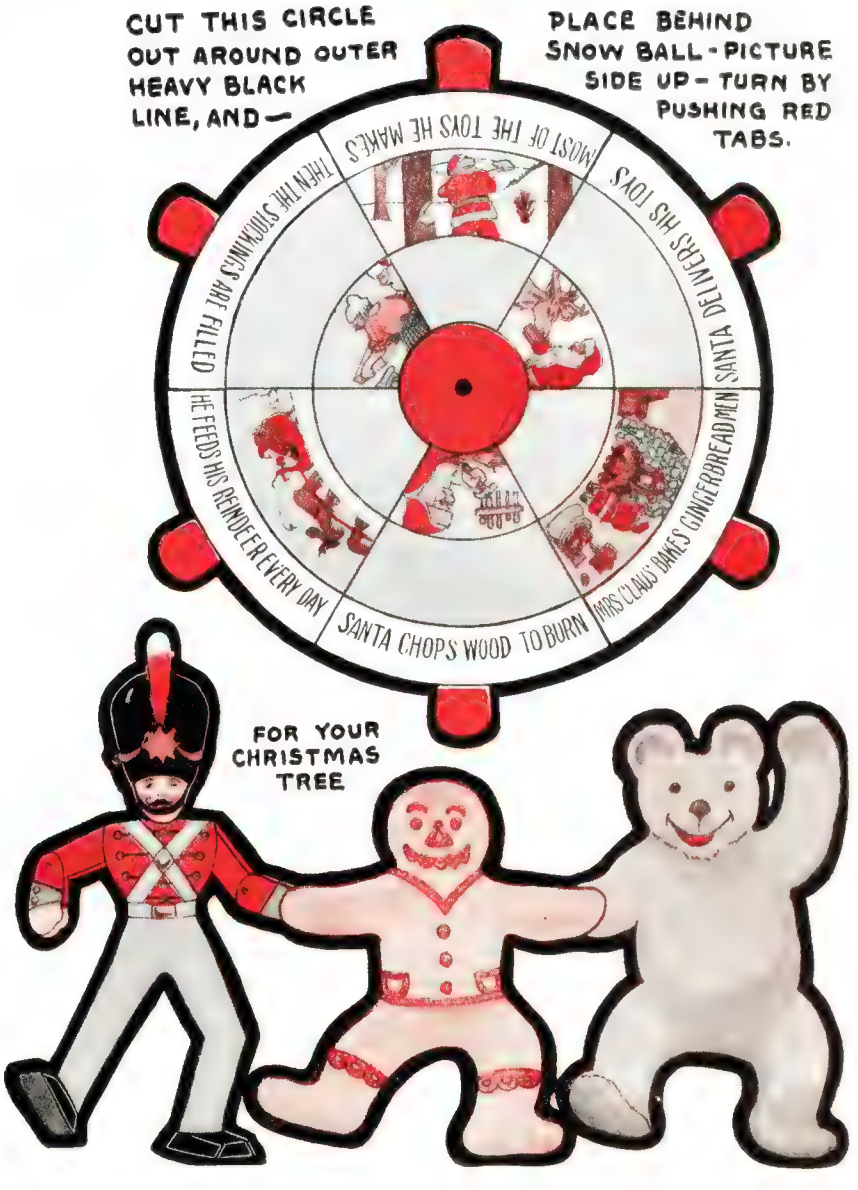
My best Christmas? The time I took the candles to the folks on the upper Smoky; the time a little glow burnt in every window of the far-away homes of that valley, and a little sweetness of Holy Night, maybe, glowed in the hearts of those poor folks. And one of the candles, shining from a window saved a little boy with his precious message; and saved the storm-wrecked soul of a girl from madness.

SANTA'S MAGIC SNOWBALL

By Mel Cummins


FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE.
CUT OUT THIS SPACE
CUT OUT THIS SPACE
CUT OUT AROUND HEAVY BLACK OUTLINE. INSERT PIN THROUGH CENTERS OF SNOWBALL AND PICTURED CIRCLE BELOW.
FOR BEST RESULTS, PASTE THIS PAGE ON CARDBOARD OR HEAVY PAPER—BEFOR CUTTING OUT.
Mel Cummin

PASTE ON CARDBOARD, CUT OUT SMALL BLACK SPACES—FOLD OVER ON DOTTED LINE, THEN HOLD UP TO LIGHT. HOUSE WILL APPEAR AS THOUGH LIGHTED AT NIGHT.


CUT THIS CIRCLE OUT AROUND OUTER HEAVY BLACK LINE, AND—
PLACE BEHIND SNOW BALL—PICTURE SIDE UP—TURN BY PUSHING RED TABS.
MOST OF THE TOYS HE MAKES
SANTA DELIVERS HIS TOYS
MRS CLAUS BAKES GINGERBREAD MEN
SANTA CHOPS WOOD TO BURN
HE FEEDS HIS REINDEER EVERY DAY
THEN THE STOCKINGS ARE FILLED
FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE

What They Might Have Written

[*Continued from page 39*]

delighted me beyond words; books, some lovely French underwear, a Wedgewood vase for my living-room, and a perfectly enchanting set of three copper cooking utensils for my kitchenette. In a little while it will be time to start for church; there I will hear once more the moving story of the Christ Child, just as I have heard it for nearly forty years and its mystery and tenderness will touch me as they did when I was four.

From church to luncheon at the club with Evelyn Lerner and Mildred Harding, who like myself, possess only brothers and sisters scattered to the four corners of the earth. Then the matinee; from there we shall come back here to a simple supper and a long, quiet visit in front of the open fire.

Probably during the evening one of us will say, as one of us has said for the last five years, "Well, anyway, *I'm* not sorry I haven't married. Marriage is wonderful if you are fortunate enough to find the right man, but if you don't—well, I like my work and I've no regrets."

And the rest of us agree with her. I'm not sure whether we are perfectly honest about it. Each of us would have liked to have children, I fancy; each of us must at times feel that we have been cheated of our birthright. But then no one ever *is* entirely honest about life. If we kept looking it squarely in the face we couldn't bear it, for deep down in everyone's heart is tragedy. How few of the dreams we have in our youth are ever fulfilled! We shut our eyes to the disappointments in our own life and in the lives of others and put on a brave front, but the fact remains that tears lurk just beneath the surface for everyone.

Yesterday on the street I saw an old Jew, his poor body twisted all awry by an accident, yet carrying a great pack on his back. Within myself I cried, "O God, help him, help him! Give him someone to love him."

Yet he is only one of the millions who suffer and go on with life.

All my married friends with children pity me at this season and ask me to come to dinner and their Christmas tree. But I never do, because—well, I suppose it *would* give me a pang. And I think, therefore, it's much more sensible to make Christmas in my own way and with my own kind. I keep my eyes fixed on the blessings I have instead of on those I've missed.

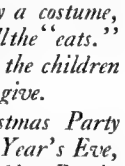
But how I wish that everybody in the world might be perfectly happy just for this one day in the year if no longer—that those who have plenty could realize their blessings, those who have little could have their wants satisfied; that the lonely could have friends, and that everyone could find love!

Santa and Mrs. Santa Give a Party!

A WONDERFUL party it is, too! Bubbling with Christmas gaiety and with merry old Santa's frolicsome ways. And from her big bag of tricks, Mrs. Santa pulls forth many a costume, game, dance, prize and all the "eats." It's a party that either the children or the grown-up can give.

An Old-time Christmas Party and a Party for New Year's Eve, are described in our booklet, Parties All The Year; and a Fairy-Tale Party for Christmas in the booklet, More Parties. The booklet, What To Serve at Parties, gives menus and recipes.

McCall's will send without charge (except a two-cent stamp each, for posting) the directions for the Santa Claus Party and each of the four booklets. Address The Service Editor, in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



You Can Give Her Joy

[*Continued from page 40*]

A one-pint teakettle of aluminum is a cunning kitchenette gift at $1.65. An all-glass creamdipper for taking cream from the bottle is 15 cents.

From Five Dollars Up

When one has the privilege of spending more than five dollars for a gift there is a twenty-three-piece set of pottery containers in a rich ivory color decorated with bands of blue squares, on a polished wooden rack to hang on the kitchen wall, which costs $21.89.

For the household in which irregular attendance at meals is unavoidable, the homemaker can be saved much anxiety through the use of hot-water dishes. These dishes are of good china, set in metal basins and with a metal cover. Boiling water poured into the basins keeps the food hot. A vegetable dish, nine inches long, costs $6.44. One of the same length, with two sections, is $8.09. An eleven-inch platter with low cover, for steaks, is priced at $12.89; one with a high cover, for roasts, is $16.89.

A combination electric waffle and hot-cake iron, $18.50, makes one set of waffles or two sets of cakes at one time on the table. An electric grill and two-burner range, with all the conveniences of a range built in the minimum of space and having three heat-regulating snap switches on each unit, with hot plate, an aluminum oven and three pans, is only $28 50 complete.

Dish-washing is scarcely ever a loved task but one that can be made actually agreeable with a labor-saving and hand-preserving dish-washer which costs only $7.50.

If you wish to know the names of the New York shops where you can purchase the articles described, write me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York, enclosing a two-cent stamp for posting, and I will be glad to tell you.

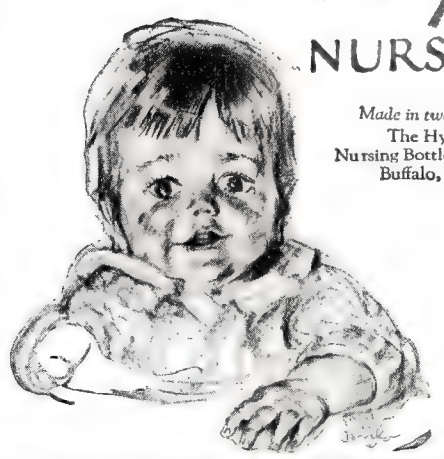
Less work for you —no danger for baby!

You can clean the Hygeia Nursing Bottle as quickly and as thoroughly as you can a drinking glass. The mouth is wide; the sides straight; *no angles where food collects*; no brush needed for cleaning; no funnel needed for filling.

The improved, patented Hygeia Nursing Bottle has a breast with a rib that prevents collapsing. It is positively the only breast or nipple having this feature.

Broad and flexible, the Hygeia breast is easy to slip onto the bottle; and is so like a mother's that weaning is easy. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Hygeia
NURSING BOTTLE



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Also Changes Costumes, An Entirely Different Character Each Time

A Many-In-One Christmas Gift

Three to twelve entirely different dolls from one—just by changing faces and costumes. That's the magic feature that makes the Famlee Doll such heaps of fun.

One body—but extra heads and costumes—all interchangeable. Heads screw on and off—a two-year-old can do it.

Little-Sweet-Face becomes Black-Boy-Sam—then Funny-Face-Clown—then Little-Miss-From-Holland—then Ching-Ching-Chinaman—and so on through all the lovable and life-like characters. An ever-changing playmate that makes every play-hour an ever-new delight. No matter how many other dolls any little girl has, she will welcome a Famlee Doll for Christmas—a many-in-one gift that is not only a never-the-same doll, but also a *game*.

Each character walks and talks. 16 inches high. Non-breakable. Fine quality throughout.

In attractively boxed sets—each with one body and three, five, seven or twelve interchangeable heads, with a special dress or costume for each head. Additional heads and costumes to add to the family can be bought at any time.

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For each Christmas Gift subscription that you order, McCall's will send you a beautiful Christmas gift card which you can give your friend on Christmas morning.

You will be proud of this artistic card, beautifully illustrated in colors and suitably inscribed with your good wishes. With each card you will receive a special envelope so that after you have written your own name on the card you may give it to your friend by mail or in person.

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Two 1-year subscriptions . $1.50	My name.....
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Write names and addresses for additional gift subscriptions on a separate sheet and enclose with this blank. D. Mc.

The Lost Compass and the World Today

[*Continued from page 63*]

still this sense of wider spaces, of opportunity for freedom, of faith in a future largeness which leads men to America.

If you go to the Capitol at Rome, you will find hanging on the walls a piece of plaster carefully framed. Drawn on the plaster is a cross; crucified on the cross is a donkey; scrawled over in a childish handwriting are the words, "Alexaminos worships an Ass." The piece of plaster was found in an old Roman schoolhouse during excavations carried on in the neighborhood of the Vatican. The drawing was evidently the work of a little boy, whose father worshipped the Roman gods. There must have been another little boy in the school whose father was a Christian. The Roman child to insult Alexaminos, had one day drawn a crucified donkey and, with a childish sense of superiority, had written over it, "Alexaminos worships an Ass." Today that pagan Rome has vanished. The Gods are gone. The Empire is forgotten. Over the schoolhouse where the Christian child fought his battles for faith the Vatican stands.

Infidelity is a cul-de-sac which leads to nowhere. It makes us like the Central Europe which I saw—flat, uninteresting, unprofitable. We have to believe in something. When we throw away our compasses, the North Pole is not destroyed.

I suppose at this point a man talking on this subject ought to become prophetic. I am deterred from such daring by Seeley, the historian, who once said, "When I hear a man start by saying, 'History teaches us,' I know that man is going to lie—and he always does." Perhaps Seeley was right and history teaches us nothing. I can, however, relate to you with perfect modesty an incident which seems to me prophetic. It is something which I have often related to American audiences since it happened to me; something which I shall quote and requote, because whenever I think of America's future it seems to me to indicate a probable direction. In Central Europe they have a feast which is called the Feast of the Three Kings. It coincides with the Russian Christmas Eve as dated by the old calendar. It is a feast for the children, who believe that th Three Kings, who once brought their gifts to Christ at Bethlehem, come riding out of the East on Christmas night to give presents to children as much in need as was the Divine Pauper. Therefore in Central European countries, as we hang our Christmas trees, these children put outsid their doors what is known as Kings' Cake after which they go to bed to wait for th tinkling camel-bells coming across the snow, much as our children wait to hear the approach of the reindeer and Santa Claus. It so happens that when I first ventured into White Russia I arrived on the Eve of the Three Kings at an old battlefield, where Germans and Russians had remained locked in an intricate trench system for three years. Some of the peasants whose village had once stood there, had returned from exile in search of their destroyed homes. In the utter desolation they had found themselves compelled to take shelter in the verminous dugouts. I was descending such a dugout when at the far end of it I saw a light and, as we came down the steps, a little girl, quite naked except for a piece of sack-cloth, praying. Turning to someone who understood Russian I asked, "She seems to be praying. For what?" He replied, "That the Three Kings may visit her tonight." It was a pitiful exhibition of childish trustfulness. There was no food, except what we had brought, to be found within a hundred miles. As I listened, I seemed to hear a word I recognized. Again I turned to my interpreter, "She's speaking Russian; but she seems to be mentioning over and over a word that I know." The man smiled, "You mean Hoover?" How odd to come all these thousands of miles from New York where I had said goodbye to Mr. Hoover, to hear him being prayed for! "Why," I asked, "does she pray for him?" The man seemed surprised. "Because she, with seven million other children like her, would have been dead if it had not been for Mr. Hoover. Because she has never seen him and he has shown her mercy, she believes that he must be one of the Three Kings and that he will come here tonight."

All the world is looking to America in that spirit at this Christmas tide. America is the land which was dreamed before it was discovered. It was discovered by a credulous man, who believed in a North Pole of which he had no proof. It was peopled by credulous men, who believed there were spiritual highroads which they needs must follow.

America is the great admiral ship which leads the convoy. We are entering on a new era in history—a new world. The old world with its class distinctions and injustices has been destroyed. We sail today as Columbus sailed, to meet a guesswork future. Our speed may be our boast, but it is our direction that matters. A ship which steams directionless is a menace. A ship which steams by the compass, convinced of its goal, forces doors in the horizon.

[*Continued from page 26*]

fellow were of any use– ?"

FIVE minutes to eleven. Before him stretched a long, winding path. Clare made for the rear of the house, feeling for Van Loo's pistol as he ran. An open corridor brought him into the hall. The front door was shut, a key sticking in the lock; on its left was the salon.

The room, brilliantly lit, stretched before him in all its disorder. At the far end Emilia was struggling with Ewing.

Ewing looked over his shoulder with a drunken smile. "What—what the dickens are you doing here?"

"Go into the garden, Emma. I cannot bear you to be under this roof," said Clare.

In his first agony of surprise Ewing was completely mastered. Emilia moved towards the door. Ewing took half a step to follow her, but turned, realising that he had to reckon with his enemy first. "You and your confounded insolence!"

Ewing's sudden change of colour gave Clare warning, and as he charged, Clare shot him through the body. The report was almost drowned in the crash of his fall. . . . . .

It had been a wet summer in England, day after day of rain and gloom, but the weather changed with the hunter's moon, and September came in golden. From the terrace of Vivian-place there was little sign of autumn to be observed. Robert Hautrive, stepping out of the open window of the library, threw himself into an Indian chair, and the dog who had stepped out at his heels—a beautiful and graceful Borzoi with the mien of an aristocrat—sat down close by and laid his slender head on his master's knee.

"I don't mind confessing to you, old man," he said, caressing the silken flank, "that it's good to have the master home."

"And it's good to be home," said Clare's voice over Robert's shoulder.

"I hope Emilia likes her rooms?"

"Emilia has spent most of her time admiring herself in the double mirror; it appears she has never seen her own back before."

"And have you any plans for the future?"

"Not for more than six months ahead. We're staying with you for the winter, you know. You didn't know?" said Clare placidly. "Milly is only over for a fortnight. And Roden is to go to Cambridge, which has always been his dream."

"Are you really going to give me six months? The old place won't know itself. How Emilia blooms! You must have her portrait painted for the Gallery. There never was a mistress of Vivian-place better fitted to grace it."

"But since when has she become mistress of Vivian-place?"

"O, I shan't marry," said Robert, lightly pressing his brother's arm. "I'd rather have a son of yours and hers to reign here after me than one of my own!"

[*The End*]

The Loring Mystery

[*Continued from page 21*]

David sank down on the tomb, closed his eyes like one suddenly faint.

"Miss 'Clea be a gurt friend o' mine . . I seen 'er buy it offen a gipy-body . . . . give a golden guinea for it, she did! That were the first time oi seen it."

"And when was the second?"

"The day afore the murder."

"Where?"

"Well, young sir, me not being afeart o' ghostesses, oi 'appened to go over to the owd Weer Mill at Loring; oi went theer in the evening arter a trout as oi knowed on in the pool, when up comes Tom Yaxley—"

"Ha—Yaxley!" repeated David.

"Ah—Tom Yaxley! And in a flamin' fury an', wot's more, 'e'd been drinkin'! 'Look at this 'ere!' 'e says an' shows me one side of 'is face arl swole an' red. 'Wot's done that?' says oi. 'Squire's cane!' says he, 'But 'e won't never do it no more!' 'e says. ' 'E will,' says oi, ' 'tis a word an' a blow wi' Squire, man or maid . .' 'Well, 'e wun't strike me no more!' says Tom, fierce-like. 'Why not?' says oi. 'Becose 'e'll be dead!' says Tom. 'Not 'im!' oi says, ' 'is sort don't die nat'-ral an' nobody dassent face Squire, more's the pity,' oi says. 'Well, 'e wun't live long,' says Tom, quiet-like. 'Why not?' says oi. 'For a mighty good reason,' says Tom. 'Wot reason?' says oi. 'This!' says Tom, snarlin' arl to oncet an' spitting mad-like, an' shows me that theer knife wi' the silver 'andle. 'Where did ye get that?' oi says. 'That be Miss 'Clea's,' says oi. 'So much the better!' says 'e . . . . and away 'e goes."

"Yaxley!" said David and stood up, "and Yaxley had the knife . . . . it was the same knife—you are sure?"

"Ah, sartin sure, oi be."

"And you have spoken of this to nobody?"

"Nary a breathin' soul . . . . 'cept the straange, pleasant-spoke chap at the 'Rearin' 'orse'—'im wi' the top-boots—"

"You mean Mr. Shrig the Bow Street officer?"

"Ah—'im! An' oi only told 'e 'cos 'e seemed to know arl oi 'ad to tell 'im afore oi told it, an' was so pleasant-spoke . . . . ay, a mighty pleasant chap sure-ly! Good-night, young sir, an' thank'ee koindly arl over again!"

And homeward tottered old Joel leaving David a prey to new agitations and perplexity . . . .

So Shrig had learned of the dagger, he knew now that it had been hers! . . . . That accursed dagger! But then it was hidden far beyond all possible recovery. And in this thought was comfort.

Involved thus in an ever deepening perplexity, David reached the inn at last and was surprised to see Mr. Shrig seated upon one of the benches, puffing his pipe.

"Sir," quoth Mr. Shrig, pipe solemnly flourished in salutation, "I begs a vord."

"As many as you like," answered David.

"Then p'raps you'll sit down—I've come on other evidence."

"You mean the tale old Joel told you?"

"No, pal, I means a tale as the corp' told me. I've been over body o' deceased, inch by inch and the results, though saprising, is, on the whole, gratifying."

"You have found something . . . . definite, Jasper?"

"The field is narrered, pal, the Six is now Five! Pretty soon, if the conclusions as I've drawed is correct, the Five will be Vun . . . . . The Vun!"

"Are you . . . . sure at last, Jasper, quite . . . . quite sure?"

"Pal, there's nothing sure but death! So let's leave it at that an' come to yourself. Now then: Sir David Loring you were, Sir David you are, and Sir David you will be 'enceforth in the heye o' the law if you'll say but the vord. Above stairs a-finishing of 'is supper, pal, is a lawyer, name o' Gillespie, and legal adwiser to the Loring family. Above stairs likevise is all them docciments and papers as vas stole from you. It only remains for you to prove your i-dentity to Mr. G's satisfaction and in the heye o' the law you are Sir David Loring of Loring, barrynet and a werry rich gent into the bargain! Vot d'ye say to Jarsper now?"

"Thank him and say no!"

"Eh—no?" exclaimed Mr. Shrig, "No is it? And for vhy?"

"For a very sufficient reason."

"Blow me!" gasped Mr. Shrig. "A fortun' an' a title goin' a-begging! . . . ." And taking out his pocket-book, Mr. Shrig drew thence a folded paper which he opened and held out for David's inspection. The moon was very bright, and written in large characters David read:

> I, Nevil Loring etc., being sound in mind etc., do will and bequeath all that I die possessed of etc., to my Incorrigible Anticlea in the earnest hope and confident expectation that it may prove her ultimate damnation; provided and conditionally that she, the said Anticlea, submit herself absolutely to the guardianship of Her Grace the Duchess of Camberhurst until she, the aforesaid Anticlea marry or attain the age of twenty-five. So may two felines flesh their claws, each upon each, to their separation or mutual extinction. It is further provided that, in the event of Her Grace of Camberhurst refusing this so arduous duty, the whole of the property I die possessed of etc., is bequeathed absolutely and unconditionally to my head game-keeper, Thomas Yaxley, that obedient scoundrel, him and his heirs for ever.

"And there's for ye!" quoth Mr. Shrig as David re-folded and gave back the document. "Vot say ye, now, pal?"

"I say, no, Jasper! Since I am dead and buried—dead I'll remain."

"But how are ye goin' to live, pal? Vot are ye a-goin' to do—"

"Just at present," answered David, rising, "I am going to bed. Good-night, Jasper, and thank you."

"Blow my dickey!" ejaculated Mr. Shrig; and rising also he followed David indoors. "Pal David," said he as he lighted his chamber candle, "'Ow soon will you tell me vot you've done wi' that there silver-'andled dagger?"

David fell back a step, staring—

"That there dagger, pal, as done the deed . . . . The silver-'andled dagger as belongs to . . us knows 'oo! You've been and hid— . . . only you knows vere! Justice demands 'em of you, your pal asks 'em of you. Think it over, pal, 'twixt now and tomorrow! Good-night, pal David and . . . . pleasant dreams."

HOW may I serve you, ma'am?" enquired David, bowing to the small, ancient lady who sat upon the grassy bank beside the way.

"Easily, sir!" answered the Duchess with an imperious gesture. "Sit you here beside me in this sanity o' sunshine and listen to an insane question . . Do you believe in ghosts, Mr. Hedges?"

"Ghosts, ma'am? No!"

"No!" repeated the Duchess, "I thought I did not . . . . and yet did you ever hear tell of a ghost that limped?"

"No . . . . never, ma'am!"

"Of course you didn't. And yet I heard one last night, sir—soft, stealthy feet . ."

"When, madam? And where?"

"Apropos of ghosts, sir," continued the Duchess loosening her bonnet-strings, "Sir Nevil in his will has constituted me guardian to his young virago."

"Madam!" exclaimed David sharply.

"Mr. Hedgerow!" quoth the Duchess, holding him down, "I have you by the buttonhole so pray sit still or you will quite dislocate my finger. Pray sit still and let us discuss Anticlea—a wild, young creature so entirely impossible of management that I am quite determined to manage her. I am resolved to exorcise the devil in her and wake the woman, and Mr. Hedges, you shall aid me!"

"I, madam?" gasped David, . . . "I?"

"To which end, I here and now appoint you bailiff to the estates of Loring."

"But, lady, you—you know nothing about me . . . . my capabilities . . ."

"Tush sir! Should you prove incompetent or a thief I can deal with you accordingly! Now as to Sir Nevil's will—"

"I should tell your Grace that I happen

[*Turn to page 68*]

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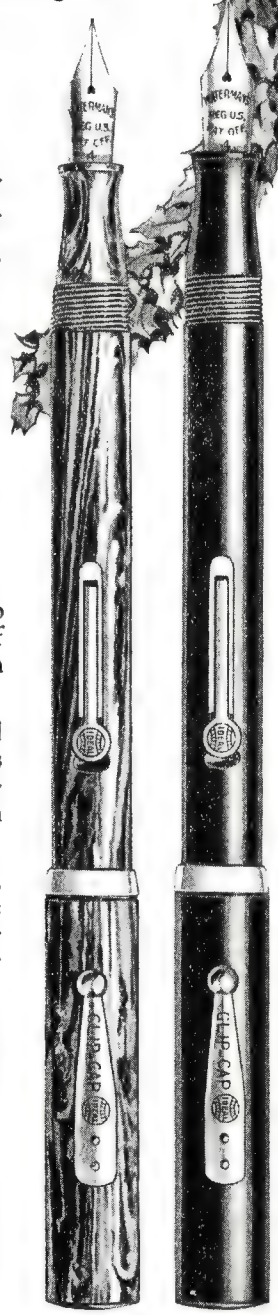

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The Loring Mystery

[*Continued from page 67*]

to have heard something of it already."

"Hum! That abominable part, I suppose: 'In the hope that two felines may flesh their claws, each on each?' . . . . . How like Nevil! . . . It is some consolation to remember that I slapped him frequently in his youth, though not hard enough, of course! And yet . . . For instance, at breakfast this morning the dear child was itching to scratch me."

"Madam . . . . . I—I do not—"

"How old are you, Mr. Brooks?"

"Twenty-four, ma'am."

"Knowledge will come, sir—with time and you will be wiser in many ways in another—fifty years or so. As to Anticlea—she is just twenty and must remain my ward until she is—And there she is! . . . No, no—owl! Yonder—behind the hedge."

Glancing thither he saw Anticlea approaching, sure enough, as fresh and fair as the morning itself.

"Alas," exclaimed Her Grace watching that graceful figure with smiling eyes, "Alas, my poor grand-nephew!"

"Who, ma'am?" enquired David.

"I allude to the Marquis of Jerningham, her spouse to be. Yonder comes his wife."

"Not yet, ma'am!" David demurred.

"A mere matter o' time, sir! She will at least make a handsome marchioness . . . . And now sir," said the Duchess rising nimbly, "I leave you to make your own peace with her."

A NEW Anticlea, this, who stood nodding to him over the hedge; a sunny Anticlea, all smiles and dimples and arch glances, with no hint of the wild-eyed girl who had faced him so recently across Sir Nevil's blood-stained corpse. Off came David's hat in a sweeping bow.

"And so we are to have your company at Loring Chase? La, Mr. Hedges, and will you show us then how they plough and plant in—I forget the name."

"Virginia, lady."

"Aye, so it was . . . though you have a way of changing names, I find. At first you called yourself Nemo—a foolish name since it means no one—and now Her Grace of Camberhurst has assured me that you call yourself Hedges."

"And so I do, lady."

"'Tis too hard for me, I vow, being but a woman and not clever," finger on lip, head tilted with provoking grace, she surveyed him over the intervening hedge. "So, Mr. Hedges, if you would open the gate that I see a little farther down, I might walk with you for a little . . ."

Happy David! He bounded to the low gate that opened into the lane. Beside the gate the hedge grew thick and branching, a holly cast a heavy shade, and, as Anticlea reached it on her side, and David on the other, both for the first time became aware of the dark figure of a woman lying on the grass. At their united cry, she sprang up as one in terror—the shawl fell away revealing to David's startled eyes the face of the woman he had met and talked with on London Bridge so many days ago—the face of Ben Bowker's little Nan! He knelt beside her.

"There is one looking for you," he whispered, "one you loved many years ago—who loves you now."

"My poor Ben!" she sobbed. Lifting her head suddenly she looked up through her tears, "But, sir? Ha' ye seen my Ben?"

"He is away to London," said David.

"London!" she cried bitterly, "Oh, London! We must ha' passed each other on the road . . . . I only got to Lewes yesterday. I heard he was here and came looking for him. ."

David touched her bowed shoulder kindly. "He shall be found I promise you. Go back to your mother, be patient."

"Oh God bless you, sir!" cried Nancy, drying her tears. "And you too, lady." Here she caught Anticlea's hand and would have kissed it; but moved by that same new spirit of gentleness, Anticlea stooped and took the poor wanderer to her bosom.

"Do you . . . . love . . . . your Ben?"

"All my days, lady—though I bean't worthy of him . . . . And I only lost him because . . . [*Turn to page 70*]

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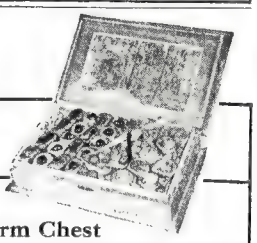

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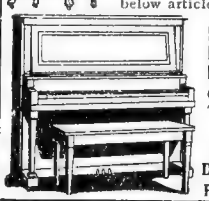

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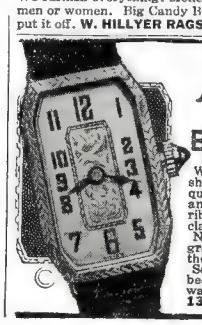

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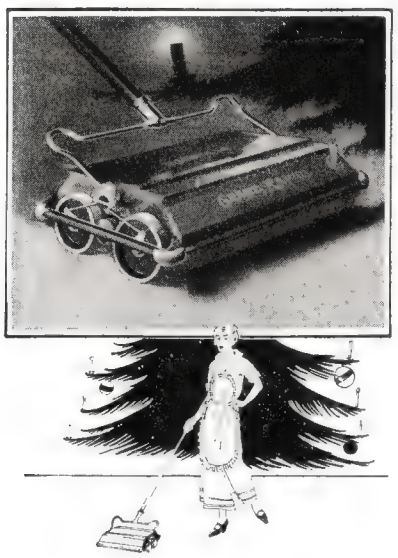

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Sweeps thoroughly as well as easily—dust, grit, crumbs, lint, thread. All yield to the gentle, refreshing, pure bristle, revolving brush. Saves many precious minutes every day, for sweeping is a frequent duty. Then just a thumb pressure empties it. And no upkeep, but always ready for work.

Women want a second sweeper for upstairs regardless of other cleaning devices they may use periodically.

"Cyco" Ball Bearing Bissells at around $5 or $6, other grades for less, also patterns especially handsome in design, finish and fittings. Play-size (Toy) Bissells for a few dimes. At furniture, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Booklet on request.

BISSELL
CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Carpet Sweeper

RAISE FUNDS EASILY *By this Plan*

YOUR CHURCH, SCHOOL, SOCIETY can quickly raise the funds it needs by our dignified, novel plan, as hundreds of others everywhere are doing. *No capital is required.* We ship to you well-known candies such as Peter's, Nestle's, Repetti's popular 5c and 10c sellers. You pay when candy is sold. All help—you don't have to do it entirely. Everybody buys these candy bars. *Profits are big!* Write now for details, testimonials and samples.

PACKAGE PRODUCTS CO.
200 B'way, Dept 199, New York

In the window envelope
Kleanet Hair Nets
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Made since 1908, millions of women to-day prefer Kleanets. If unobtainable where you shop, order direct. State whether full or bobbed size, single or double mesh, cap or fringe. 10c ea. $1 doz. grey & white 20c ea. **Kleanet Hair Net Co., 231 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.**

for BOBBED HAIR

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

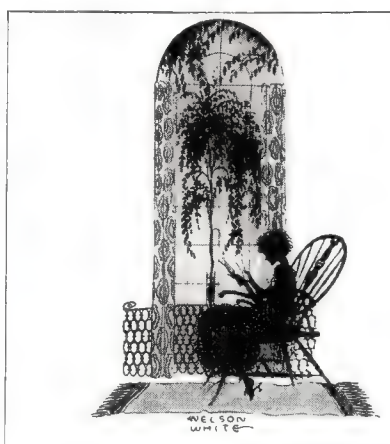
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON



Give These to Her

FOR the homemaker's Christmas why not give her a set of McCall's service booklets? Or even just two or three of them? Here is the list:

THE FAMILY BUDGET. By Isabel Ely Lord, Instructor in Household Accounting, Home Study Department, Columbia University.

THE SMALL HOUSE. Compiled by Marcia Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect. 15 plans designed by America's foremost architects.

THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE. The Interior Decoration of Each Room of the Small House. By Ruby Ross Goodnow.

DECORATING YOUR HOME. By Dorothy Ethel Walsh. The General Principles of Interior Decorating Simplified for the Homemaker's use.

THE MODERN HOME. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Labor-saving devices and methods for the servantless home.

THE NEW HOSPITALITY. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Correct Table Service for Parties or for the Family's Meals.

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH. By Dorothy Giles of the Garden Club of America. Directions for flower and vegetable gardening.

MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS. By E. V. McCollum of the School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University. Meals planned to include the protective foods, milk and leafy vegetables—the diet supplies the body with needed foods. (No charge for this leaflet except two-cent stamp for posting it.)

SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY. By May B. Van Arsdale, Head of the Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University; Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber. Recipes, based on scientific research, for delicious dishes.

TIME-SAVING COOKERY. Prepared by The House of Sarah Field Splint. Menus and recipes indicating how package and canned foods spare the home-cook time and work.

MASTER-RECIPES. By F. G. O. Ten recipes given in each of 16 Master Recipes.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES. Compiled by Lilian M. Gunn, Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University.

PARTIES ALL THE YEAR. By Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Suggestions for rhymed invitations, games, contests, stunts, costumes, prizes, refreshments.

MORE PARTIES. By Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Like the above.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF GOOD LOOKS. A Common Sense Guide to Personal Loveliness; Approved by Dr. Fred Wise, Adjunct Professor of Dermatology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. The methods of New York's most famous beauty salons, combined with the advice of a noted dermatologist.

THE FRIENDLY MOTHER. By Helen Johnson Keyes and approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M.D. Head of the Maternity Division of The Woman's Hospital, New York City. A Book of Prenatal Mothercraft.

THE FRIENDLY BABY. By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D. Feeding schedules and other good advice for the child from babyhood to eleven years.

THE BRIDE'S OWN BOOK. Suggestions for Formal and Informal Weddings in the Church and in the Home.

A BOOK OF MANNERS. The etiquette of introductions, calls, invitations, gifts, manners at table and in public places, mourning, correspondence, children's manners.

Each booklet (unless otherwise noted) is ten cents—or any twelve for a dollar. Address the Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

The GEARHART

New Idea in Home Employment Which Eliminates All Risk

You Get Paid for Your Spare Time. No Previous Experience Necessary. Start Now. Write for this Free "Guide Book."

YOU *can* have the extra money you need so much. Hosts of others are now receiving regularly the liberal Gearhart Pay Checks, which have turned darkness into light for them—changed penury into prosperity. These are the women who now can afford to dress as they want to dress—to have the extras and luxuries for themselves, their homes, their children, which they were once forced to do without. Begin now to give yourself that proud financial independence which is your right. Send for our "Guide Book".

Liberal Pay Checks for Your Spare Time

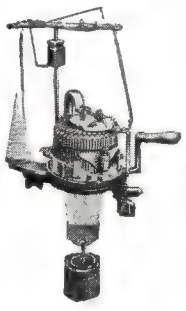
The Gearhart Plan, fully explained in our "Guide Book", gives you the opportunity of getting far more profitable home employment than you have any idea of. In the quiet and privacy of your own home, and using only your spare time, you have merely to knit Standard Hosiery on the Gearhart Hand Knitter, which requires no previous experience to operate successfully. Think of this—seated comfortably in your chair with the Gearhart Hand Knitter before you, you turn a small handle and scores of little needles automatically fly up and down, rapidly knitting the hose which Gearhart pays you liberally for producing. You use only the spare time in between your daily household duties—nothing need be neglected—and the machine is always ready to operate the moment you sit down to it. You can stop knitting at any moment and take it up again whenever you have the time.

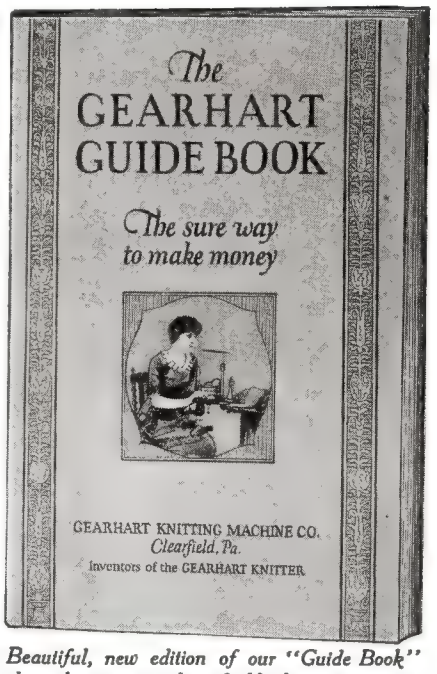
Steady and Profitable Home-Earning is Offered You

The Gearhart Home Knitter is a wonderful invention—a great boon to humanity—the "original" and the simplest hand knitter—invented by Gearhart 36 years ago and gradually brought to its present perfection. It is by far the easiest to operate and the fastest knitter known. Hosts of women (also men, and people who are infirm or crippled) have found it very easy to earn $10 to $12, and more, per week, depending on the spare time they can give to this pleasant employment. You owe it to yourself to grasp this opportunity to do likewise by first sending for our "Guide Book".

The Gearhart Iron-Clad Guarantee Back of this Opportunity

More than all this, your home-earning is fully protected by the Gearhart Money-Back Guarantee, as explained in our "Guide Book" for home earners. It is the iron-clad guarantee of a 36 year old, financially-sound concern with a proud reputation for unfailing service to the public. We guarantee you will understand the operation of this simple, dependable machine, and make Standard Hosiery with it—in accordance with the terms of our liberal "Guarantee and Contract"—or we will ask you to return the Knitter and it will not have cost you a cent. The Gearhart Instruction Book with each machine carries you quickly and simply through the preliminary steps, and before you realize it, you are making beautiful Standard Hosiery from yarn furnished by Gearhart in any quantity you need. Gearhart pays you liberally, under a definite contract binding the Company to pay you for the knitting of Standard Hosiery for 10 years to come. This contract, however, does not bind you to send all your knitting to the Company. Many home earners knit for a profitable home trade.





Beautiful, new edition of our "Guide Book" shows how easy and profitable home earning is

You Want Extra Money—This is the Simplest Way

Nothing fits your present need for more money in a steady income better than the Gearhart Hand Knitter. You quickly learn to operate it. With the fine long staple yarn sent you by Gearhart in any quantity you need, you easily knit beautiful Standard Hosiery in your spare time. You mail the hose to Gearhart. Quickly your check arrives with more yarn of the exact quantity to replace that used in this finished hose. You continue knitting as much as you wish, and continue getting your pay checks regularly. Read the full details in our "Guide Book" to home earnings. One Home Earner writes (and she repeats the experience of hosts of others): "The checks always come in at the right minute—just when I need the extra dollars for something I want. I knit two or three hours a day—during otherwise wasted spare time—or longer, if I have the leisure. With my Gearhart Knitter, I make $10 or $12 a week."

Send for the Free "Guide Book"

Don't wait. Don't delay. Send for the "Guide Book" now. We are putting before you a simple, easy way of earning a steady income in the privacy of your home, during your spare moments—and you can make as much money as you have time for. Write your name and address in the coupon below and mail it at once. We will send you free our "Guide Book" to home earnings, with actual samples of knitting. The "Guide Book" will give you every detail of the Gearhart Plan and will open the door of prosperity and happiness for you.

GEARHART Knitting Machine Co.

Manufacturers of Knitting Machines Since 1888

1213 West 4th Street, Clearfield, Pa.

This Coupon Opens the Door to Bigger Home Earnings and Better Living. Mail it Now.

Write your name and address in this coupon and mail it today. (Coupons with name and address only written in can be mailed in an unsealed envelope under one cent stamp).

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., 1213 West 4th St., Clearfield, Pa.

Please send me at once, without charge or any obligation on my part, samples of knitting and my copy of the Gearhart "Guide Book" to Bigger Home Earnings.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

The
"Crest of Quality"
IN EVERY STYLE

Dorothy Dodd
REG U.S. PAT. OFF. D.D.S. Co.

Faultless-Fitting Footwear

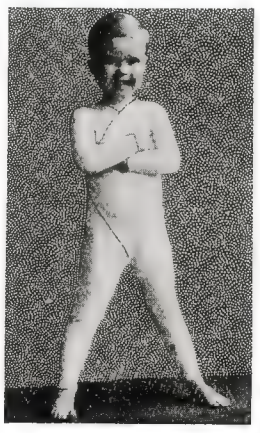
FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT — the CORRECT style, modeled by DOROTHY DODD designers on the smartest, most DISTINCTIVE lines — faultless in FIT and SERVICE, with lasting SATISFACTION assured by the DOROTHY DODD Trade Mark on every pair. At leading stores, $5.50 to $10.00.

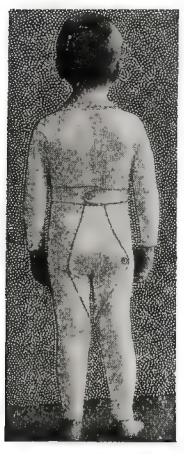
DOROTHY DODD SHOE COMPANY
299 *Center Street*, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Illustrated Style Booklet with your dealer's address mailed free on request

"PALOMA"
A feature of many holiday displays is this all PATENT LEATHER *strap pump — a new creation made with medium Paris Louis covered wood heel and flexible sole*

Now -- the new Rubens Union Suit -- perfected





See how perfectly the Rubens Union Suit fits. Snug, yet comfortable. The adjustable belt fastens with one button and makes allowance for the growth of the child's body.

THIS unique *new* garment is made by only Rubens, makers of the famous Rubens Baby Shirt for 32 years. It is a one-button union suit, for boys and girls up to the age of ten.

An exclusive feature of the Rubens Union Suit is the adjustable belt, found also in the Rubens Shirt. This belt allows for the growth of the child's body, and fastens in the back with one button.

Each garment is correctly modeled and scientifically proportioned to give a perfect fit.

Get the Rubens Union Suit for your children. Insist upon Rubens. See the name in the garment. For 32 years this name has been a warranty to mothers who insist upon the best for their children. Refuse substitutes, demand the original.

Rubens Union Suits and Rubens Shirts come in a wide range of materials. Your dealer has them.

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
2341 Cromwell St., Chicago

Rubens INFANT SHIRTS

[*Continued from page 68*]

Oh lady, I be years older nor you, and bitter suffering has learned me a many things! Oh, lady so young and beautiful . . if you do love a man as be good an' true never fear to show your love . . . for love as be real be above all things in this world! . . . And you, sir, don't be too late—don't be too long about telling!"

"Pray what must I tell?"

"Love, sir! The love as do be a-peeping out o' your eyes."

David dropped his hat and stooping to recover it grew surprisingly red in the face. When he recovered it the woman had started down the road and Anticlea was looking at him and in her eyes a light he had never noticed before.

"So you knew that poor woman?"

"I met her once, lady." And forthwith he recounted the incident.

"It was good of you, Mr. Hedges."

"Please don't address me so!" he pleaded.

"Then pray don't call me 'lady'!"

"You called me 'David' a while ago."

"I know I did!" said Anticlea and frowned at the brook whereupon David frowned at it also.

"Poor Nancy Martin!" said David suddenly. "She . . . talked a little wildly . . ."

"About—what?"

"Love!" said David with an effort.

"I remember," said Anticlea softly.

"Do you think she . . . . was right?"

"Well . . . . it all depends!"

"Yes . . . I suppose it does!" he admitted somewhat ruefully. Then, "Her Grace is surely a wonderful lady—"

"Yes," nodded Anticlea, "she threw her wig at me this morning!"

"Wig?" repeated David. "But why?"

"Because I refused to marry a marquis."

"Ha!" exclaimed David, scowling fiercely, "Very right of you—extremely right."

"You see, David, the detestable wretch is taking me to London next week—"

"London?" exclaimed David, his haughtiness forgotten all in a moment "What for? Do you wish to go?"

"I did!" she murmured.

"Why then," said David unfolding his arms, "I must kiss you to-day, for truly, Anticlea, I have just been yearning to kiss you . . . . ever since we met!"

"Then, David . . . why don't you?"

Almost as she spoke he had her in his arms; and lying thus above his heart she looked up at him with the glory in her eyes and spoke in that new voice so strangely soft and caressing:

"What did you do with my dagger?"

Now at this he started. "I hid it!"

"Why did you hide it? . . . . . And don't turn your head away or loose me just yet, David, because . . . I know the reason! You thought 'twas I killed—"

"Then tell me, O Anticlea . . . tell me you didn't!" he pleaded, holding her closer than ever.

"Oh David!" she sighed, "Surely 'tis strangely wonderful that you can look at a murderess with love in your eyes, and that I can lie in the arms of a murderer and joy to be there. For David, if you suspected me . . I suspected you—"

"Why then," said David, "Oh thank God—you mean . . ."

"That I love you, David, for loving me in spite of your suspicions. But, David dear, although I shall never lie so in your arms again until you shall be as sure of me as I am of you, yet, because you loved me in spite of all, why David—kiss me!"

[*Continued in* JANUARY McCALL'S]

[*Continued from page 62*]

sound. It disturbed him, and he went out. There must be no third persons about her.

He went down the drive, banked with evergreen, in the direction of the sounds. Superb night! The impressions were received with no conscious attention. Heavens bright as in Asia! Wonderful star out yonder, low down in the East; just over the intersecting vistas cut in the Parkingham wood. The snow in these exposed vistas made a white cross against the dark of the woods, with that star at the top. Queer fancy!

He turned into the by-road leading north to the highway. And immediately he saw the truck parked at the turn. He was astonished and angry; that truck must be gotten to its cover. And he advanced speaking in his sharp staccato.

"Here my man, pull out at once!"

The gun-man aroused by the voice, came up from the stupor of his drug. He saw the menacing figure advancing in the road. He uttered that characteristic sound of inquiry, but there was no reply. The restraining intelligence that had ridden beside him on this night was absent.

And he began to shoot.

He shot with both hands, madly, blindly, with a deadly unintelligent determination to kill, as a beast charges; pointing his weapons as one points a finger. He shot on until the magazines were empty.

Something struck Lord Beauhurst; an awful staggering impact, in the chest, in the shoulder; crushed him into the snow; smote him.

What was it? . . . the weight . . . the crashing sound . . . that light bursting in his face . . . that was it—God! ' . . It was . . . It was that cross from the Parkingham wood with the star over it . . . that cross . . . that star . . . It blinded him . . . crushed him . . . rammed him . . . the crashing sound ripped up the world . . . He went down into darkness under its awful impact; battered out of consciousness; battered out of life.

WHITHER has your fancy winged with you? There was Lord Beauhurst and the gods he served! Was it inevitable that they should destroy him, or did a greater influence intervene at the mere faith of a woman in it? A great over-will turning his gods on him as the knife in the fingers of an assassin has sometimes been doubled in on him by a more powerful hand?

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
2002..15	3537..30	3780..35	3825..35	3838..25	3861..40	3905..25	3916..35
2262..30	3540..30	3783..30	3826..25	3839..30	3864..40	3906..45	3917..45
2432..30	3563..30	3787..35	3827..25	3840..45	3872..45	3907..45	3918..45
2726..30	3618..30	3789..45	3828..35	3841..45	3897..45	3908..35	3919..25
2733..25	3692..40	3793..45	3829..30	3842..35	3899..45	3909..35	3920..45
2853..40	3738..45	3794..45	3830..45	3844..45	3900..25	3910..35	3921..45
2854..40	3747..45	3808..40	3831..25	3846..30	3901..45	3911..35	3922..45
3343..25	3755..30	3816..40	3832..45	3849..45	3902..25	3912..35	3923..45
3514..25	3768..30	3821..35	3833..45	3853..45	3903..45	3913..30	3924..45
3528..30	3777..30	3822..45	3834..30	3854..45	3904..25	3915..35	3925..45

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
739....15	1039..25	1190..40	1280..40	1311..40	1338..25	1388..40
802....20	1054..30	1245..25	1296..35	1315..40	1360..40	1390..30
833....15	1069..30	1249..40	1297..40	1332..30	1376..30	1409..40
888....20	1177..25	1279..40	1300..40	1337..35	1377..30	

Various Silhouettes Mingle At Afternoon And Evening Affairs

3918 Dress
6 sizes, 16-18
36-42

3901 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3872 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20
Emb. No. 1190

3789 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

3793 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

For other descriptions, see page 85

No. 3918, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material, 2¾ yards of 36-inch for skirt. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 3901, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 16 requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch material, 2 yards of 40-inch lace flouncing. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 3794, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, 2 yards of 40-inch for flounces. Width, about 1½ yards.

3794 Dress
5 sizes,
16 years
36-42

The Individual Christmas Gift

By ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THERE'S no reason to let Christmas exhaust you. There's no reason to let your nerves get in such a quivering state in December. There's no reason to wait until the dawn of Christmas Eve to frantically plan what to buy for the members of the family and end by paying whatever is asked for something as conventional as the nose on one's face.

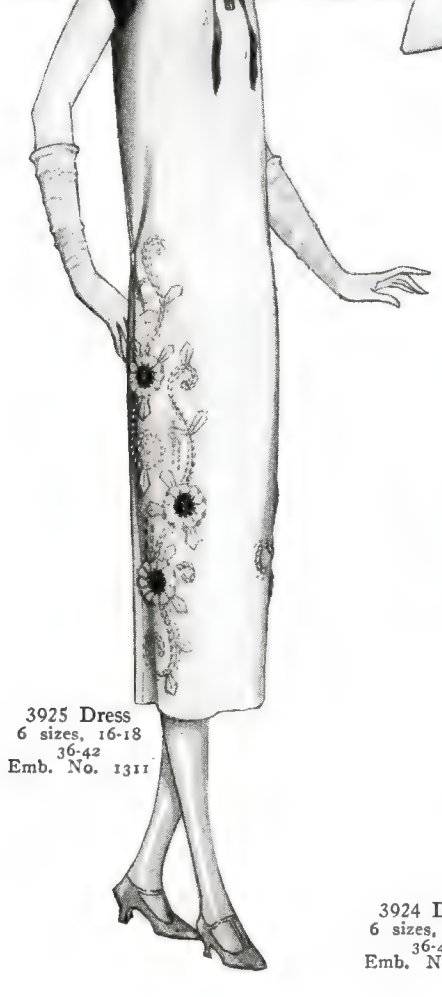
The right plan behind the purpose is to begin to buy gifts months ahead. It's not true that gifts cannot be found to suit everyone long before the joyous day. I saw dozens of women in Paris last July collecting their gifts after a neat little list, working on a well-defined plan.

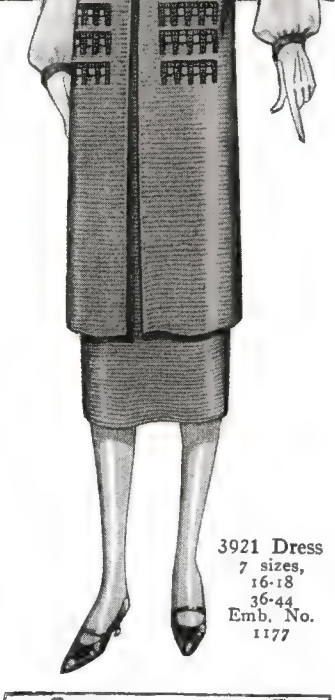
The shops are so full of a number of things as Kipling said the world was, that even the most fastidious gift-giver need not despair of finding the right thing. And the wise and best thing to remember is that the gift should suit the giver as one stocking suits another.

Look well over the following suggestions compiled from offerings in the shops and the opinions of women who have been collecting gifts. Surely most of these things can be matched up to one friend or another. They represent the new movement in gift-giving, which is to help the recipient along in her effort to be well-dressed or to make her home attractive.

Slipper buckles have returned to fashion after years of outer darkness. They are placed at [*Turn to page 85*]

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States or Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.





Straight Winter Silhouettes

No. 3906, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece skirt with three-piece tunic. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material, 2 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 3907, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Fur banding and a darning-stitch design from Embroidery No. 1315 will contribute much in the way of trimming.

No. 3923, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; slip-on blouse; camisole skirt. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material, ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, about 1¼ yards. A pocket motif in outline- and darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 1297 would be effective.

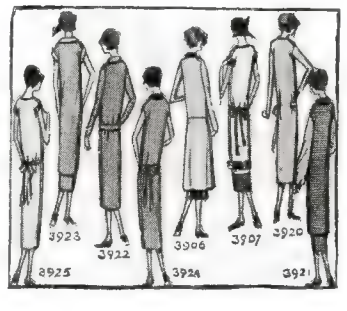
No. 3925, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 32-inch material; armbands, ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Motifs of ribbon work from Embroidery No. 1311 will enrich a simple dress.

No. 3924, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material; collar, ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 802 in outline- and seed-stitch may be used.

No. 3920, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting cut crosswise. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. Banding and motifs in running-stitch, Embroidery No. 1337, may be used with smart effect.

No. 3921, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards of 40-inch material; sleeves, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Embroidery No. 1177 in French knots and outline-stitch may be used in a novel way to trim.

No. 3922, Ladies' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting cut crosswise. Width, about 1⅞ yards. An attractive combination of plaid and plain material.



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3899 Dress
7 sizes, 16-18
36-44

3918 Dress
6 sizes, 16-18
36-42

3903 Dress
6 sizes, 16-18
36-42

3925 Dress
6 sizes, 16-18
36-42

3923
Dress
7 sizes,
14-18
36-42

Paris Sponsors The Tunic

No. 3918, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse; two-piece camisole skirt. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material, foundation, 1⅛ yards of 27-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 3903, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; blouse with dropped shoulder; two-piece camisole skirt. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 3899, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with vest. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material or 2¼ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. This tailored model is smart for flannel.

No. 3925, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; dropped shoulder. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for flounce. Width, about 1⅜ yards. The flounce gives the popular tunic effect.

No. 3917, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse; camisole skirt. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch contrsting. Width, about 1⅛ yards. The tunic dress is shown here in a very charming interpretation.

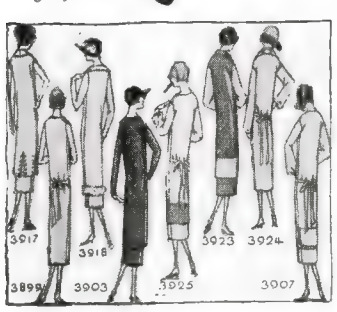
No. 3907, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Silk bengaline trimmed with buttons above the flounces and on belt makes a lovely afternoon frock.

No. 3923, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse; two-piece camisole skirt. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, 1⅜ yards of 36-inch for sleeves and bands. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3924, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1⅜ yards. One of the new models simulating the ensemble of coat and dress.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

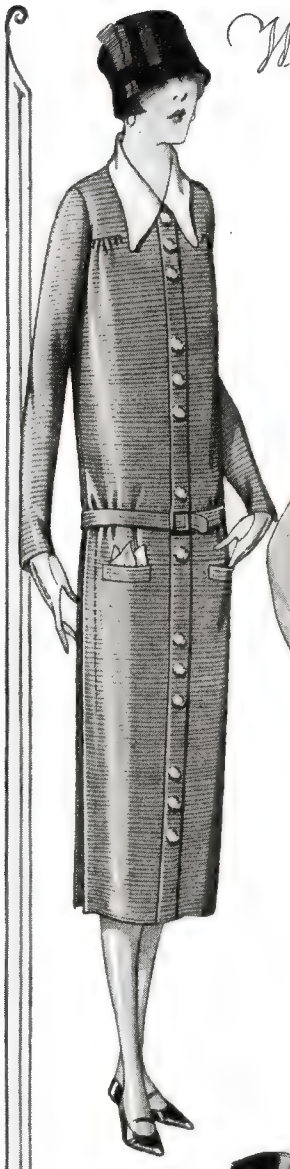
3917 Dress
7 sizes, 16-18
36-44



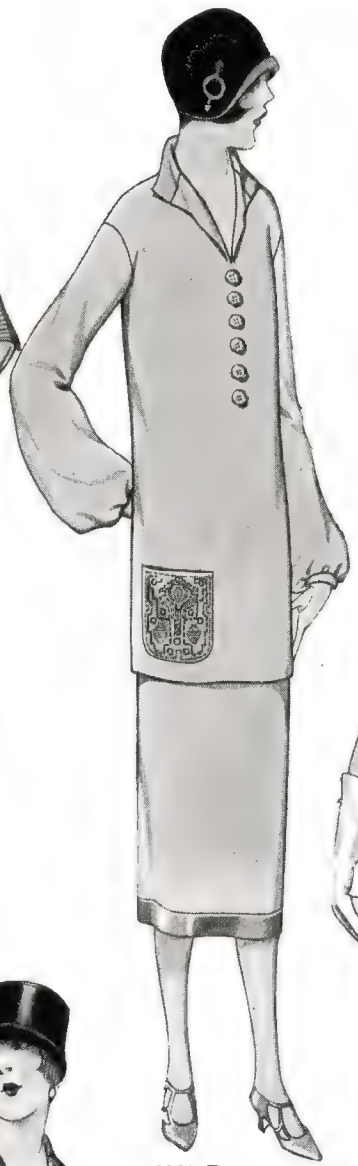
3924 Dress
6 sizes, 16-18
36-42

3907 Dress
6 sizes, 16-18
36-42

Winter Brings Long Sleeves And High Necklines



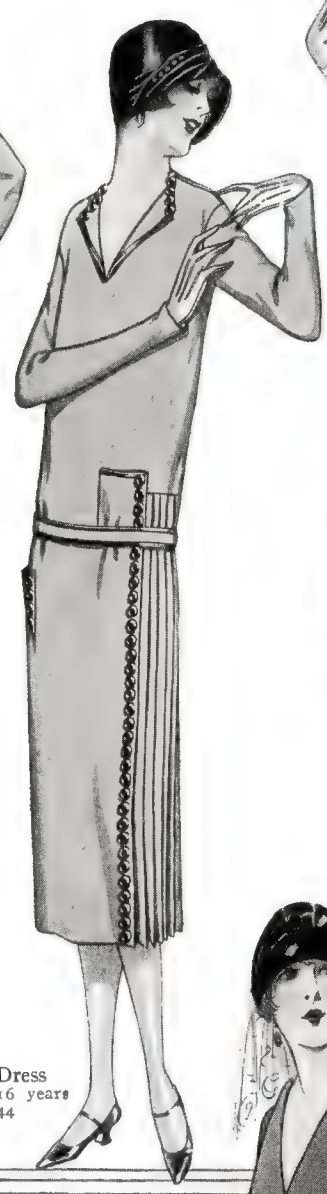
3854 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46



3923 Dress
7 sizes, 14-18
36-42
Emb. No. 1297

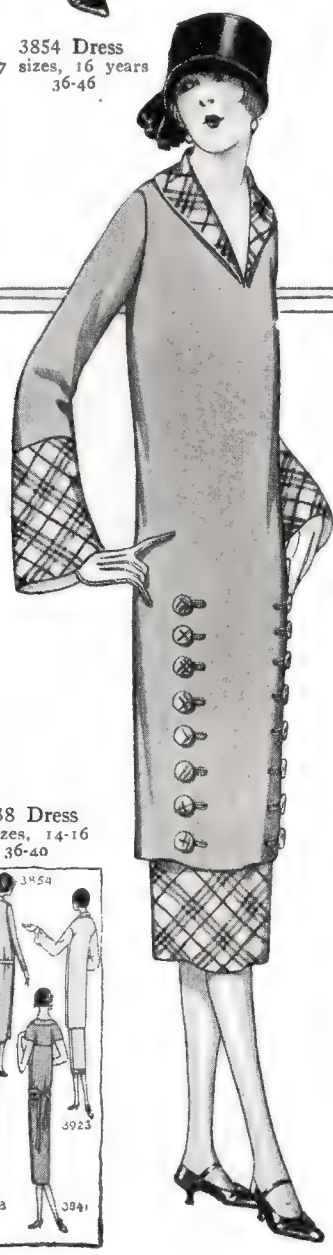
3841 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

3844 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

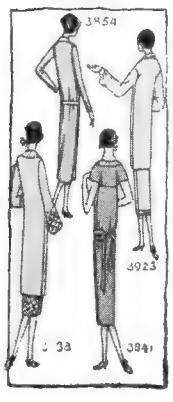


3853 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44

3917 Dress
7 sizes, 16-18
36-44
Emb. No. 1280



3738 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40



No. 3841, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. For an afternoon frock, satin or the new corded silks would be especially attractive in this style.

No. 3923, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; slip-on blouse; two-piece camisole skirt. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material, ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1¼ yards. Color may be introduced in the pocket motif worked in outline- and single-stitch from Embroidery No. 1297.

No. 3738, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; blouse; camisole skirt with two-piece lower section. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material, 1¾ yards of 36-inch for collar, cuffs, and lower section of skirt. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3844, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards. The high neck with scarf collar is one of the new and favored notes of the winter styles.

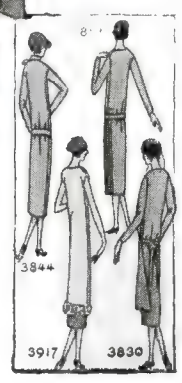
No. 3853, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; long shoulders; pleated inset at left side. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1⅝ yards. Smart for flannel or twill and trimmed with buttons.

No. 3917, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; slip-on blouse; camisole skirt. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material, 1⅞ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1280 in running-stitch will make a simple trimming on the blouse.

No. 3854, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material; collar, ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 3830, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. A touch of embroidery in an Oriental design worked in outline- and single-stitch from Embroidery No. 1039 is suggested to trim.

3830 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42
Emb. No. 1039



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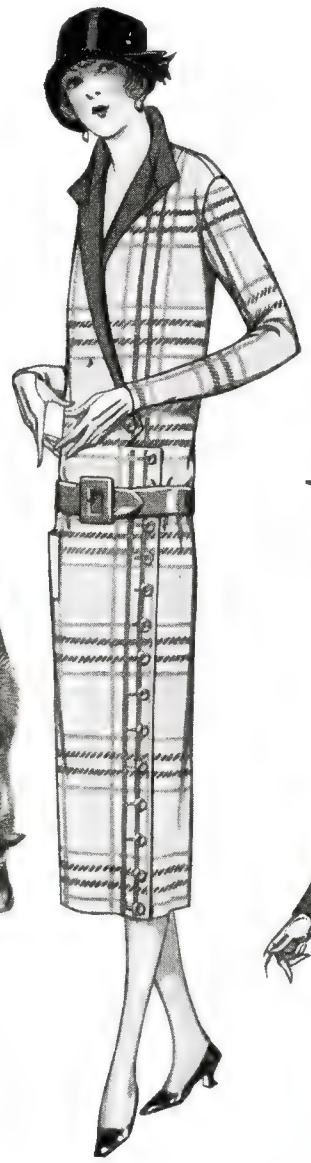
The Silhouette Is Straight Slender And Short

3920 Dress
7 sizes, 16-18
36-44

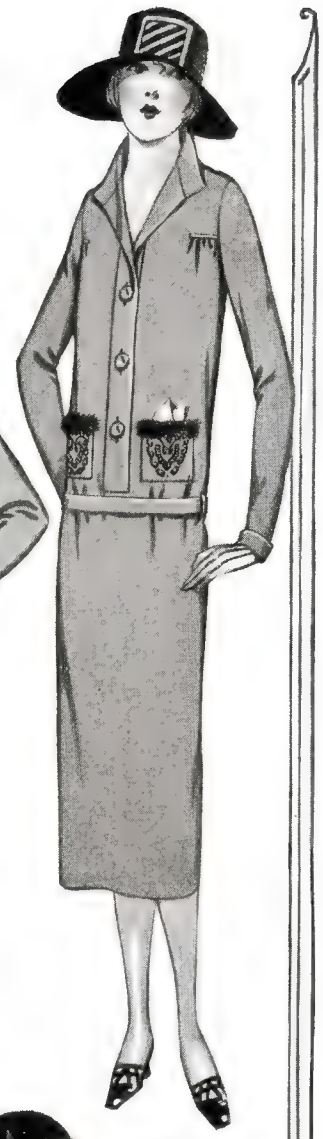
3747 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50



3849 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

3833 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44

3897 Dress
7 sizes, 16-18
36-44
Emb. No. 888



3840 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46
Emb. No. 1332

3924 Dress
6 sizes, 16-18
36-42

3918 Dress
6 sizes, 16-18
36-42
Emb. No. 1300

No. 3747, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. This straight frock with slight gathers is suitable for soft woolens or silk material.

No. 3849, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; long shoulders. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3920, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; dropped shoulder. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. Figured materials are smartest when made in simple styles as shown here.

No. 3840, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards. If developed in wool jersey with pocket motifs worked in outline-stitch, as in Embroidery No. 1332, a pleasing result may be obtained.

No. 3924, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for waist front. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3833, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards. A very smart arrangement of capes makes this model especially attractive.

No. 3897, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting, cut crosswise. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Braided trimming developed from Embroidery No. 888 would be smart.

No. 3918, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse; two-piece camisole skirt. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material, 1⅛ yards of 27-inch for foundation. Width, about 1¼ yards. A large flower motif in French knots and outline-stitch from Embroidery No. 1300 may be used for decoration.

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3908 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
3514 Costume Slip
8 sizes, 14-16 36-46

3768 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

3780 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

For other descriptions, see page 85

3916 Blouse
5 sizes, 34-42
3787 Skirt
5 sizes, 34-42

3909 Blouse
5 sizes, 34-42
3787 Skirt
5 sizes, 34-42

3910 Blouse
5 sizes, 34-42
3787 Skirt
5 sizes, 34-42

3915 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Emb. No. 1337
3514 Costume Slip
8 sizes, 14-16 36-46

No. 3916, LADIES' BLOUSE; in tunic style. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3909, LADIES' TUNIC BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 32- or 40-inch material; collar, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3910, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; in tunic style. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch or 3¼ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3787, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; in two pieces. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material or 1 yard of 54-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3915, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; in tunic style. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material; sleeves, ⅝ yard of 40-inch. Exceedingly smart if Embroidery No. 1337, a Chinese design in single- and running-stitches is used.

No. 3514, LADIES' AND MISSES' COSTUME SLIP. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material; lower section, 1¼ yards of 36-inch or ⅝ yard of 54-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards. This type of slip is worn with the long tunic blouse.

New Conceptions of The Blouse

3842 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 1337

3828 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

3908 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 1409
View B
3540 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

For other descriptions, see page 85

3915 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
3537 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3908 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
View A
3540 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3909 Blouse
5 sizes, 34-42
3537 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3916 Blouse
5 sizes, 34-42
3537 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3915, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; in tunic style. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch for sleeves. Brocaded and plain chiffon may be smartly combined in this tunic blouse.

No. 3537, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material or 1 yard of 54-inch; camisole, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. A skirt that goes with tunic blouses.

No. 3909, LADIES' TUNIC BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 45-inch material.

No. 3908, LADIES' TUNIC BLOUSE. Size 36, View A, 3½ yards of 36-inch material, ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting; View B, 2⅛ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. For added smartness, Embroidery No. 1409 in chain- and darning-stitch in colors is suggested to trim.

No. 3540, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material; camisole, ⅞ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

3828 3842 3915 3908 3909 3908 3916 3540 3537

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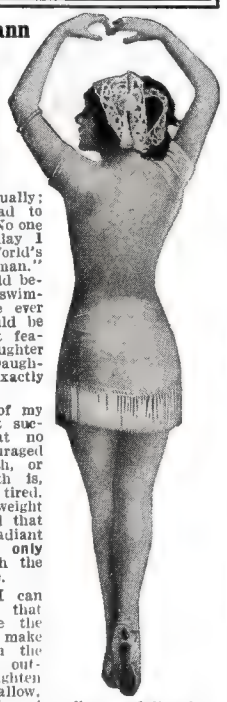
My secret of a perfect figure *and* glorious health

By Annette Kellermann



When I was a child I was so weak, so puny and so deformed that I could not romp or play as other children did; everybody felt sorry for me; I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; my knees were so weak I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces, which I wore continually; for nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would be known as the "World's most perfectly formed woman." No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films, such as "A Daughter of the Gods," "Neptune's Daughter," etc. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

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No. 2854, Men's and Youths' Lounging Robe. Size 38 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 3904, Men's and Youths' Negligee Shirt; attached collar and cuffs. Size 15 requires 3⅜ yards of 32-inch material

No. 2002, Men's Shirt; coat closing. Size 15 requires 3¼ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 2733, Men's and Youths' Slip-On Pajamas. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 32-inch material. To mark the pajamas, a satin-stitch monogram, Embroidery No. 1069, is suggested.

No. 2853, Men's and Youths' Smoking Jacket. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3618, Ladies' and Misses' Negligee. Small size requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch material. A decorative touch may be added by working darning-stitch motifs from Embroidery No. 1249 on the sleeves.

No. 3825, Ladies' Negligee. Small size requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Suitable for corduroy or flannel.

No. 2262, Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Blanket Bathrobe. Small size requires blanket 72 x 80 inches or 6 yards of 27-inch material.

No. 3528, Ladies' Negligee. Small size requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material. A pretty and simple model for figured silk.

No. 2726, Men's and Boys' Lounging Robe or Bathrobe. Size 38 requires 6⅝ yards of 27-inch material or 3½ yards of 54-inch.

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Fur-trimmed Coats For A Smart Winter Season

3692 Coat
8 sizes, 14-16 36-46

3787 Skirt
5 sizes, 34-42

3808 Coat
5 sizes, 16 years 36-42
Emb. No. 1279

3821 Cape
Small, medium, large

3822 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years 36-44

3816 Coat
9 sizes, 16 years 36-50
Emb. No. 1054

3861 Coat
8 sizes, 16-18 36-46

3864 Wrap
5 sizes, 34-42

No. 3808, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material, 3¾ yards of 36-inch lining. Width, about 2⅜ yards. Embroidery No. 1279, in darning-stitch, would be very smart above the circular flounce.

No. 3821, LADIES' ONE-PIECE CIRCULAR CAPE. Small size (34-36) requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3822, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material, ⅞ yard of 36-inch for collar and facing. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

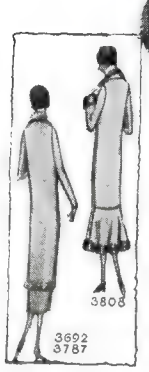
No. 3816, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, 3⅜ yards of 36-inch lining. Width, about 1½ yards. Braiding may be applied in a simple design from Embroidery No. 1054.

No. 3692, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, 2¾ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 3787, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT, in two pieces. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material; camisole, ⅞ yard of 32-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3861, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 54-inch material, 3⅝ yards of 36-inch lining. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3864, LADIES' EVENING WRAP. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material or 3⅜ yards of 54-inch; lining, 4 yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.



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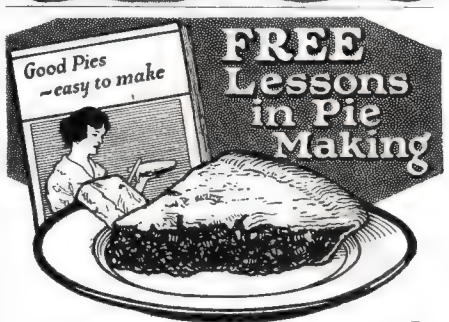

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Beauty

A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

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NAME PENCIL SETS FOR CHILDREN

This *DE LUXE SET* consists of genuine glazed leather case with coin pocket, filled with pencils and penholder in assorted colors, point protector, ruler and pencil sharpener. Any name engraved as shown in 18 kt. gold. **Price $1.00.**

JUNIOR SET—3 pencils, name engraved, in leather case. **Price 50c.**

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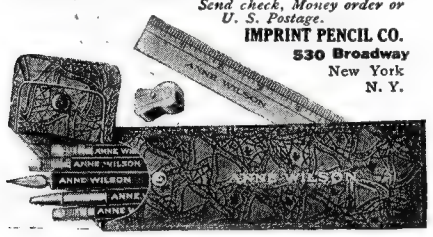

Young Folks Find Chic In Simplicity

3831 Suit 3 sizes, 2-6 Emb. No. 1345
3838 Dress 4 sizes, 2-8
3827 Dress 4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years Emb. No. 1338
3831 3783
3783 Coat 6 sizes, 4-14
3777 Cape Small, medium, large
3343 Coat 8 sizes, 1-12
3826 Suit 3 sizes, 4-8
3755 Coat 5 sizes, 6-14
3839 Dress 5 sizes, 6-14 Emb. No. 1388
3829 Dress 5 sizes, 6-14 Emb. No. 1377
3832 Dress 5 sizes, 12-20 Emb. No. 1296
3846 Dress 5 sizes, 6-14 Emb. No. 1360
3777 3838 3827 3343 3826 3829 3839 3832 3755 3846

No. 3827, CHILD'S YOKE DRESS. Size 2 requires 1¾ yards of 27- or 32-inch material. The yoke may be adorned with an eyelet spray from Embroidery No. 1338.

No. 3838, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards of 32- or 36-inch material.

No. 3777, GIRL'S CAPE; with yoke. Small size (4-6) 1⅛ yards of 54-inch material, ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

For other descriptions, see page 85

New Modes for Children

3900 Baby Doll's Set
5 sizes, 14-30

3902 Suit
4 sizes, 2-8

3913 Coat
6 sizes, 2-12
Emb. No. 833

3919 Dress
5 sizes, 6 months to 4 years
Emb. No. 1390

3905 Dress
4 sizes, 4-10
Emb. No. 1376

3901 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20
Emb. No. 1311

3834 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3783 Coat
6 sizes, 4-14

3563 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1249

3755 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

3902 3913 3919 3905 3755 3563 3834 3783 3901

No. 3900, Baby Doll's Set of Long Clothes; coat, cap, dress, petticoat, nightgown, sleeping bag, shirt and diaper drawers. Size 22 requires 1⅛ yards of 32-inch material for dress or coat. A dainty scallop for the coat is suggested in Embroidery No. 739.

No. 3563, Girl's Coat. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. For trimming, Embroidery No. 1249 in running-stitch and French knots is suggested.

No. 3755, Girl's Coat. Size 14 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3902, Boy's Suit; knee trousers. Size 6 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch for trousers. A practical suit for daily wear.

No. 3913, Boy's Reefer Coat. Size 6 requires 1⅜ yards of 54-inch material. The emblem may be worked in outline-stitch from Embroidery No. 833.

For other descriptions, see page 85

No. 3834, Girl's Dress. Size 12 requires 1⅛ yards of 36-inch plaid, 2⅜ yards of 40-inch plain material.

No. 3783, Girl's Coat. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 48-inch material or 2⅜ yards of 54-inch.

A Grand Charming

Smallest, and many say loveliest, of our Grand family is the *Five Foot* Colonial model, shown above. Its satisfying simplicity of style, sterling integrity of construction, and delightful tone makes it ideal for modern homes. Send for our catalogue picturing this and other tasteful Grands, Uprights and Players.

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FOR COUGHS—
take a teaspoonful

Tickling coughs and sore throat will be over sooner if you take a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at night and occasionally during the day. *It is tasteless and odorless* and stops that irritating tickling, soothes inflamed membranes and gives nature a chance to do its healing work. As "Vaseline" Jelly is absolutely harmless, it may be taken repeatedly until relief is obtained.

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Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" on every package It is your protection.

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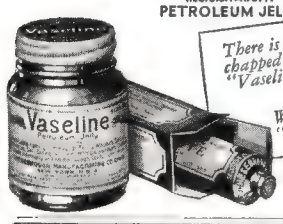

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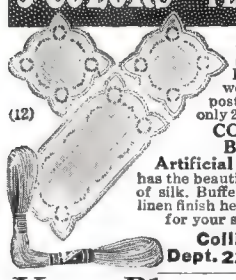
9 COLORS SIX STRAND FLOSS GIVEN



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Just dissolve a level teaspoonful of this correctly balanced, scientific plant food in water and pour on plant at roots. Clean and odorless.

At your dealers — or if he cannot supply you send a dollar bill for can of 600 treatments—enough for over a year. Results GUARANTEED or money refunded. Trial Package 10c.
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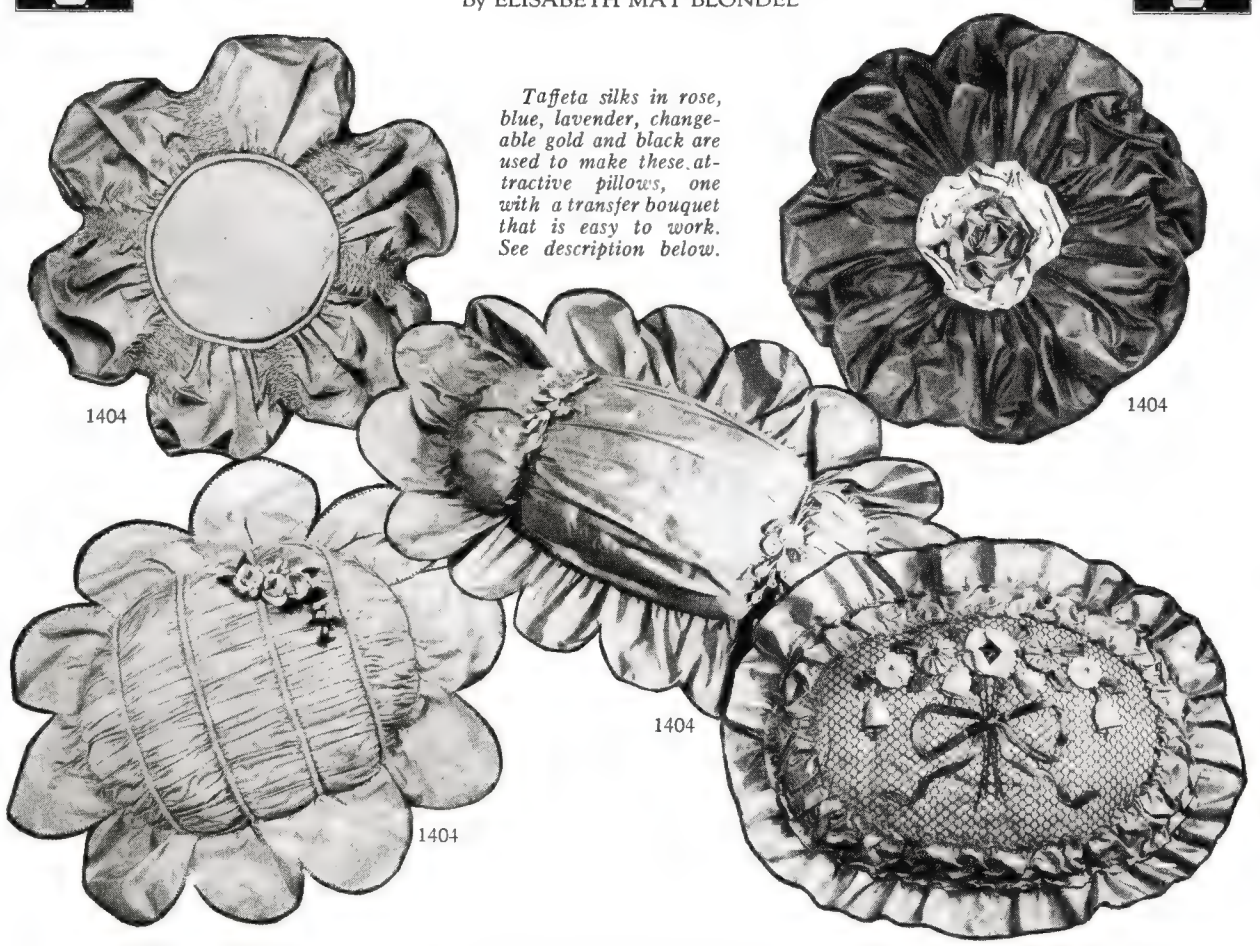
Stadler's "Superior"
PLANT FOOD

THE NEW TAFFETA PILLOWS AND EMBROIDERED HOUSE LINENS MAKE DELIGHTFUL GIFTS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

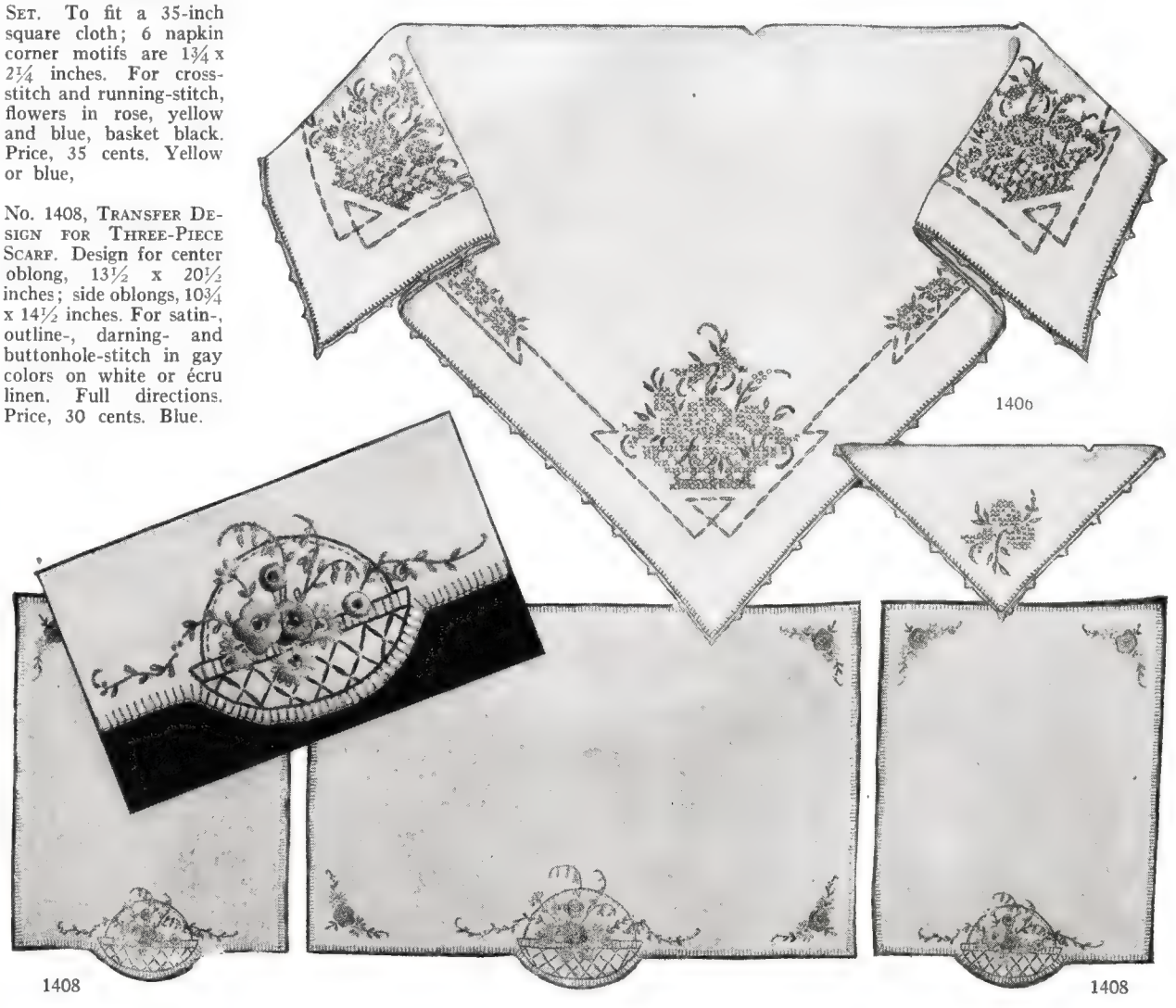


Taffeta silks in rose, blue, lavender, changeable gold and black are used to make these attractive pillows, one with a transfer bouquet that is easy to work. See description below.

No. 1404, McCALL PRINTED PATTERN FOR FIVE PILLOWS. Directions for cutting and making pillows and flower sprays are printed on the pattern. The bouquet pillow shown at lower right of illustration includes a transfer design (Yellow). Flowers and leaves are developed with colored ribbons. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

No. 1406, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR REFRESHMENT SET. To fit a 35-inch square cloth; 6 napkin corner motifs are 1¾ x 2¼ inches. For cross-stitch and running-stitch, flowers in rose, yellow and blue, basket black. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue,

No. 1408, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR THREE-PIECE SCARF. Design for center oblong, 13½ x 20½ inches; side oblongs, 10¾ x 14½ inches. For satin-, outline-, darning- and buttonhole-stitch in gay colors on white or écru linen. Full directions. Price, 30 cents. Blue.



Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfer Patterns. If you find you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

HAND-EMBROIDERED THINGS TO WEAR THAT ARE WELCOME AT CHRISTMAS TIME

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

3881 Coat and Hat
2 to 8 years
With Transfer

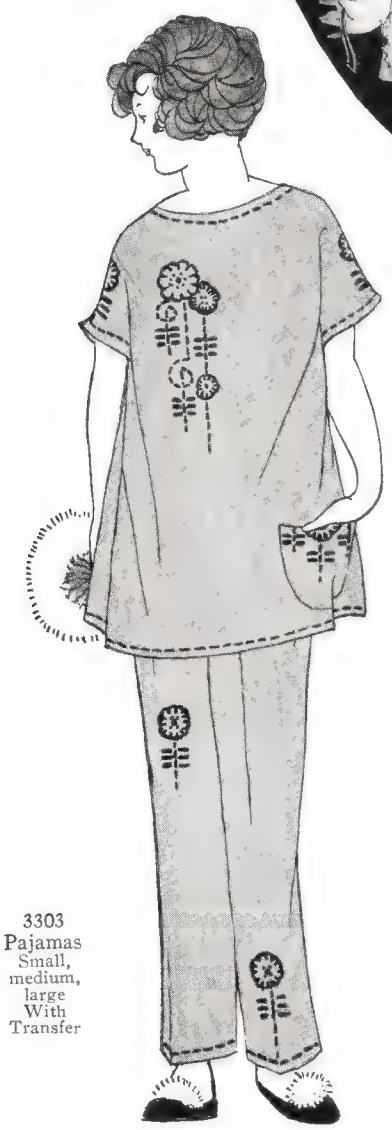
No. 3881, CHILD'S COAT AND HAT WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 40 inches wide; embroidery in darning-stitch takes 3 skeins wool, or 5 of silk floss. Full directions given. Price, 35 cents.

No. 3882, CHILD'S COAT AND HAT WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch broadcloth or 2¼ yards of silk 36 inches wide; smocking and embroidery take 3 skeins silk floss. Pattern gives full directions. Price, 35 cents.

3882 Coat and Hat
1 to 6 years
With Transfer

3911 Dress
2 to 8 years
With Transfer

3912 Dress
2 to 8 years
With Transfer



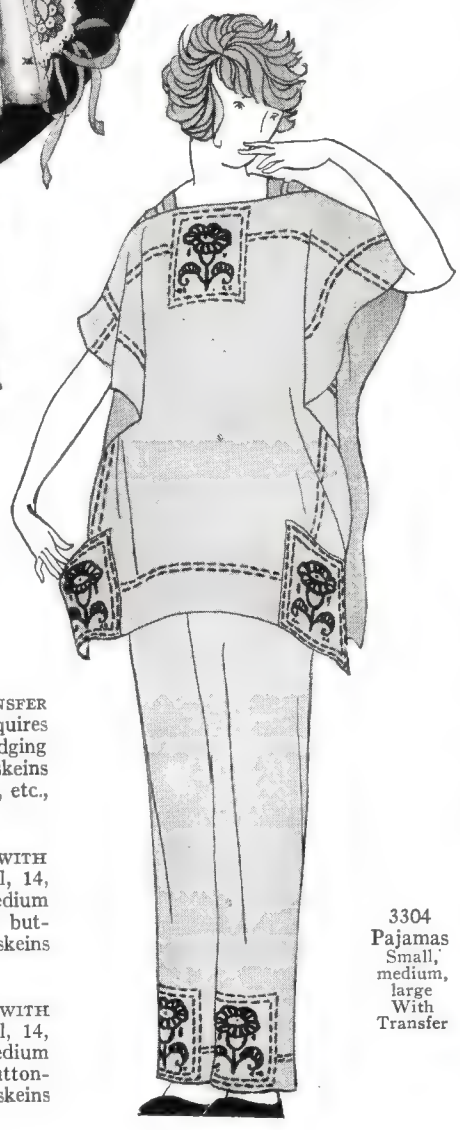
3303
Pajamas
Small, medium, large
With Transfer

No. 3911, CHILD'S DRESS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36 inches wide, and 11 yards lace edging ½ inch wide. Embroidery in French knots and lazy-daisy-stitch takes 5 skeins of cotton or 10 of silk. Price, 35 cents.

No. 3912, CHILD'S DRESS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards 36 inches wide, and 2¼ yards lace edging ½-inch. Embroidery and smocking require 4 skeins strand cotton or 8 skeins of silk floss. Smocking, etc., described. Price, 35 cents.

No. 3303, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 3 sizes; small, 14, 16 years; medium, 36, 38; large, 40, 42. Medium size, 4¼ yards 36 inches wide. Embroidery in buttonhole-, lazy-daisy-, darning-stitch takes 5 skeins cotton, or 10 of silk floss. Price, 35 cents.

No. 3304, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 3 sizes; small, 14, 16 years; medium, 36, 38; large, 40, 42. Medium size, 4 yards 36 inches wide. Embroidery in buttonhole-, outline-, and darning-stitch takes 6 skeins cotton or 12 of silk floss. Price, 35 cents.



3304
Pajamas
Small, medium, large
With Transfer

How to Obtain McCall Patterns

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Be Stunning

With Hair and Complexion. Some Beauty Hints You'll Rave Over—By Mme Maree.

Girls: I want you to try beta quinol and then you will see what the modern and up-to-date cosmetician can do for you. It doesn't stain, isn't oily, and yet it makes blonde, brunette or titian hair look alive, it makes the scalp feed each hair and stand out alone. It makes the hair fluff and keep its curl, or it will lay perfectly straight like silken strands.

You can get an ounce of beta quinol at the drug store for 65 cents, mixed with half a pint of rubbing alcohol and half a pint of water and you have dollars worth of the finest hair dressing I know of.

For the Face

No use having a head of stunning looking hair unless you give your face equal attention so as to erase the crows feet, lines and wrinkles and tighten up the pores. Get two ounces of eptol from the drug store for 65 cents. Mix it with a tablespoon of glycerine and a pint of water. It thickens at once to a rich, heavy cream. Spread a thin coating around the eyes, temples, and on the forehead, then over the cheeks; rub it in until absorbed. Instantly it begins work on the pores, tightens them, the outer dead skin disappears, new skin comes at once, the lines, crows feet, wrinkles fade out, the cheeks become smooth, look plump with the appearance of real, girlish health. Eptol is certainly the daintiest of skin beautifiers and mixed as above lasts for months.

To Banish Blackheads

The only easy way I have ever found to get rid of blackheads quickly is by sprinkling powdered neroxin on a cloth dipped in hot water, then rub briskly and every last blackhead, big and little will be dissolved without leaving a trace. Get neroxin at any drug store. An ounce, costing 65 cents will add immensely to giving your face that stunning look.

For a Muddy Skin

For muddiness, red spots, sallowness and the shining, oily skin that makes you think you look like a fright, just mix an ounce of zintone and two tablespoons of your ordinary glycerine and a half pint of water. Rub this on your face, arms, neck and shoulders and I will wager you will hardly know yourself. The effect is stunning. You can get the zintone at any drug store for 65 cents.

To Cleanse Scalp

Twenty-five cents worth of eggol, at any drug store, will give you enough for a dozen creamiest, frothiest shampoos you ever had. It dries right away, fluffs out beautifully and makes your head feel fine.

For the Boudoir

These beauty secrets are so perfectly stunning that I have had prepared one of each ready for use, enough of each article to last several days. Send me 25 cents and I will send you this boudoir beauty outfit by mail prepaid.

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IRON GLUE

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SOLD TO HOLD

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In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

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Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

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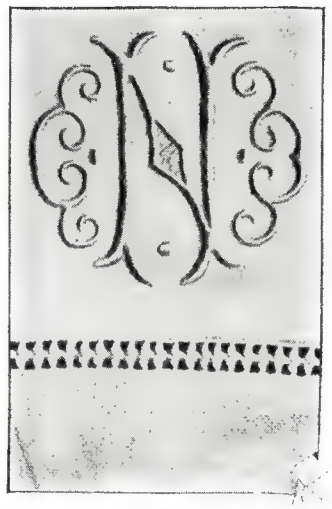
A NEW LUNCH SET AND A SMART DESIGN IN DARNING-STITCH FOR DRESSES

BY ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

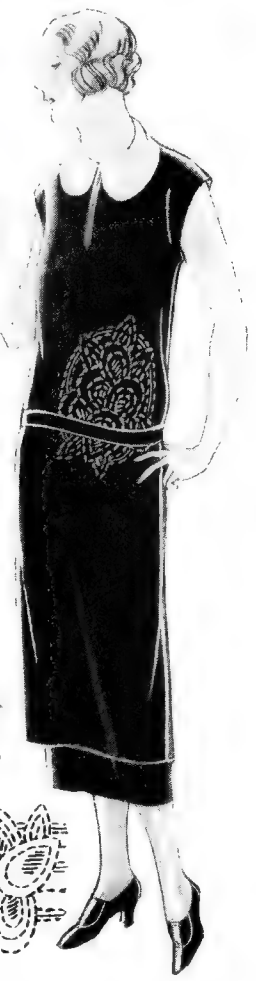
1405

No. 1405, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR LUNCH SET. To fit a 20-inch square cloth; 4 plate doily designs, 11¾ x 16 inches, for buttonhole-, lazy-daisy- and running stitch in delft-blue, light blue and orange, on unbleached muslin, white or écru linen. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

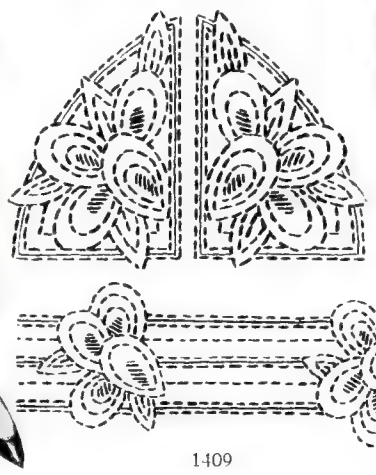


1407

No. 1407, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR ALPHABETS. Includes 3 complete alphabets. Each letter with scrolls measures 2¼ x 2½ inches. For satin- and stem-stitch. Looks very smart worked in color to match colored linen border of towel. Directions given. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



No. 1409, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR DRESS TRIMMING. Includes 4 triangles (illustrated with narrow border on Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress No. 3924, sizes 16, 18 years, 36 to 42 bust; price, 45 cents); 2 oval motifs (Ladies' Tunic Blouse No. 3909, sizes 34 to 42 bust; price, 35 cents). Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.



1409

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Write today. The catalog is FREE; book only 25c. Get them ***both***, and make this year's Christmas gifts and unique party prizes—you can easily finish a lamp and shade in two evenings.

THAYER & CHANDLER, 913 Van Buren St., Chicago

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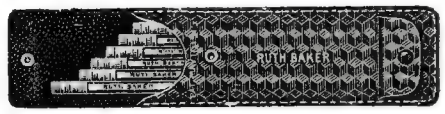

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The Individual Christmas Gift

[*Continued from page 71*]

the side of the slipper, not across the front. They are cleverly fashioned of silver, of net and rhinestones, of tiny ostrich feathers, of colored stones in blue, dull red, coral, amber. Small oblong ones are used for patent leather pumps worn in the afternoon. Elaborate ones are placed on satin evening pumps. Flesh colored satin with stockings to match have usurped metal slippers with evening gowns. The plain pump, you know, has come back.

Colored handkerchiefs are persistently used by the majority of women. The vivid handkerchiefs are preferred for tailored suits, for sport clothes, to serve as bits of color against a somber costume. They are offered in artistic patterning, even though bold, on a white ground for those who do not care for the glare of color spread over the entire surface. An initial embroidered in color is an added touch of fashion.

Colored jewelry, more or less expensive, is considered desirable by most of the women one knows. It remains at the apex of fashion. We think it is borrowed from France, but it is almost localized in America. Strings of beads are offered in excellent imitation of genuine quartz. Amber happens to be the favorite, which is well to remember as it suits the majority of complexions. Pekin blue is another happy choice. Chinese jewelry, such as belt buckles of white mutton-fat jade, kingfisher earrings, seed pearl and coral head-dresses, are delightfully pleasing, but one must give such as these to one who appreciates things that are not commonplace. Everyone cannot or will not wear Chinese jewelry. Heavy gold link bracelets are retained in fashion. Young women like them. They are somewhat too heavy for those who have not the slim arms of youth.

There is increasing popularity of the dress length for a gift. Women do not want what is conventional and easy to purchase; but there are odds and ends of alluring and unusual materials to be picked up here and there when one is on the lookout for such. Blouses, frocks, evening scarfs, constantly need renewal and rich is the woman who has so many of these she is not grateful for something fascinating to add to her collection. Women not over burdened with time or money will relish a dress length, attractively boxed, as a gift. That saves her one more dollar.

Evening scarfs have reached the apex of popularity. Worth of Paris, suggests to each of his patrons a few yards of tulle in the color of the evening gown. The silk people have caught the idea. They offer pieces in exactly the right proportions for a scarf. Rodier, the wizard weaver of France has made square shawls of printed crêpe with deep borders of plain crêpe that hang around the figure in graceful lines. Such precedents inspire one to give fabrics for such uses.

The fashion for short hair being on the increase instead of the decrease as prophesied, is sufficientlly persuasive to the shops to have them offer a large variety of tiny combs in gay colors to match a frock, a handbag, or a hat. Others of amber shell are in cases of Chinese brocade. These are carried in the evening.

Small bags of gay and spirited workmanship and coloring are important accessories to the evening costume and a half dozen of such sprinkled among one's social friends eases the mind of one problem. Some are embroidered. Others are spangled. Bits of brocade can be used at home if one is skilful in fashioning such trifles. Some swing from colored bracelets imitating jade or rose quartz. Others are slipped on colored rings for the little finger. The safest ones are on a fancy cord or ribbon.

Women who arrive from France emphasize the flower pinned on the shoulder of a frock or on the left lapel of a coat. A well-chosen flower for this purpose is an appreciated gift. Carnations in dull red, cornflowers in blue, gardenias that show the yellow of age, each bedded in green leaves are bits of spring that brighten winter costumery. A few of these embedded in a box of brilliant paper with a colored engraving in the middle will bring out an enthusiastic letter of gratitude

Interior decoration has turned a big somersault from Bourbon French to American Colonial. Gifts to those whose chief interest is the decoration of their houses are easily found in the mass of things our ancestors thought essential to their well-being. Colored lampshades with ships sailing around the tiny horizon; shades on which are pasted colored prints of old fashion plates; dull sand paper with vivid flowers springing up from the gilt edge; shades made of old maps all are expressive in house decoration today.

Descriptions for page 71

No. 3872, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards. The beaded design, Embroidery No. 1190, provides an unusually charming trimming.

No. 3789, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2½ yards.

No. 3793, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

Descriptions for page 76

No. 3908, LADIES' TUNIC BLOUSE; dropped shoulder. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3780, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3768, LADIES' WAISTCOAT BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material.

Descriptions for page 77

No. 3828, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3842, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 32- or 40-inch material. A novel trimming is suggested in Embroidery No. 1337, worked in running- and single-stitch.

No. 3916, LADIES' BLOUSE; in tunic style. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material.

Descriptions for page 80

No. 3831, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards of 27-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Outline-stitch motifs from Embroidery No. 1245 would be attractive on the pockets.

No. 3783, GIRL'S COAT. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3343, CHILD'S COAT. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3826, BOY'S SUIT. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3829, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The outline-stitch motif may be developed from Embroidery No. 1377.

No. 3839, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Bead trimming, such as Embroidery No. 1388, is easily worked and very decorative.

No. 3832, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material; 1⅛ yards of 32-inch lace. Silk and lace with a ribbon motif from Embroidery No. 1296 would make this frock lovely for parties.

No. 3755, GIRL'S COAT. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3846, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. Trimming for darning- and buttonhole-stitch, Embroidery No. 1360, is suggested.

Descriptions for page 81

No. 3919, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 3 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. A pretty basket spray in long French knots, Embroidery No. 1390, would be charming.

No. 3905, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yards of 32- or 36-inch material. This dainty party frock will look very French with a bow-knot motif worked in simple stitches from Embroidery No. 1376.

No. 3901, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. Ribbon trimming is smart and easily worked from Embroidery No. 1311.

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Christmas Cookery

[*Continued from page 42*]

CHRISTMAS APPLES

6 baking apples
½ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon butter
⅛ pound small cinnamon candies

Pare apples very thin. Core them, leaving enough in bottom to hold stuffing. Fill opening with sugar, butter and four or five candies. Place well apart in baking-dish, put a little boiling water in bottom of dish, add 6 or 8 candies and bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) until apples are soft. Baste often with sirup formed, adding more boiling water if necessary. The cinnamon candies will give a pink color and delicious flavor. Makes 6 servings.

SALAD A LA NOEL

4 tablespoons gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 can tomatoes
Tiny piece of bay leaf
1 teaspoon sugar
3 cloves
1 slice onion
1 teaspoon salt
6 pepper corns
Few gratings nutmeg

Soak gelatin in cold water. Cook tomatoes and seasonings together very slowly 20 minutes. Strain, keeping back seeds, skins and whole spices. While hot, pour liquid over gelatin and stir until dissolved. Strain again and pour in a ½-inch layer in shallow pan. When jellied, cut in star shapes with paper pattern and sharp knife. Serve on a salad green with ball of cream cheese and a stuffed olive on top of each star. Use mayonnaise or any desired dressing with this salad. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

OYSTER SHORTCAKE

1 tablespoon butter
1½ tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
Tiny bit of cayenne
½ teaspoon salt
1 pint oysters
1 tablespoon parsley

Make a light biscuit dough, using 2 cups flour, and bake in 2 thin layers in cake-tins. Make white sauce by melting butter, stirring in the flour, then adding milk slowly while stirring constantly. Cook until thick. Add salt and cayenne. Put oysters into sauce and cook just long enough for edges to curl. Butter biscuit layers and put part of oysters and sauce between layers. Sprinkle with parsley. Put remaining oysters and sauce on top and sprinkle with parsley. Serve very hot. This is a delicious dish for the Christmas supper. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

CANDIED CRANBERRIES

1½ cups cranberries
2 cups sugar
2½ cups water

Pick large, firm berries and in each make three ⅛-inch slits with sharp-pointed knife. Stir sugar and water until sugar dissolves, using saucepan large enough to allow all berries to float on surface of sirup. Bring to boiling point and boil slowly three minutes. Cool. Add berries and bring again to boiling point very slowly. As soon as sirup boils, remove from stove and let berries stand in sirup over night. Next day remove berries and cook sirup until reduced to one half quantity. Cool, put in berries and bring slowly to boil. Boil slowly 3 or 4 minutes. Allow to stand 2 hours, then boil gently 5 minutes more. When cold, drain sirup off and put berries on buttered plate to dry.

PRUNE DOLLS

Select large prunes and soak until quite soft. Press out flat for bodies of dolls. Dry with towel. Draw faces on flat side of marshmallows with toothpick dipped in melted chocolate or vegetable coloring. Fasten heads on bodies with toothpicks, using seedless raisins for necks. Raisins on toothpicks form arms and legs. Lay dolls down until prunes are dry. Make the dog of one prune with head, ears and tail of raisins.

CHRISTMAS PUNCH

1 quart grape juice
1½ cups (or more) sugar sirup
2 quarts cold water
1 quart gingerale
Juice 4 lemons
Juice 4 oranges
1 cup each pineapple, seeded grapes and bananas, cut fine

Mix and chill. Serve in punch bowl with ice and thin slices of lemon and orange floating on top.

Use only standard measuring cups and spoons. All measurements level

For Christmas An Ingersoll

The New Yankee
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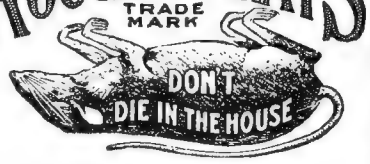

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Her Speech Convicts Her

[*Continued from page 51*]

New England. Do you know anything about the hotels?" or "I had an offer the other day to go into business. Do you think——" And when sitting next to an unresponsive person, it is sometimes well to remember that nearly everyone is interested in something—if you can only find out what it is. The most adorable young girl I ever knew followed this rule one night at dinner precisely:

She was quite aware, of course, that there is one occasion when good manners absolutely demand that you talk. Even though you detest him above everyone in the world, not to talk to your neighbor at table is an unforgivable rudeness to your hostess. (After you have left your friend's house you need never, unless similarly placed, speak to that person again.) This girl's partner was of the stolid wooden-block variety. She tried one topic after another getting only "Yes" or "No" and "Quite so" for an answer; finally she paused, looked at his profile, (as responsive as that of a cigar-store Indian) and said, "Would you mind looking at me a moment?" In surprise he turned. She, looking straight into his eyes, continued in a placid, good-tempered tone, "I want to explain something to you. I have tried my best to find a subject to talk to you about and now I am just going to eat my own dinner in peace." After which he came to life.

Certain subjects, unless you are very sure of the ground upon which you are standing, had best be "taboo." One is, the criticism of a religious sect or creed. The other, is to make amusing but unkind remarks about one unknown person to another. To say continuously, "What a sweet girl!" "What a charming youth!" is not half so arresting as to remark, "She looks as though her mother had been scared by a white rat" but it is much—safer!

Conversation is not merely a medium through which wit and cleverness shine, it is also a medium through which devoted friendship is built. You may be amused, shocked or enchanted by someone's brilliancy and wit or charm, and people who possess these qualities are, above all others, the ones who shine on special occasions; but you love best and long to see under all circumstances in life, the friend who listens as well as talks, whose clearness of intellect is distilled from a generous sympathy and understanding heart. Once in a great while there is encountered a person who has all the gifts—but it is rare when brilliant wit does not become cruel and when fine intellect does not develop self-sufficiency bordering on egotism. That is better at all events than soppy-headed sentimentality—which is not at all what I meant above!

When you are a hostess, it is obligatory that you take much more trouble to be sympathetic and agreeable than when you are a guest. As a guest it matters little to you if a shy person sits pinched together in a corner. But if she has been invited to your own house, it is another matter and it is your duty to dispel her shyness by either going over and sitting beside her, or better, asking her to join you and then including others of your guests in your circle and drawing the shy one into the general conversation by addressing occasional remarks directly to her, and thus forcing the answers of others at least in a general way to include her.

WE CANNOT in this series cover every question of etiquette. For further information send a two-cent stamp for A Book of Manners. Address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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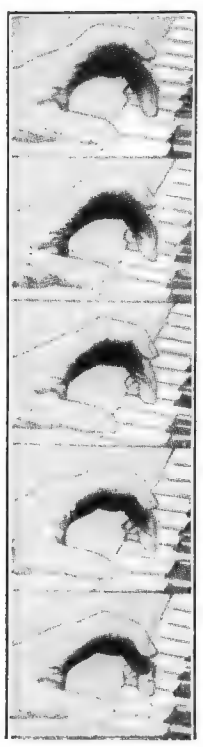

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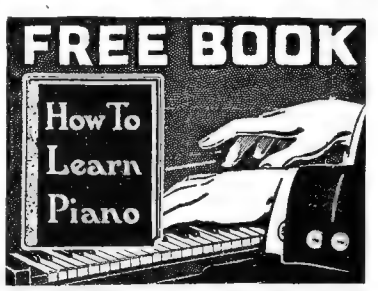

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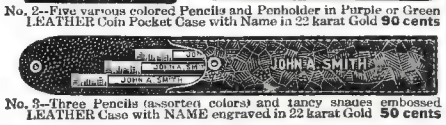

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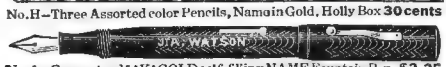

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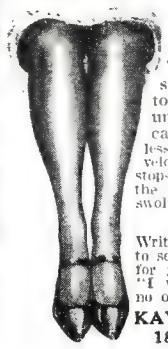

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A Great Rushing of Wings

[*Continued from page 7*]

Now upon the third day, when she was so utterly weary of mind and body that she felt nothing, only a numb and constant aching in her limbs and shoulders, she realized that a hearty voice was hailing her, and that a team of oxen had stopped beside her. A young man, with ruddy face and smiling blue eyes, walked beside them with a long goad pole in his hand.

"A good day to you, Mam'selle," he greeted her. "You look tired. You may ride upon my wagon, if you like." She turned her pale, set face upon him, and he was conscious, with a shock of surprise, that she stared through him, as if he had been a window.

"Thank you," she said in a dull, heavy voice, "I am a little tired. I will be glad to ride—if you are going towards Viendoncourt."

"Viendoncourt?" He puckered his lips in a whistle. "You are going as far as that, Mam'selle—Madame?" He had just realized that the bundle on her back which made her droop forward so tiredly, was a baby.

"Yes, I must be there by Noël's Eve. I *must* be there." He helped her up on the rough wagon, with its load of hay. He packed it closely around her so that she should not be cold.

"Well," he said, touching the oxen with his goad, and walking beside the wagon, "you are still a long way from Viendoncourt—almost thirty kilometers. I am not going that far myself. I turn off at Lienne. You must be there by the Eve of Noël, you say?"

"Yes, M'sieu," she answered dully, yet with unshakable finality, "I must be there."

He walked beside her in silence, and the girl was silent too. Presently her feet began to ache terribly, and she lowered the sleeping baby for a moment to rub them. The leaning down made her weak with dizziness. She toppled forward in the hay.

Quickly the young man sprang up beside her, lifted her up and laid her gently back in the hay. But she struggled up to a sitting posture.

"No—no, M'sieu," she gasped, "I dare not lie down. I must not sleep—I have so far to go!"

Then for the first time he realized the tragic intensity of her dark eyes, the blue circles under them, and the wan, pinched cheeks. He took the baby very quietly from her arms, and she began to cry jerkily, in spite of her efforts at self control, as her tensed muscles relaxed and ached.

"There, there," he said soothingly, as if she had been a child, "you are tired—and hungry, too, without a doubt. Here!" He opened a leather sack and took out bread, cold cabbage and cheese. She ate slowly, despite the terrible hunger that was consuming her. And he watched her with distress in his honest blue eyes. Presently she sighed, and sat back, and smiled wanly at him. He smiled too, with a great breath of relief.

"There now, you feel better, I wager!" he cried, much pleased that his efforts at caring for her had been so successful.

"You are—" he hesitated, unwilling to appear too curious, "you are going to visit relatives—or perhaps to join your—husband?"

"I have no husband," she replied simply.

"Oh," he stammered, making pretense of striking at the oxen.

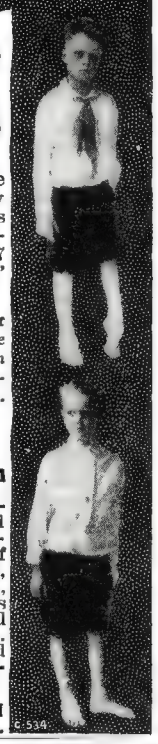
"No, M'sieu, I go to the church at Viendoncourt, where at midnight on Noël's Eve, a miracle will be performed that will make my baby well. See, M'sieu—this is my reason for the journey."

She unfolded the blankets for the merest instant, disclosing the white, shrunken limbs. She picked one up, tenderly, and it fell from her fingers, lifeless, inanimate. Then she wrapped the blankets once more about the sleeping child.

Through the long, sunlit winter day the girl rode in the wagon, and the young man walked or sat for a few moments beside her, dangling his legs, and smoking a pipe. When noon time came he insisted on a halt at a village inn, and made her join him in a hot and [*Turn to page 80*]

CRIPPLED FIVE YEARS

Infantile Paralysis



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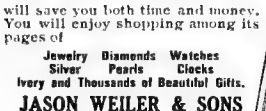

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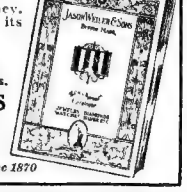

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A Great Rushing of Wings

[*Continued from page 88*]

hearty meal. Then they went on, and already there was a little color in the girl's pale cheeks, and once or twice she smiled wanly at his descriptions of people he knew and of happenings at the fair. He liked to see her, riding there in the hay, with the baby at her feet, and he sighed a little when he thought of how soon she would be gone, and that he would not see her again.

At last they approached Lienne, where the roads forked. He was walking moodily by the wagon, striking the ground with the ox goad. Presently he looked up at the girl, his pleasant face flushed and glowing.

"You will pardon me if I seem too bold," he said with some difficulty, "but nothing is ever gained by letting a golden moment slip by. Yonder is where the road divides, and I must go on to Crué because I have promised this hay to my cousin there. Now—now," he took a long breath and looked at her boldly, "now must you go to Viendoncourt? Look you, Madame, I am unmarried. I have a little farm that makes me a good living. I can afford a servant—yes, easily, for I am a hard worker. I have not cared much for women, of this I assure you, for all the girls I have known seem very silly and giggling. Would you not—would you not consider going on with me to Crué, and standing up with me in the church at the morning mass on Noël? I have faults, yes, certainly. But I have no bad temper—and I am fond of children."

She stared at him with wide, startled eyes.

"Why—why, M'sieu," she faltered, "that is impossible. I have told you about the little one—"

"Yes, yes, I know," he said eagerly "but come now, miracles do not really happen nowadays. And many children are cripples, yet they live well and happily. I would make the little fellow a swinging chair, so that he could play in the sunshine all day. Believe me, Madame, I would be good to him—and you."

"I am sure of that," she said in a low tone, "but—"

For the moment he misunderstood her. "If you are thinking of the baby's having no father, do not let that trouble you. These things happen. It does not matter."

A hot flush suffused her pale face.

"M'sieu," she said with dignity, "my *husband* is dead."

"Oh," he said, biting his lip, "I beg your forgiveness, truly I do."

"It does not matter," she said gently. "In any case, I must go on. I must reach Viendoncourt by the Eve of Noël. I cannot think of anything else—I assure you I cannot, M'sieu."

"Well, well then," he persisted, "what will you do after you have accomplished your purpose in Viendoncourt?"

"I do not know," she said dully, "I have no plans."

"You will stay a little while in that town—just a little while?" he begged. "Look you, I will be in Crué by tomorrow night at the latest. I can leave my team there and come by train to Pierrefitte and walk over to Viendoncourt. I can be there early on Noël. Only say that I will find you there, and that we can talk further."

For the first time she consciously saw his face. And it came to her with a shock that there was something about him which reminded her of Pierre—perhaps the blueness of his eyes, or the way he was always laughing.

But she shook her head gently. "M'sieu, you are very good. But I can promise nothing. All my mind, all my heart, is set steadfastly on the single purpose of making my baby well. I should be unworthy of God's great love and His willingness to work a miracle for my little one if I gave one thought to my own comfort or future." He smiled at her, and it did not seem as if he took her words for a refusal.

"I like that in you, too, Madame. Well, you must go on, I can see that. And may God be good to you and give you your heart's desire. But remember, I too now have a heart's desire. [*Turn to page 90*]

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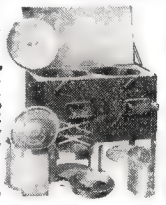

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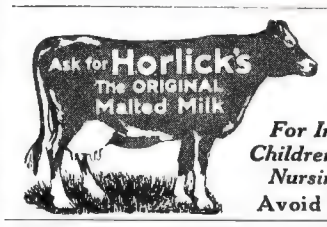

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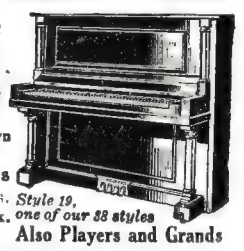

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A Great Rushing of Wings

[*Continued from page 89*]

I shall be in Viendoncourt on Noël, and shall seek you at the church, or at the curé's home." They had come to the forking of the road. He regretfully helped her to alight and put the baby in her arms.

"Good bye," he shouted back at her, "remember, I will be there, on Noël morning!"

She stood looking after him for a moment, and a little sigh escaped her lips. Her back already felt the strain of its burden. It had been nice to ride in the hay, with the baby playing at her feet. But after an instant's pause she turned, set her face northward, and went forward on her long journey.

Far into the night she walked without stopping, except for the briefest moments. The coldness became bitter and well nigh unendurable. She began to stamp her feet as she walked, and to swing her arms. But gradually the dreadful need of sleep came upon her, insidious, overpowering. She walked with sagging, uncertain steps, forced on only by the inner strength of her resolution. Suddenly there came an end, an involuntary slumping of her body. She sank down listlessly in the snow. The baby cried sharply, and she stirred drowsily.

"I must not, must not sleep!" she heard herself saying. She struggled to her feet, and saw through the dim darkness a stable ahead of her. She staggered to the door, thrust it open, and fell exhausted upon the hay.

Next morning she wrapped the baby warmly in the blankets, swung it again upon her back. She pushed the stable door open, and shivered as the icy coldness swept in upon her.

"And yet," she said, lifting her face to the dull sky, "tomorrow will be the Eve of Noël. I have come this far by the grace of the good God. Surely strength will be given me to come safely to the church of the great miracle."

IT was the Eve of Noël. The lights were lit in every window of Pierrefitte. There was the sound of laughter and of music.

In the little church the lights of many candles gleamed, and in front of the altar was an amazingly realistic stable, with its manger, and kneeling oxen, its shepherds and its wise men, and last but not least, the mother and Child.

There were many people in the street, and many calls of "Joyous Noël, neighbor!" The snow was fluttering down in soft, caressing flakes. At the end of a narrow street a band of children were singing carols. Their high treble voices broke into laughter as a door opened, and a shower of cakes and candies was thrown out at them. Softly, clearly, came the tolling of the church bell, ringing for the midnight mass.

The curé's sister, who shared with him the little stone house beside the church, had just put on her bonnet and cape. There came a knock at the door, a curious, pounding knock, as if the person outside were beating on the door with clenched fists.

She smiled, thinking it the prank of boys, or perhaps some hearty peasant stopping to leave an offering of poultry for the curé. Still smiling, she opened the door wide, and caught her breath with the unexpectedness of what she saw—a girl, snow-covered, hollow-eyed, with lips that were blue and pinched, stood there, trembling, clasping a bundle in her arms.

"Is this—the curé's house?" she said with difficulty.

"Yes, yes," answered the curé's sister, regaining her faculties with practical swiftness. "Come in, and God be with you." She pushed forward a chair, but the girl still stood in the doorway, swaying.

"No, Madame," she said in the same flat, barely audible voice, "I cannot sit down—I dare not. There is very little strength left in me, and I must save it—This is Viendoncourt, is it not?"

"No," said the curé's sister briskly, "this is Pierrefitte. Viendoncourt lies three miles along the road, or one may cut across the fields, a mile and a little over."

She was startled by the wrenching cry of the girl before her.

"*Not* Viendoncourt! Oh, Madame—I thought I had reached the end of my journey. I am afraid I cannot go on—"

The curé's sister pushed the girl into a chair.

"Well, well, is it so important, my child? You are tired, and there is a warm bed that will give you shelter for tonight."

"Ah, *so* important!" cried the girl, who had heard only the first words. "I must be in the church at Viendoncourt at the midnight mass when the chalice is lifted. I must lay my baby in the manger so that he may become cured of his sickness!"

The curé's sister stared at the swaying, ragged figure. "You have a baby there? And it is sick?"

"Yes, Madame, look!" The girl drew back the blankets and showed the tiny body, with its shrunken, paste-white limbs.

The curé's sister exclaimed with pity.

"The poor little one! But why do you take him to the church at Viendoncourt? I do not understand."

"For the miracle, Madame, the miracle!"

"The miracle?" repeated the woman in a puzzled tone. "What miracle do you expect, my child?"

"Oh, Madame, surely you have heard of it, since the town is so near! At midnight, when the chalice is lifted in the mass, there comes a great rushing of wings, and unseen voices chanting 'Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson!' and at that moment, if one but touches the manger of the little Jesus outside the altar rail, all sickness is cured. Surely you have known of miracles being thus effected?"

The curé's sister was looking at the girl with a strange expression of dismay and uncertainty. A phrase in the girl's impassioned recital had caught her ear, and echoed now in her mind.

"Oh, my poor child," she exclaimed at last, "you must not go. You must wait until my brother, the curé, comes back from midnight mass. He will tell you—"

But the girl had risen wildly to her feet.

"The midnight mass!" she cried sharply. "It has begun."

As if in answer, came the distant tinkle of the sacristy bell.

The girl rushed to the door, flung it open, and staggered outside. "Which way, which way, for the love of God?"

The curé's sister sought to stop her, but it was like stopping the wind.

"Child, child!" she called, but the girl was out upon the street.

"Which way, Madame—the field you spoke of?"

Helplessly the curé's sister pointed. She called out again, but the girl had disappeared, stumbling through the snow, with the baby clasped tight against her breast. The curé's sister shut the door and stood frowning.

"My brother should know of this," she murmured to herself.

Where before, the girl had plodded heavily, almost numb from lack of sleep and rest, now she ran stumbling and sobbing, plunging off across the field that spread out, broad and white as a funeral sheet, toward the distant town of Viendoncourt, where the church steeple and the roofs were black against the sky. The snow had ceased to fall, but the girl did not know. A raging blizzard could not have stopped her or turned her aside. Her running feet crunched on the brittle surface of the field, but now and then there would come a soft spot through which she fell, almost up to her knees.

An insane recklessness had seized upon her now, a defiant disregard for obstacles; for the cold, for the racking breath that cut her lungs as with a knife, for the crying of the jostled baby.

"There, there, my little one," she said through clenched teeth, "if I hurt you, forgive me. There is no time now to be gentle. We must reach the church in time—we must reach there before the chalice is raised—"

She ran on and on. Her breath came in whistled snatches. There was a red mist before her eyes. No matter—no matter—The baby cried shrilly, twisting its imprisoned body as best it could. No matter—no matter—With glazed eyes, with mouth half open, with sagging, desperate feet, she ran on—on! Now the houses loomed more plainly against the sky. Viendoncourt—at last!

Soon the houses rose up all around her as if by magic. She was swaying like a drunken woman, reeling from side to side. She could not see. There were shadows, shadows everywhere—houses—where was the church? There were lights in windows—but how to reach them. She staggered towards the nearest one. She pitched forward headlong on the step of some building. She lay there for a moment, stunned. But the snow was soft and had broken her fall. She beat the snow out of her all but blinded eyes.

"Oh God, oh God," she sobbed out, "do not let me fail now—show me the way—give me a sign—"

And then—from within the place—there came *a great rushing of wings!*

The girl heard, and suddenly the blood went thrilling throughout her body. As in a trance she rose from the snowy step. From far away, unseen voices were singing, swelling out in a great chant of triumph, *"Keyrie, Keyrie, Kristi elieson!"*

Her eyes were shining as if with inner fire. She held forth the babe on her outstretched hands as a priest lifts up an offering to the Most High.

"God is good!" she whispered in ecstasy, and pushed open the door.

AND you let her go out on a fool's chase like that?" the curé stormed at his sister. "You did not tell her?"

"How could I?" she defended herself. "I thought it best for you to tell her. Besides, she rushed away before I could say a word."

"Damnation!" swore the curé. "Oh, yes, I know I will have to confess it," he snapped at his sister's shocked face, "but it is really too much. That madman with his tales of miracles—see what harm he may have done! Ever since he was studying for the priesthood, and the church caved in upon him, he has become obsessed with rustling of wings, and sickness miraculously cured. Harmless they call him, and let him roam at will. But this is a case which proves how wrong the authorities are. His mania takes the form of believing himself cured of the exact thing which he sees at the time—fever, the pox, lameness, and now, paralysis! Have I not had my troubles telling poor, misguided souls that his tales are nothing but a madman's dream? And this poor girl! Good God, she may have perished in the snow!"

Without further words he jammed on his broad-brimmed hat and his thickest cape, and lighting a lantern, set out across the snowy fields.

When the curé reached the village of Viendoncourt, breathless and panting from his forced pace through the snow, the mass was long since over, the church was emptied, the windows were dark. He searched the recesses of the small church carefully. He found no one.

As he came out, pausing, hesitant, not knowing where to look, a peasant in sheepskin coat and fur cap came stumbling awkwardly toward him.

"M'sieu, le curé," he gasped out, "would it please your holiness to come with me? Perhaps I am drunk, or dreaming—"

He turned about the corner of the church, to where a stone building loomed against the holy edifice, the two standing back to back. He ran around to the front, and hesitated upon the step. "In—in—there!" He whispered, pointing at the door. The priest pushed open the heavy door, and stood with upraised lantern.

Perhaps he too was dreaming, but it seemed to him that a great radiance flooded the stable—surely a greater radiance than the lantern hanging over the manger, or the one held in his hand, could give; a great, golden light that glowed softly and warmly, just above the manger, where, upon a bed of fragrant hay, a little baby lay gurgling and laughing up at the light, and stretching out his hands, catching at play with the tiny feet, which were kicking into the air, pounding against the blankets, burrowing into the hay.

At the foot of the manger sat a woman—a girl. Her eyes were closed, and she slept deeply, with a smile like the glory of heaven upon her tired, contented lips. The golden light seemed to surround her in an aura of golden fire. And near her the cattle drowsed, munching contentedly at the hay.

"M'sieu, le curé," whispered the peasant to the transfixed priest, "is it, can it be the Mother and Child who have honored my humble stable on this night of Noël? See your holiness, I left a lantern burning there above the manger, because of a sickly calf which I wished to look at after mass, and when I came back, the pigeons were flying about, aroused by the light—I heard the rushing of their wings—and when I came in—these two were here! Is it, *is it* a miracle, father?"

The voice of the priest was hoarse and trembling. "A miracle, indeed, my son, a blessed miracle of faith!"

The light had died away. Only the dimness of the lanterns pierced the fragrant gloom. The curé went softly towards the sleeping woman and the laughing baby who was sucking at his rosy, wriggling toes.

"Blessed are the pure in heart," he whispered, "for they shall see God!"

Then he stood still, startled, thrilled to the heart by a distant sound,—*a great rushing of wings.*

He held the lantern high. No pigeons were flying. They slept quietly upon the rafters of the stable.

Christmas

[*Continued from page 11*]

from those whom I considered my most devoted friends. I have never had an enemy so bitter that he or she would have done to me some of the things through which I have lived at the hands of people I supposed to be the best friends I had in the world. So there you are. It is not what you can do with money that will accomplish very much. The history of the world amply demonstrates the fact that people can live with very little money or none at all. The thing that they cannot live without is just plain, simple, old-fashioned love, love of the kind that was in the heart of God when He gave His Son as our ransom.

A minute ago all the birds were talking and the crickets were singing and a breeze was blowing over the crest of the mountains, but as I reach this point, the point at which I would unreservedly give life itself if I could thereby accomplish a great awakening in the hearts of men, as I have struggled to find words to convey my meaning, and I have tried with broken voice and tear filled eyes to say what was in my heart, there has come a great stillness. Not one cricket voice can be heard, not one bird has a note, the very air is still; God Himself has come closer than He ever before has been in all my experience and I think that at this minute He wants me to say to every reader of McCall's that the biggest thing and the best thing that any of you can possibly give to your families, to your friends, to your neighbors, to your country and to your God is just Love, that love which forgets self and thinks of others; that love which reaches clear around the circle of the globe, that remembers the high things and the holy things, the things that are right, the things that endure while customs change and governments rise and fall.

From the depths of a heart troubled beyond expression over the prevailing tendency at the present hour to banish God from our schools, to neglect Him in our churches, to leave Him out of our home lives, when such an era of lawlessness and selfishness and greed, of corruption in office and all sorts of excesses are being tolerated in high places, I appeal to every man and woman who reads these lines to try this year to give more largely of the gift of love than ever before. Try to give Love so perfect and so deep that it tightens the lips on the cruel, cutting words that stab deeper than the thrust of a knife; try to give tenderness, consideration; try to give fellowship; try to give help; try to give comradeship that sweeps away the lines set by wealth and position; try to give to your family and your fellow men Love, just plain, old-fashioned, God-given Love.

And when your heart is filled with the radiance of this love, then surely for the sake of the crucified little Child of the manger, for the sake of your own little children and those of your neighbors and of all this broad, lovely land, with all your heart and might try to do something to stem the tide of vulgarity and immorality and intoxication and self indulgence of all sorts that is sweeping like a great engulfing wave and that so surely as God lives will eventually end in the fall of our government and the corruption of our people if something is not done promptly.

So this, then, is the thing that I would suggest that all of us try for the coming holidays when we celebrate the birth of the baby in the manger, the one great, outstanding fact of history. Since He was a gift of this kind to us, let us try if a more perfect Christmas than we ever have known before cannot be brought about by all of us giving in an unusual degree the greatest gift in the whole world, the gift that can be had without money and without price, the gift of kindness, the gift of self sacrifice, the gifts of a loving heart, just the gift of which we talk most and truly give least—the great, shining, outstanding gift of Love.

Incredibly simple! yet - thousands are finding their health again in just this way

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"Practically all my life has been spent in Alaska. I had a good appetite but was losing strength and was told that I was troubled with malnutrition. My daughter read the Yeast advertisements and induced me to try yeast. It seems to be that the lack of fresh fruits and vegetables gradually affected my system, and that yeast supplied some needed element. Anyway it rejuvenated me!"

(Extract from a letter from Mr. Theodore A. Church of Berkeley California)

"I believe I tried every kind of salts advertised in America, and the same thing with pills. I ran, played tennis, rode horseback, took abdominal massages—still constipation stuck with me. . . . After about eight weeks of Fleischmann's Yeast I was able to do without pills or salts of any sort. It is now eight months since I have found it necessary to use a cathartic of any kind—and this, understand, is after a condition of *chronic constipation that had lasted for seventeen years.*"

(A letter from Mr. Wilson Lovett of Louisville, Kentucky)

"Being a physician I realized that I had Chronic Gastritis. After eating, I always experienced a feeling of distress and depression, which led to pain. Life was a battle and an agony. When Yeast was suggested, it seemed to hold no prospect of final restoration to health, but good logic prompted me to take it. I began by eating one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast after each meal. I triumphed: for, in two months my sufferings ended, and since then I have felt no pain or discomfort."

(A letter from Captain Joseph Finberg, Medical Corps, Chicago)

"My body has frequently been unable to keep the pace my energetic mind has set. In college I received the honor of Phi Beta Kappa, but with an enforced year's rest before my senior year.

"One day while turning the pages of a magazine I read a Fleischmann's Yeast advertisement. It gave me resolution. I began eating yeast regularly. Very gradually at first I improved: then with leaps and bounds physical vigor came flooding back to me."

(A letter from Miss Stellita Treadwell of Memphis, Tenn.)

"I am a regular walking, talking advertisement for Fleischmann's Yeast. All my life I have been practically an invalid, due to constipation. When Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended to me, I ate three cakes a day. And after six weeks' treatment was cured.

"The cure has been permanent. I don't think there is a greater example than myself of what Fleischmann's Yeast can do for one, suffering as I was for *37 years with chronic constipation* and all the ills that follow."

(A letter from Mrs. W. C. Matthews of New Orleans, La.)

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

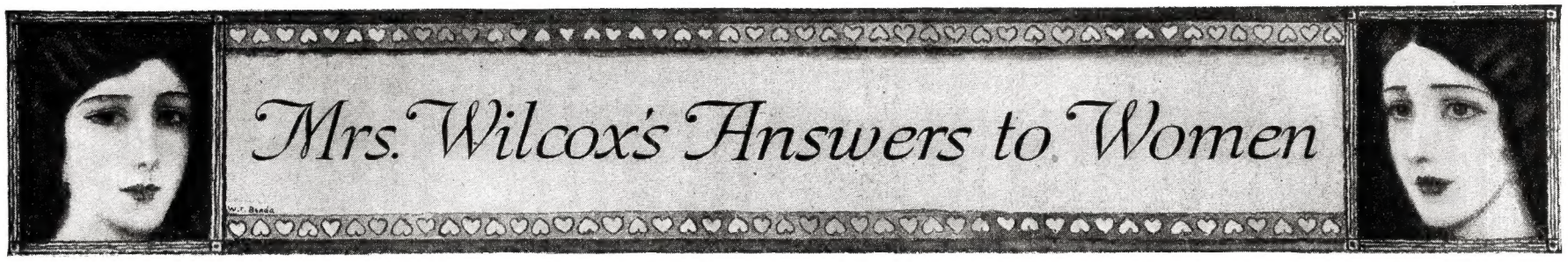
—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form.

All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. F-11, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



The letters which come addressed to this page are all true, human interest stories— revelations of life in many phases, confronted by many problems. They are the honest confessions of women—and men—who are facing every intimate question involved by personal relationships. Some are songs of triumph. Others tell of failure. There is a story hidden in every one of us. Let others read your story that they may judge and profit by it. All letters will be published anonymously receiving every consideration. Send your story to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

FOR THE FORTY WIVES—AND AMELIA

FORTY wives, with Amelia as spokesman, lately asked whether it is possible for respectable young matrons to go to dances, auto rides, movies and club affairs with nice men not their husbands and remain "perfectly good"; meaning, I take it, immune from flirtation, familiarities and intimate talk which they could not rehearse to their husbands.

"Many young wives want to do this," said Amelia, "and many believe that social changes at last have made Platonic friendships possible." The astonishingly frank letters which have come in reply to Amelia prove her statement true of women in every part of the country.

Evidently it's being done in America by "the best people" just as it's been done in English smart circles for a long time. To doubt that it's a fact in social life today seems absurdly provincial to the sophisticated; on the other hand, some cultured and conventional persons doubtless agree with the woman who condemns the subject as "unfit for public discussion." That has been said of every revolution in history—political, religious and moral. Whether we pride ourselves upon the laxness or the rigidity of our thinking, we must admit that we live in a period of social friction which is bound to produce something besides smoke. Amelia and her friends may be shaping a new and finer moral code. Who knows?

Surely, no one person dare speak for all of us; and yet we do love to hear each other talk. So here is a variety of recitals of personal experience set down by women who already have experimented as Amelia and her friends and some thousands of other women long to do.

No comments can add an atom of interest to these remarkable stories. Even linking paragraphs are superfluous.

FROM ONE WHO FINDS MRS. GRUNDY IS RIGHT

Dear Winona Wilcox: I've read every letter printed on this page since its beginning and none has interested me more than Amelia's. I firmly believe that the members of her club are charming and devoted young wives and very honest in the best modern way when they own up to an ardent desire to go about with nice men not their husbands.

I'm a young wife, too, and once the same impulse moved me. But I didn't follow it. I asked myself how I'd feel if my nice husband took a pretty girl around, now and again, openly and just friendly. (If she were not pretty he would not take her.)

I'll let all the loving wives answer with me. We will not require a loud speaker to tell the world!

At the time of my confusion, I confided in an aunt, an educated and traveled person of fifty. Said she: "Society is the first to take notice of that situation. So keep out of it. I've watched the tide of life flow, for years, and I know that a man and a woman left alone together today are just as much attracted as Adam and Eve in the Garden. No matter how innocently you girls drift into Platonic friendships, you'll be called indiscreet at first, and if you don't stop, utterly bad!" And my aunt knows. Once she herself nearly smashed up her best friend's home. While her own husband was in Alaska for a year, she frequently visited her college roommate whose nice husband walked home with her regularly.

Now my aunt had very advanced notions about men and women as plain humans without regard to sex. And she had a frank way with men but not at all like what girls call "frankness" today, she says. The man didn't understand. Men never do. Very soon he began to make violent love to her. She couldn't stop going to see his wife without explaining and betraying him, and breaking her friend's heart. She had to keep on. He continued to misunderstand until at last his wife left him for months. They escaped scandal and divorce but my aunt says the whole thing would have been avoided if she had not been an idealist with a theory about Platonic friendships.

So I guess Amelia has opened no new problem with women but I wonder if girls today can't find a comfortable way to settle it.—Alice C.

FROM ONE WHO DOESN'T TRY TO SPARE HERSELF

Dear Winona Wilcox: I'd like to talk to Amelia and her forty friends who ask, "Why may we not go about with nice men not our husbands?" I've experimented and I know what I am talking about and I am just as nice as Amelia and her adventurous companions.

"Why did I do it?" you want to know. Well, I found that my nice husband was taking married women here and there. One who was pretty and vain wanted just a little more attention than her own husband had time to give her. She was never a bad woman but she has the rest of her life in which to regret the time she spent with another girl's man. But that is another story. Her friendship with my nice husband humiliated me. I decided to show him I could do just as he did. Of course the opportunity came quickly. (Opportunities to make a fool of oneself always do.) When I went to visit some relatives for several months, it seemed not a bit out of order that an old sweetheart should ask me to lunch. All well and good. Our first meeting was quite proper and quite a success.

"We must go out together again!" he said. "Yes, surely," said I. I was very happy. I had not had such a good time in years. It was wonderful to go with a man who did not take me for granted as my husband does. Our second meeting left a bad taste. My good man became too personal, talked confidentially of sex subjects. In the white light of next day, I decided I had been too fussy, that my imagination was tricking me. My scruples seemed silly so when Mr. Man phoned for a third date, I joyfully accepted.

Really, girls, he is such a "nice" man. Just his voice over the wire made me conceited. To think that I, a married woman of nearly thirty and a mother, could have him all to myself! That he'd rather be with me than with any of the flappers who were crazy about him! The evening came. So did my friend, in high spirits. We would ride and enjoy the moon! Oh-h-h! I had to make a desperate effort to keep our conversation "safe" that night! I made him talk about his work but soon he was talked out; and I couldn't think of an impersonal remark!

There's one thing, girls, about riding with your husband: You need not talk when you do not want to; you may just shut your eyes and go off to sleep. Husband never will know the difference. That's one of the comfortable aspects of matrimony. But Mr. Strange Man is different. Thinking my companion bored, I suggested an early return. He seemed pleased indeed. At our door, he decided to sit a few minutes on the porch. Certainly it would have been silly not to share the settee. So we did. Now Amelia—and girls—he is a NICE man. I like him even now. But tell me Amelia, what would you do if Mr. Nice Man took your hand, looked into your eyes and said, "You're a wonderful girl! For goodness' sake, don't be so cold! I've always cared for you. Be nice to me!"

Be honest, girls! Wouldn't your heart beat just a little faster? Wouldn't you thrill a little to find yourself so attractive to such a nice man? And so sincere? Wouldn't you want to be kind and sweet to him, of course doing nothing wrong?

Wouldn't you—just for a minute—forget your home and your husband and even your precious babies? I own I did. Then in a minute my impulse made me terribly ashamed and I told that man why. I had just wanted a change, a little attention, a little excitement, I explained. Yes, girls, that's what we all want but where are you going to stop? My good friend gave me some information to the effect that men expect to make love to married women who permit it, and that they respect more the woman who plays the game through to the end than the one who stops short and runs for home!

News to me. Probably news to you, girls. Awful, isn't it? I didn't play around any more with him. Too dangerous but I decided to find out if he was a fair sample.

Back home, my husband still in Alaska, one of the nicest bachelors in our crowd offered to take me to a club dance. Nothing unusual about that kind of an invitation. No secrecy. Everybody knew. All went well enough at the dance but all the way home he rebuked and ridiculed me as a poor sport because I resented his abominable familiarities.

Well, girls, that's that! You'll be able to pick flaws in my behavior. You'll say the fault was mine. Perhaps you're right but try the thing yourself and then tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth and let Winona Wilcox publish your story and I'll wager your experience will not be so very different from mine. Don't forget that I'm an exceedingly respectable married woman and a devoted mother. While I'm not hard to look at, I am not so young and pretty as some of you. I'm just an ordinary case.

Now I'm letting my husband have his little affairs—he is wrong—but I'm not going to be wrong also. I'm through!—Q. E. D.

FROM ONE WHO FOUND A SNARE IN DUTY

Dear Winona Wilcox: Amelia's question interested me tremendously because for six months, with my husband's consent, I've been visiting regularly a disabled ex-soldier. I feel it a duty to do this but I am being brutally criticised for it.

I am a mother of young children and my relatives say I am neglecting them for the sake of an invalid! As if I could!

The finest motives are bound to be misconstrued in an affair of this kind. My husband approves all I have done but our friends and neighbors are cold indeed.

I often ask myself if I could have endured their censure had I gone into this friendship with a shallow sentimental purpose. It's dangerous ground, girls!—S. R.

FROM ONE WHO REGRETS THAT SHE BROKE UP A HOME

Dear Winona Wilcox: I want to answer Amelia and her friends as one who has learned a bitter lesson. I am a married woman who did as they want to do.

The man and I began by passing away the time together in just a casually pleasant way. Then we fell in love with each other. And I have broken up his home and robbed a child of its father. My conscience hurts me and I can find no peace anywhere. Tell Amelia and her friends that they may not hurt themselves but let them think of the other women, the wives of the nice men they want to run around with.—Helen S.

FROM ONE WHO APPROVES PLATONIC RELATIONSHIPS

Dear Winona Wilcox: Your letter to the women of Amelia's club interested me exceedingly. I certainly think Amelia is right in thinking a good young wife and a man not her husband can safely pass congenial hours together.

That is the game I am playing. I don't find it dangerous. The men I chum with are good fellows. We enjoy talking over many things including impersonal topics, as literature. There's never any more sentiment than is permissible and above and below and through everything, our friendship stands staunch and loyal. I am still a single girl but half the men who take me out are married. All decent men. And the girls who fill my fourths and sixths are married. But they are just as ladylike as their mothers were. When a married woman goes around with men other than her husband, does it necessarily mean that the whole world is getting immoral? That every casual relation between men and women is vulgar? I'd like to convince Amelia that she is not skating on thin ice and that we are a broader-minded generation than the last. It's time to kill off some ancient prejudices.—Berenice.

FROM ONE WHO LEARNED TRUTH IN A COURTROOM

Dear Winona Wilcox: With experience as my password, I wish to enter the discussion of "Marriage a la Mode." I want to say to Amelia and the thirty-nine other members of her club and to thousands of other women who read this page that they absolutely cannot go with "nice men not their husbands" and not disgrace their little daughters. They cannot go with the kind of men who will take them and remain "perfectly good." A dance in a fashionable public place, an auto ride with some other man's wife is a common thing now-a-days but it doesn't stop with just the dance or the ride. Petting is a prevalent pastime with others than flappers and college boys. I was married to a good husband. Like Amelia, I longed for the companionship of other men. Was sure I could remain perfectly good. I found I could not. But rather than give up my excitements, I strayed just around the corner for all the thrill in sight. I was not the only married woman in my set who made the turning. The way we put [Turn to page 60]

6 Merry Christmas dainties

Here are six unusual recipes for your holiday parties. When tested in our own kitchen each gave a perfectly delicious result. Not one of these foods is overly expensive—nor overly rich. You can safely let the children have any one of them as a treat.

Banbury Tarts

With the real Banbury filling as they make and sell them at Banbury Cross Station in England. Make the pastry with Crisco and your tarts will be tender and flaky,—a real Christmas treat. They will keep a long time, too. Simply reheat them in the oven in a paper bag.

Filling:

½ cup raisins, cut fine
½ cup currants
4 figs, cut fine
4 tablespoons orange juice
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons flour
½ cup English Walnuts, cut fine
2 tablespoons water

Put raisins, currants, figs and water in double boiler and cook 20 minutes. Then add orange juice. Mix flour and sugar together, add to the mixture, mix well and cook 20 minutes longer. Take from fire and stir in nuts. This is enough for 25 tarts. This filling will keep a month in refrigerator.

Pastry:

3 cups flour ¾ cup Crisco 1 teaspoon salt Ice water

Cut Crisco into flour with a knife and use enough ice water to make a paste which clears the bowl. Roll and cut in 3-inch squares. Put 2 teaspoons of filling in center of each square, moisten edges with ice water, fold over making a 3-cornered tart. Press edges closely together, make 3 little slits in top with a knife; brush with milk. Bake in quick oven (450°) about 20 minutes. Makes about 25 tarts.

Sliced Nut Cookies

Delicious! And no tedious rolling or cutting, either! When you use Crisco for shortening this mixture will keep a long time both before and after baking because Crisco itself keeps sweet and fresh for a remarkably long time.

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1½ cups melted Crisco
3 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon salt
4½ cups flour
2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon clove
1 cup chopped nuts, blanched almonds are best

Cream Crisco with sugar. Add eggs slowly mixing thoroughly; add nuts; then dry ingredients sifted together twice. Shape into roll about 2½ to 3 inches in diameter. Put in Criscoed pan in ice box over night. When ready to bake them slice thin, bake in hot oven, 375° about 5 minutes. Makes about 75 cookies.

Fancy Surprise Cakes

The colored icings add a holiday touch.

Use the recipe for Ribbon Cake below and divide the dough into several parts. To one part add a little melted chocolate; to another nuts; to another, spices and raisins; to another, candied pineapple cut fine; to another, candied cherries and so on. You can bake it in sheets and cut in squares or bake in your muffin tins. Ice with colored icing using egg yolk for yellow, pistachio for green and the usual red, blue, violet, etc., icing colorings. Decorate with nuts, cherries, etc.

Ribbon Cake

If you have never made a cake with Crisco use it in this recipe and notice what a light, tender cake you have.

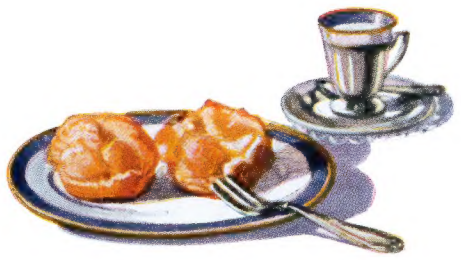
¾ cup Crisco
1½ cups powdered sugar
4 eggs
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream Crisco and sugar together. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add vanilla. Divide the batter into 3 parts. To one part add pink coloring and to another add 3 tablespoons melted chocolate. Bake in 3 layers in a hot oven 400° F. for 20 minutes. Put together with the following filling:

½ cup sugar
½ cup cocoa
4 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup scalded milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix sugar, cocoa, flour and salt and add beaten egg. Add the scalded milk slowly and mix well. Cook in a double boiler until thick stirring constantly. Cool and add vanilla.

Ice top and sides with 2 cups confectioners' sugar mixed with just enough milk to make it the proper consistency for spreading. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla. Sprinkle top with chopped nuts.



Cream Puffs

To delight the children. Easy to make with certain success if you carefully follow directions. Use Crisco and see what a delicate, dainty puff it makes.

Puffs:

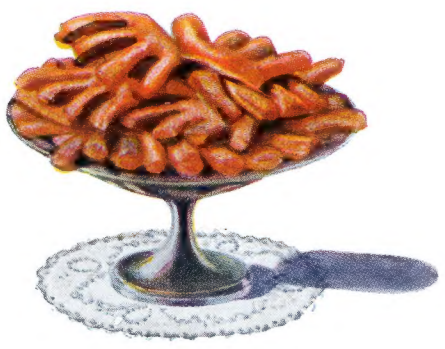
½ cup Crisco, or 4 ounces
1 cup water
1 cup sifted flour
4 eggs

Filling:

2 cups scalded milk
3 eggs
¾ cup sugar
4 tablespoons corn starch
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Puffs: Bring the water to a boil in a saucepan; add Crisco and stir until melted. Then add flour slowly stirring vigorously all the time. Boil until it forms a paste which clears the pan, turn into a mixing bowl and when cool add eggs one at a time beating each in thoroughly before adding the next. After the last egg is added beat vigorously about 5 minutes. Then drop by spoonfuls on Criscoed baking pan about 2 inches apart. Bake in quick oven (450°) 30 minutes. Do not open the door while they are baking. This will make 12 puffs

Filling: Mix the sugar, cornstarch and salt together and add the beaten eggs. Add the scalded milk. Cook mixture in a double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Cool and add flavoring. Make a little slit in the side of the puff near the bottom and put in the filling. Sprinkle the top with powdered sugar.



Wonders

The children will like these odd, finger-shaped crullers. They are easy to make and you can fry them in hot Crisco without smoke.

3 eggs
3 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons melted Crisco
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
Deep kettle of hot Crisco

Beat eggs very light. Add the sugar and salt, then the Crisco and flour. Mix well, then add enough more flour to make the batter stiff enough to roll. Roll very thin. Cut in 3-inch squares; make 3 slits in each square up to ½ inch of the edge; then drop in hot Crisco (375 to 385°, or when a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds). Fry until brown; drain on paper; dust with powdered sugar when cool.

Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable, by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

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"200 TESTED RECIPES" *And* SAMPLE OFFER

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin), merely to cover postage and packing costs, we will send you "Miss Allen's Tested Recipes"—a cook book giving scores of helpful cooking hints and 200 tested recipes, together with a special sample can of Crisco containing a full half pound. Send your name and address to Section L-12, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

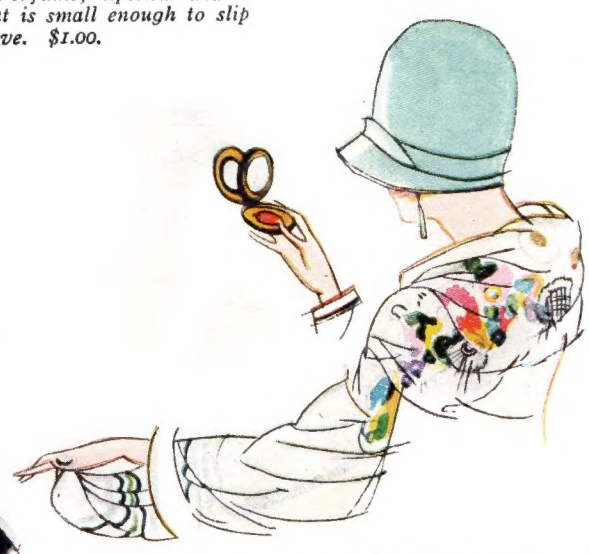
Colgate's

GIFTS THAT ARE

SURE TO PLEASE

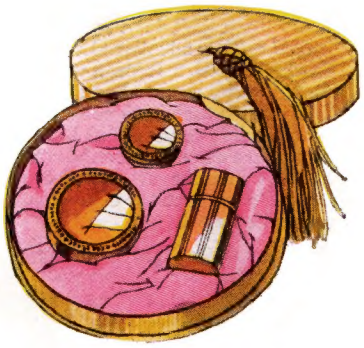
(Left) Colgate's Florient Petite Combination: Perfume, lipstick and a compact that is small enough to slip into the glove. $1.00.

Cashmere Bouquet Perfume—for the woman whose goal is distinction. In a bottle of finest French crystal. $1.50.



Slim, trim, smartly black. Shaped like a watch. Contains powder, rouge and two mirrors. It is Colgate's Watch-Case Compact. $1.50.

Colgate's Florient Combination: Black enameled compacts of face powder and rouge—Florient (Flowers-of-the-Orient) perfume in a crystal flacon—nestling in rich gold satin. $2.50.



Colgate's Orchis Gift Box: Compacts of powder and rouge and a purse-size flacon of perfume. For the girl with a flair for the rare. $3.00.

Different, daring, delightful is Colgate's Piquante Combination. A fragrance as gay as the spirit of carnival. Perfume and silky face powder in a unique setting. $3.00.

To delight a child—Colgate's Miniature Perfumes. Three different scents. 25 cents. For the grown-up—man or woman—Colgate's Toilet Water in a holiday box. $1.00.

(Right) Because of its fine quality, its matchless perfume and the prestige of its name, Cashmere Bouquet Soap is always a delightful gift. 3-cake box. 70 cents.

Colgate's Florient Perfume: A charming gift because it holds one of the secrets of charm. $1.00 and $2.00.

(Below) What man could feel neglected if Christmas morning brought him a Colgate Men's Gift Box. Rapid-Shave Cream, Coleo Soap and Toilet Water. $1.50.

ONE CAN SHOP FRANTICALLY FOR MANY WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AT GREAT COST OF TIME AND ENERGY OR—

ONE CAN DECIDE TO GIVE COLGATE'S. THESE GIFT SUGGESTIONS ARE VARIED SO AS TO SUIT EVERY TASTE.